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WIDE AWAKE

VOLUME Z



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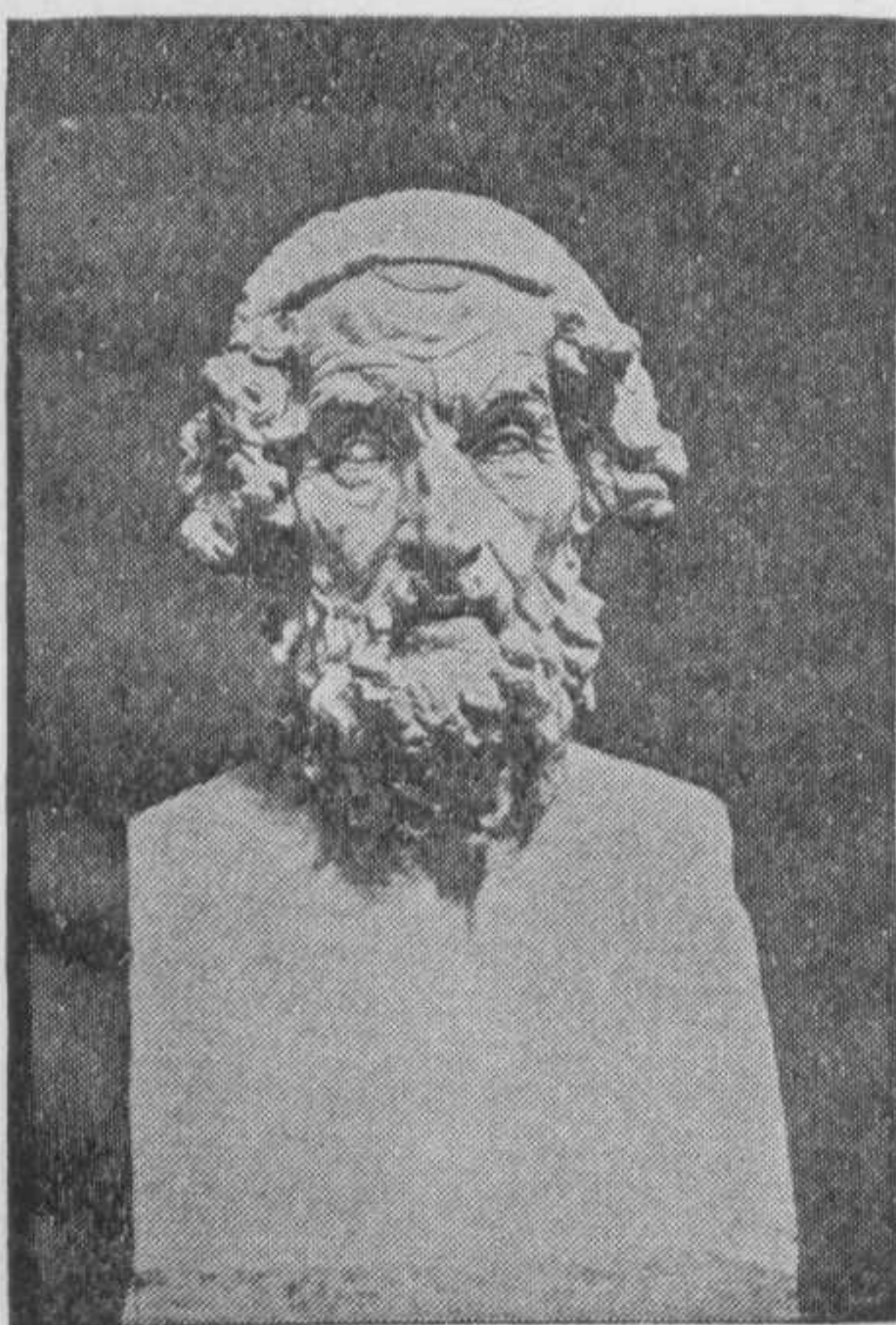
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HOMER: TALES AND ROMANCES.

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.



HOMER.

(*Bust in British Museum, London.*)

Historical narratives that have been most widely popular have been those of a legendary character. The more unreal, the more romantic the history, the greater its hold upon the average reader.

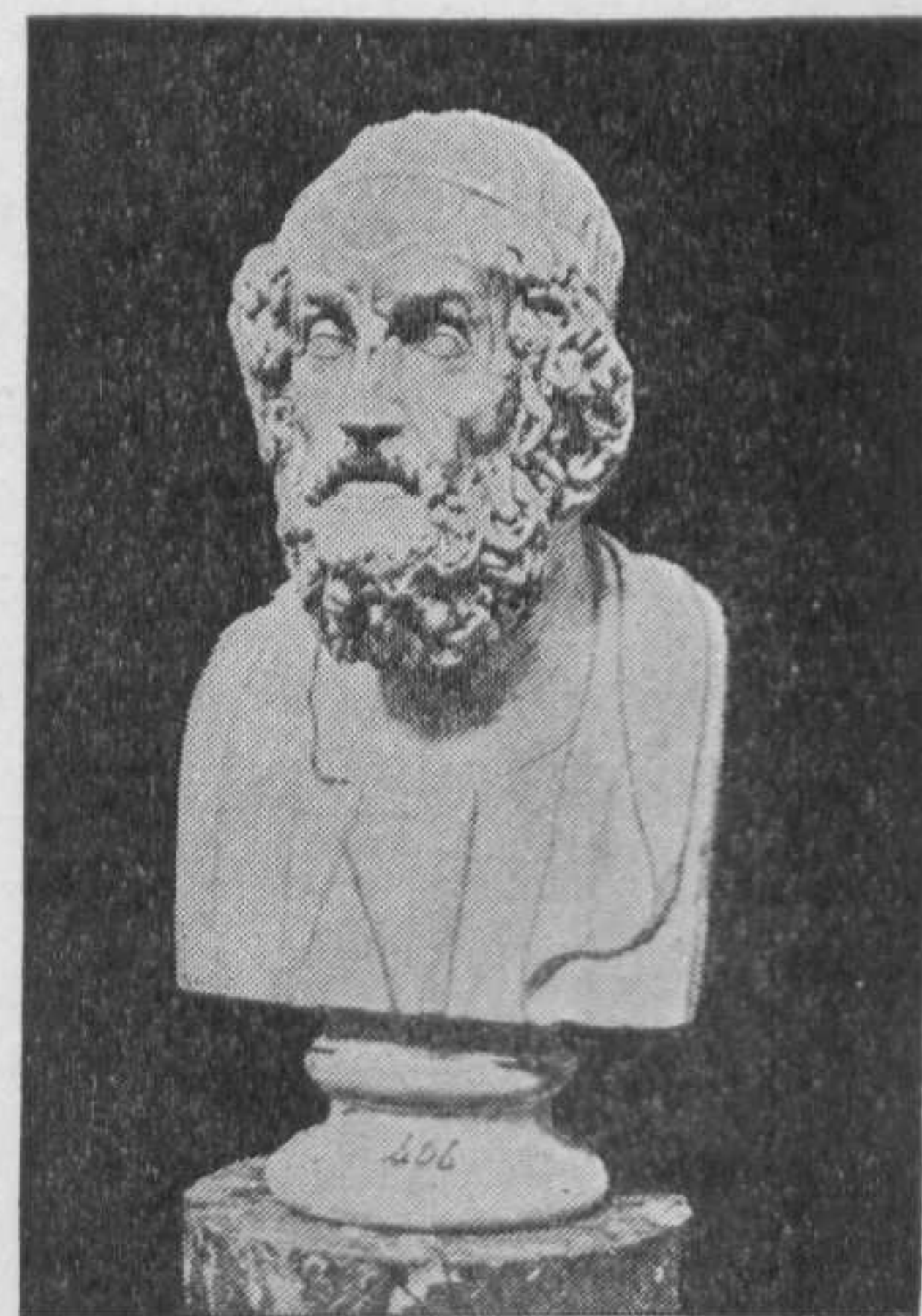
An inability to separate the false from the true, the romance from the fact, is characteristic of the early chronicles of all nations. The lively imagination of ruder peoples in early times has always invested nearly everything with which they had to do, with a veil of romance. Their religious rites, their daily tasks, their pleasures and their pains became mixed with this element of the unreal. Beside the gods and goddesses in whom they believed and whose bodily appearance on earth might be expected at any moment, all nature was by their imagination peopled with myriad forms, more or less human in their attributes, and more or less — but usually less — kindly disposed towards mankind. A firm belief

HISTORY and fiction have always been unequal rivals for favor, and where ten men will read history with sincere interest a hundred will turn from history to fiction with relief.

The more closely history adheres to facts, the less the general reader cares for it. The historical narra-

in these existences made a love for the marvellous an universal thing. No hero arose but that half-miraculous powers were ascribed to him. It was not enough that he must be victorious over his fellowmen, he must have slain giants, have vanquished dragons or conquered his enemies by summoning to his aid the mysterious powers of earth and air. Homer, the greatest of the ancient story-tellers, when relating the history of the siege of Troy or recounting the wanderings of Ulysses heightened the interest of his narrations by interweaving into his accounts of the prowess of his heroes tales of the interposition of the gods in their behalf and of their continual and intimate relations with supernal powers. And all the romancers from Homer down have depended more or less upon the supernatural or unreal to deepen the fascination of their tales. In such ways the account of the life of any early hero has become so mixed with the marvelous and the impossible that the very fact of his existence is often rendered a matter of doubt.

With the coming of Christianity many pagan myths became merged with half-comprehended



HOMER.

(*Bust in National Museum, Naples.*)

Christian ceremonies and beliefs, and pagan tales and legends of the saints were sometimes strangely blended. In all, however, the element of romance, of the fantastic, of the unreal, is stronger than anything else; because the liking for the romantic is one of the strongest of human emotions. The highest civilization refines this liking, it reduces its power somewhat, but it does not extinguish it.

The Norseman delighted in stories of Thor and Odin and their exploits in the days of his paganism; and when a dim and doubtful Christianity came with Olaf, he transferred to Christian heroes many of the attributes of his pagan gods. The history of the Norsemen is a confused jumble of Thor and Odin, the marvelous deeds of yellow-haired sea-kings and their stormy loves and hates, and while the land grew quieter in the lapse of centuries the tales of these restless days, so full of the romantic and marvelous, never lost, nor have they yet, their power to charm. Mr. William Morris writes in our day such poems of Norse loves and hatreds as "The Lovers of Gudrun" and "Sigurd, the Volsung," and the world reads them with delight.

The Welshman was as romantic as his Norse kinsman; and in the *Mabinogion* and other collections of tales he has left us a fantastic mixture of Pagan and Christian romance. Of some of these Welsh heroes we read in Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*.

Many of the Irish and Highland legends have a common source and are quite as wildly romantic as the Norse or Welsh stories. One of the most beautiful of the Irish legends is told in verse in Dr. Joyce's *Deirdrè*; and in Miss Katharine Tynan's *Shamrocks* the story of Diarmuid is finely told. Diarmuid, whose story is related by both Irish and Highland bards, seems to have been a sort of Adonis and Paris combined, and like Adonis he was killed by a boar. This legend, common to both nations, could no doubt be traced to the same source as the classical story of Adonis.

A general likeness exists between the romances of European nations, and archæologists have traced a great number of them back to Asiatic or Egyptian sources. Some of our most familiar nursery tales appear in various forms in the romantic literature of many nations, varied in each

case to accord with national peculiarities. The story of Cinderella, for example, is given in French, Italian, Arabian and Egyptian versions and is known even among some tribes of North American Indians. The Egyptian as being the earliest, may probably claim to be the original. It is as follows: In the year 670 B. C. the beautiful Princess Rhodope was bathing in the river and had left her garments on the river's brink. The glitter of her jeweled shoes attracted an eagle hovering in the air above her who, swooping down, caught up one of the shoes in his beak and bore it away. Passing over Memphis in his flight the shoe dropped from his beak into the lap of King Psammetichus who was then holding a court of justice. The king, much attracted by the dainty beauty of the shoe sent forth a royal edict requesting the owner to apply for it in person. As days went by and no applicant appeared messengers were at length sent out who in process of time found the Princess Rhodope still mourning for her lost shoe. She was soon after brought before the king who married her. In the Italian version, still occasionally acted at carnivals, the outline of the story as just narrated is presented, Italian personages being substituted for Egyptian. The French version places the scene in quite humble life, as we shall notice when we come to speak of Charles Perrault and his fairy tales in the course of these papers. In "The Story of Rhodope," one of the tales in Mr. William Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, the adventure is again told, though one not familiar with the Egyptian version might not perhaps recognize the well-known tale of Cinderella. The theft of the shoe is thus related by Mr. Morris:

"There, as she played, she heard a bird's harsh cry,
And looking to the steep hillside could see
A broad-winged eagle hovering anigh,
And stood to watch his sweeping flight and free,
Dark 'gainst the sky, then turned round leisurely
Unto the bank, and saw a bright red ray
Shoot from a great gem on the sea-thieves' prey.

"Then slowly through the water did she move,
Down on the changing ripple gazing still,
As loath to leave it, and once more above
Her golden head rang out the erne's note shrill,
Grown nigher now; she turned unto the hill,
And saw him not, and once again her eyes
Fell on the strange shoes' jeweled 'broideries.

"And even therewithal a noise of wings
Flapping, and close at hand — again the cry,
And then the glitter of those dainty things
Was gone, as a great mass fell suddenly,
And rose again, ere Rhodope could try
To raise her voice, for now she might behold
Within his claws the gleam of gems and gold.

"Awhile she gazed at him as, circling wide,
He soared aloft, and for a space could see
The gold shoe glitter, till the rock-crowned side
Of the great mountain hid him presently,
And she 'gan laugh that such a thing should be
So wrought of fate, for little did she fear
The lack of their poor wealth, or pinching cheer."

If we look at the stories of later date than these which had their origin in the remoter past we shall find the more unreal the story is, the more romantic, as we say, the greater number of people it interests and the stronger its hold upon popular favor. People like to get away for a time from the every-day atmosphere that surrounds their lives. The easiest way to do this is by reading or listening to some romance which is not closely hemmed in by the facts of familiar existence. As for children the fairy tale or book of adventure is the passport to happiness, so for their elders the romance serves more or less effectually the same purpose. When we read Burns's *Tam O'Shanter* we have left the land of the actual for that of the ideal; a rather grim ideal to be sure, but still an ideal. *Rip Van Winkle* takes us to the same ideal country, so does *Hiawatha*, so do *The Idyls of the King*.

At the close of the last century when the romantic novel had become so absurdly romantic as to create a sort of rebound from its influence in the public taste, well-meaning writers like Miss Edgeworth and Thomas Day, undertook to provide a literature for young people which should deal with facts and have nothing to do with romance. So Mr. Day wrote *Sandford and Merton*, a book which no healthy child ever reads without yawning over it, and Miss Edgeworth and others wrote stories which showed quite as little recognition of the craving for romance so strong in childish hearts. Certain American authors have made the same mistake and have produced books which have ignored this, within certain limits, healthy craving in young minds. It is guidance, not repression, that the romantic

instinct needs. Sometimes the ideal assumes the guise of the practical, as in *Robinson Crusoe* and *Swiss Family Robinson*, but in spite of the matter-of-fact style of these tales they are in conception essentially romantic, and it is this that has given them their world-wide fame.

Every age and every nation has its favorite romances, some of which retain their hold on readers but a little while, comparatively speaking, while others are enjoyed by generation after generation. In the Middle Ages the story of



HOMER.

(After painting by François Gerard.)

Reynard the Fox was more popular in Europe than that of *King Arthur and the Round Table*. The origin of the tale seems to have been Flemish and the date about 1150. It soon became the common property of the Teutonic nations, and an English version of it was printed by Caxton in 1491.

The stories of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, as we shall have occasion to notice later, did not long remain the property of one people, and the *Fables of Æsop*, which are romances in condensed form, have been the heritage of many centuries and of almost all nations.

Within the present century the greater facilities for travel and for the distribution of literature have made what was once the operation of centuries an affair of but a few months or years—the world-wide dissemination of a popular romance. It has brought to Western readers some of the numberless romances of India, of China, and of Japan, and has carried to Oriental nations a few of the modern tales that Western romancers have told. Now that the romances of all nations stand on the same shelf as those of our own English tongue it is not such a simple thing to be familiar with them all, nor need we attempt it. Those we like we shall read and re-read and merely glance at the others. How long the popular romances of our time will continue to give pleasure no one can tell.

For over a hundred and fifty years *Robinson Crusoe* has never lacked an army of young readers and that army is ever increasing in numbers. The stories told by the Brothers Grimm, and the Hans Andersen tales, are read by a greater number every year.

Will it be thus with Kingsley's *Water Babies*? with Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*? with Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*? with George MacDonald's *At the Back of the North Wind*?

Time only can decide.

Judging by the steadily growing popularity of such books as these it would seem as if they might remain enduring favorites, yet the taste of one generation not unfrequently rejects what its predecessor pronounced good. What books will be forgotten in a few decades and what books will remain perennially fresh for centuries is beyond the power of the keenest critic to foresee.

This much, however, can be safely said: Until human nature becomes a widely different thing from what it now is romances will be written and will be read. The heroes and heroines of the stories which are dear to us may pass utterly from men's memories, the tales which many readers have agreed to consider deathless may be forgotten; but there will then arise new heroes and heroines of romance who will wield as potent a sway over the imaginations of people in future ages as do these of our day. Generations may vanish like shadows in a glass but the love for romance will endure.

"Last night a mighty poet passed away:

'Who now will sing our songs?' men cried at morn.
Faint hearts, fear not! Somewhere, though far away,
At that same hour another bard was born."

ABOUT CRYSTALS.

(*"Diamond Dust."*)

BY E. D. WALKER.

CRYSTALS are sometimes called "the flowers of the mineral world." They are certainly as beautiful and as marvelous as any other growing things (for they do grow), and the study of them is fully as interesting as botany.

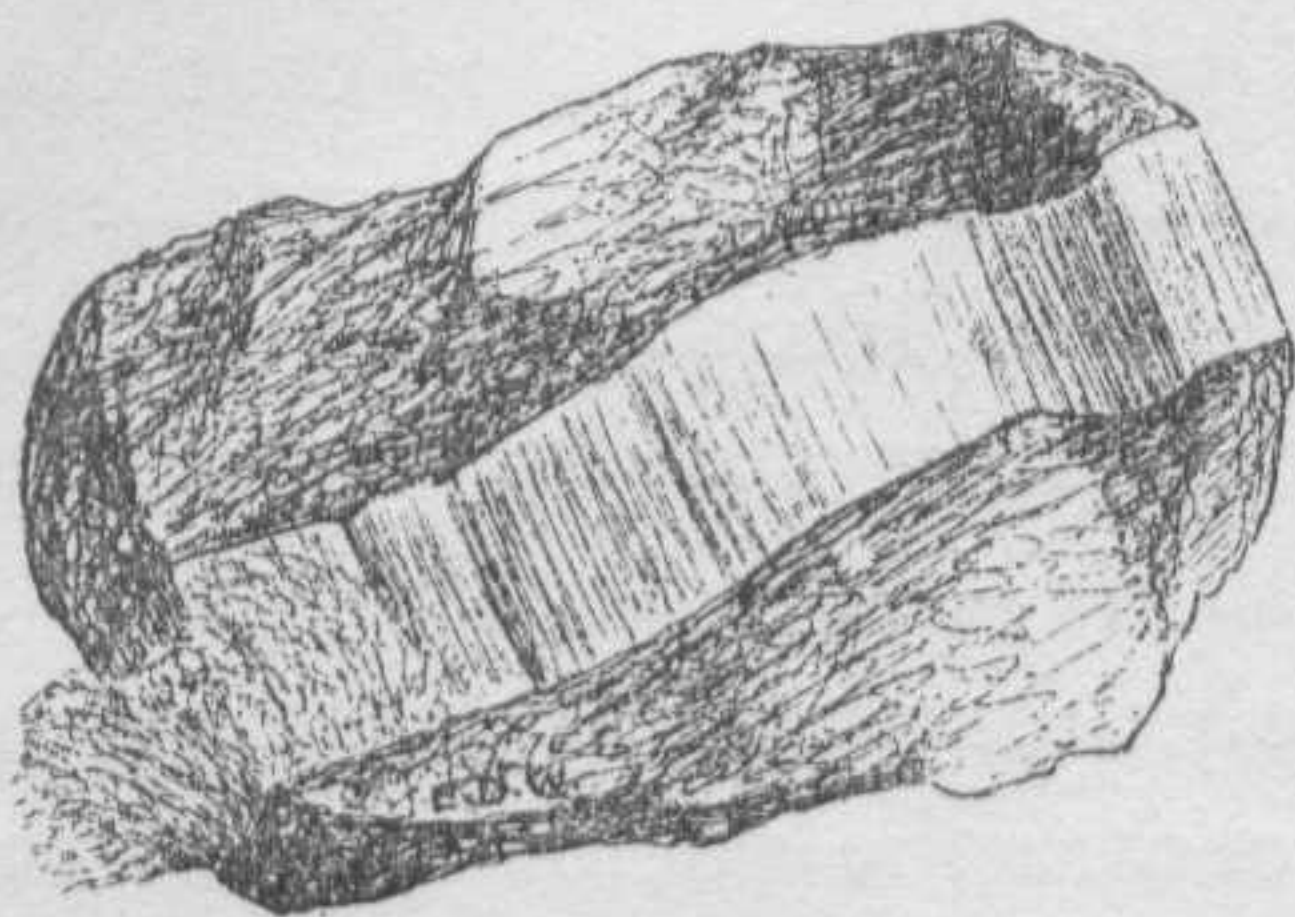
If one would know all he can of crystals, he must understand the secrets of all the rocks, with their myriad combinations. He would have to penetrate every mine that has been dug, and sink many shafts of his own into the hidden vaults where Mother Earth stows her treasures. Especially it would be necessary for him to trace the deep tides that feed the crystal-cavities, and

to catch at work the unseen powers that shape the cube, the prism, or the octahedron. For, though the study of stones is one of the oldest sciences, there are still many perplexing riddles to solve, and in a lifetime one could hardly master the subject.

The choicest crystals come from quarries, caverns, tunnels and shafts. Most of the splendid specimens in the museums were accidentally discovered in railroad blastings or in ore mines. Rarely are they obtained by searching specially for them.

As one admires the richness and delicacy of

crystals it is easy to consider them the gorgeous decorations of the wonderland below our feet. But they are of more importance and significance. They belong in Nature's laboratory,



ASBESTOS.

they exhibit her magnificent surgery. From her creation till this present day earth has been racked in spasms. The early convulsions were terrific beyond imagination, causing awful volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, floods and tornadoes. Modern outbursts of lava, quiverings of the ground, and cyclones are mild in comparison with those ancient strains. These long disturbances opened up countless cracks, veins and hollows which must be mended and filled or the earth's crust would become a heap of wrecks.

This work was done by the underground currents of mineral solutions which ebb and flow everywhere, occasionally showing themselves to us in wells and springs. Wherever they found a fracture or cavity they lined it with rocky substances until the space was filled; and this cement, fastening the broken edges in to a strong whole, hardened into the elegant crystals that are brought up from the dark interiors of the rocks. Here is a vein in green rock (called serpentine) that has been tied together with asbestos or "mineral wool." The crystals of this substance are delicate threads massed together most compactly. Being incombustible, the fibres are sometimes woven into cloth for firemen, or pressed into felt-like sheets to make safes fire-proof, or ground into roof paints. The Romans used to make napkins of it which were washed by being thrown into a furnace. The soiling matter was consumed and the cloth taken out cleansed perfectly.

Yet it is not needful to probe strange places for crystals. The world is fully charged with the forces which create and form them. The mountains are built of them. Almost every hill is but an accretion of their regular shapes massively and mightily interlocked. There is hardly a stone but is a thick pile of them.

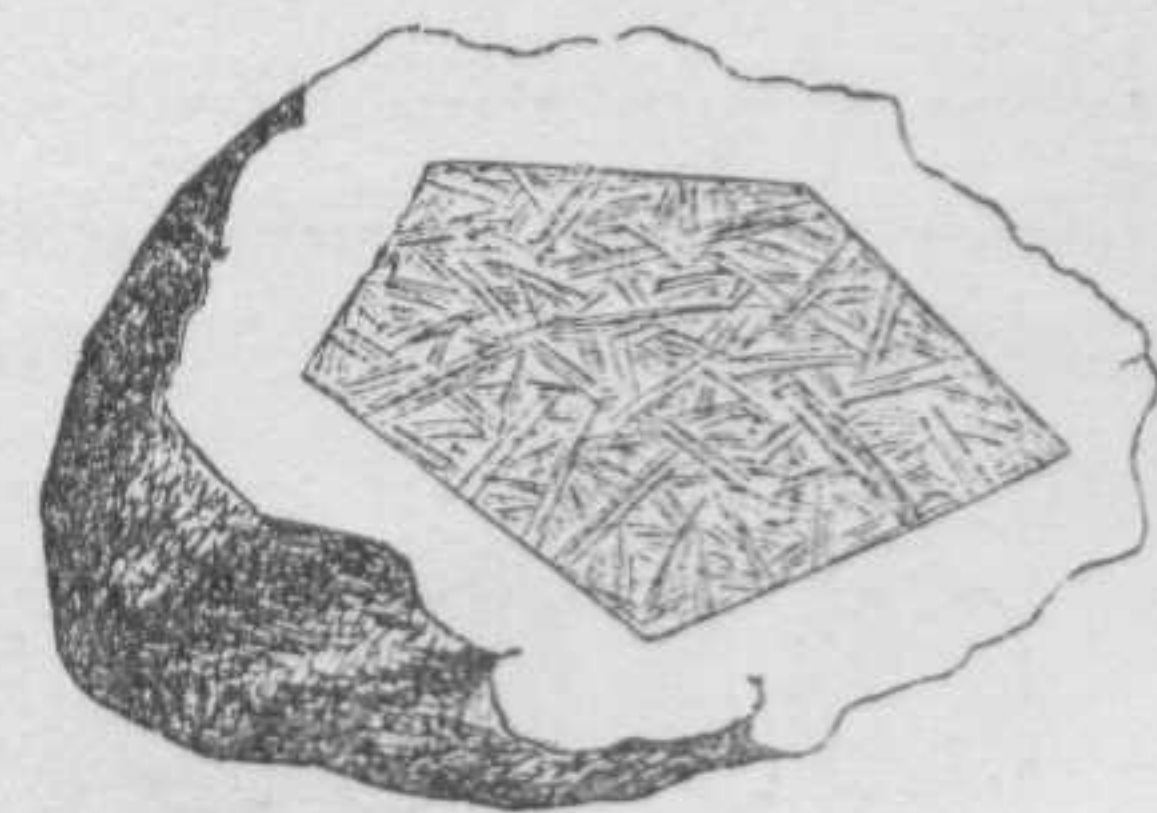
The loose soil, if closely examined, is seen to be composed of broken and worn prisms. The very dust floating in the air, when magnified, reveals itself a collection of crystalline shapes. Every meteoric stone that comes to our planet asserts that in the far corner of the universe from which it has travelled, matter is crystallized.

Even the invisible atoms of which matter is made group and behave after the manner of crystals. This reign of crystal-forces governs not alone in the mineral world. Sugar is a mass of minute crystals. Microscopists distinguish butter from oleomargarine by the difference in their tiny star-like crystals.

We generally think of minerals as dead lumps of inactive matter. But they may be said to be alive, creatures of vital pulsations, and separated into individuals as distinct as the pines in a forest or the tigers in a jungle. The disposition of crystals are as diverse as those of animals. They throb with unseen currents of energy. They grow in size as long as they have opportunity. They can be killed, too, though not as easily as an oak or a dog. A strong electric shock discharged through a crystal will decompose it, very rapidly if it is of soft structure, causing the particles to gradually disintegrate in the reverse order from its growth, until the poor thing lies a dead shapeless ruin.

It is true the crystal's life is unlike that of higher creatures. But the difference between vegetable and animal life is no greater than that between mineral and vegetable life. Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist, defined the three kingdoms by saying, "Stones grow; plants grow and feel; animals grow and feel and move."

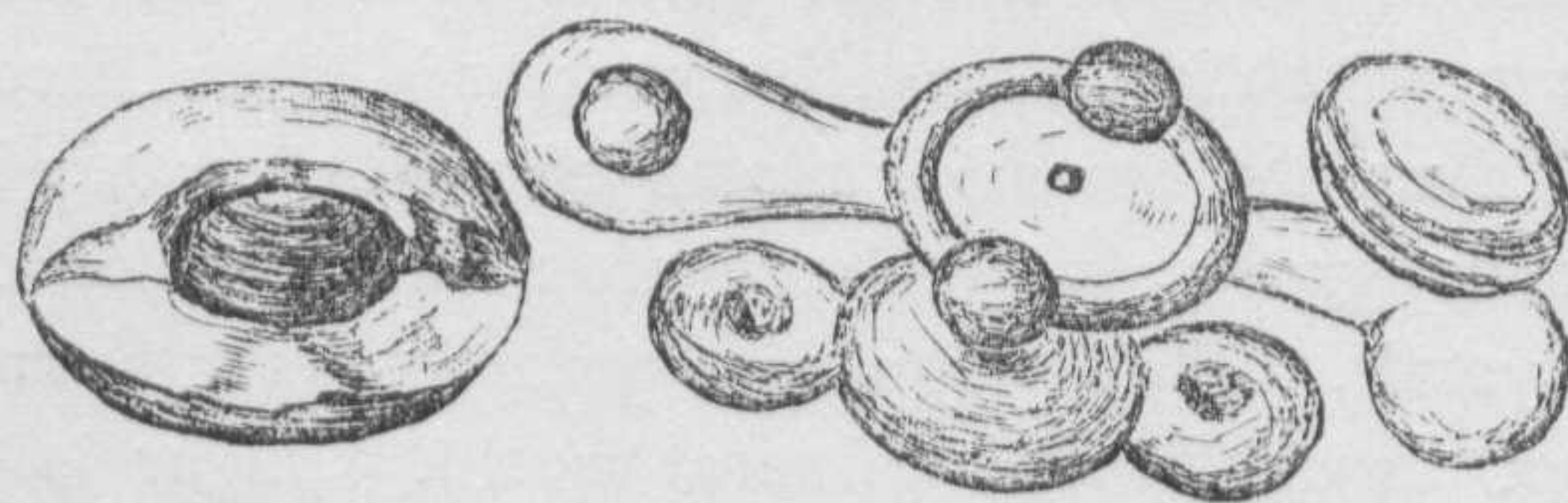
Crystal-life may be regarded as the idea of the vast rocky realm which forms the broad foundation of visible things, upholding, feeding and supporting the plant creation above it,



AN IRON METEORITE.

just as that, in turn, sustains the animal world. These three dominions, like three tiers in a pyramid, rise one over another in the world's order, tapering upward. The lowest is the largest, the highest is the noblest, and at the sum-

mit, crowning all, stands man. The whole is full of activity. Each plane has a life and work of its own; and the periods of their lifetimes correspond to their position in the pyramid scale. Crystals continue their service as much longer

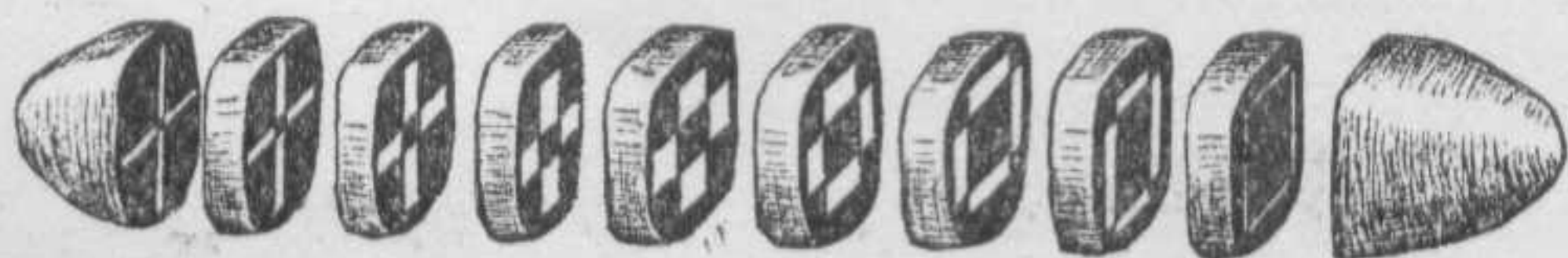


CLAY STONES.

than the plants above them as the mammoth pine of twenty centuries outlives the insect which dies of old age after a few days of buzzing. The period of crystal existence is unlimited. Some crystals, as those in certain granites, have undoubtedly been flourishing since the earth first hardened into a solid crust, millions of years ago. But many of them have lived several lifetimes in that period, having been dissolved from their early shapes to take new forms.

"What *is* a crystal?" do you ask. It is a regularly-shaped cluster of one kind of particles; or, if you prefer large words, it is an aggregation of homogeneous molecules polarized into a geometric structure.

Whenever the atoms of a mineral substance can move, they do their best to take an angular form. The invisible forces of nature are constantly spurring everything to become its best self—to separate from tangling mixtures and be a perfect individual in the true image that was designed for it. To do this readily, the material must be first dissolved in fluid or gas; but so anxious are all particles to take on their ideal shape that even solids gradually crystallize in spite of their immense obstacles. The "clay-stones" or "earth-dogs" so commonly



ANDALUSITE.

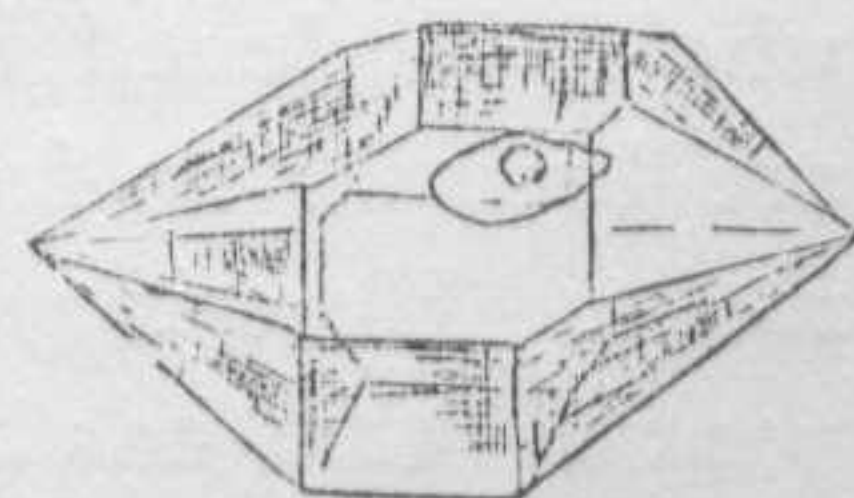
found in clay banks are a form of crystal grown under great difficulty.

Scattered through the deep bank of clay are small molecules of lime. Now lime is always exceedingly desirous of making crystals, while

clay cares little about form. The lime atoms therefore seize hold of any stick or pebble that will serve for a grasp-point and gather about this from quite a distance. All the while the clay is dragging the forming cluster back and pressing its tons of weight upon it so that the unfortunate lime can do no better than make a symmetrical rounded shape, like the Iceland spar, instead of the clear rhomb-crystal that it tried to be. Sometimes these clay-stones are very pretty, sometimes grotesquely funny. Crack them open and you find in the centre the nucleus (a leaf, or sand grain, or stick) around which the lime-dots rallied. The broken one in the illustration is a natural rattle-box. The inner part formed first, and was then enveloped by a different quality of stone-atoms which made use of the older formation as a centre of gravity. Shrinking away, as if uncongenial, it left an open space for the entrapped "crystal" to rattle about in.

But even the clay itself, after a long time, crystallizes up and down as well as horizontally into parallel layers which enable the slate-diggers to quarry it in blocks. It is well known that wrought iron (containing no crystals) by repeated jarring, as in wheels or hammers, crystallizes sufficiently to snap.

An odd result of crystallizing under disadvantages is shown in this andalusite (so named because first found in Andalusia, Spain).

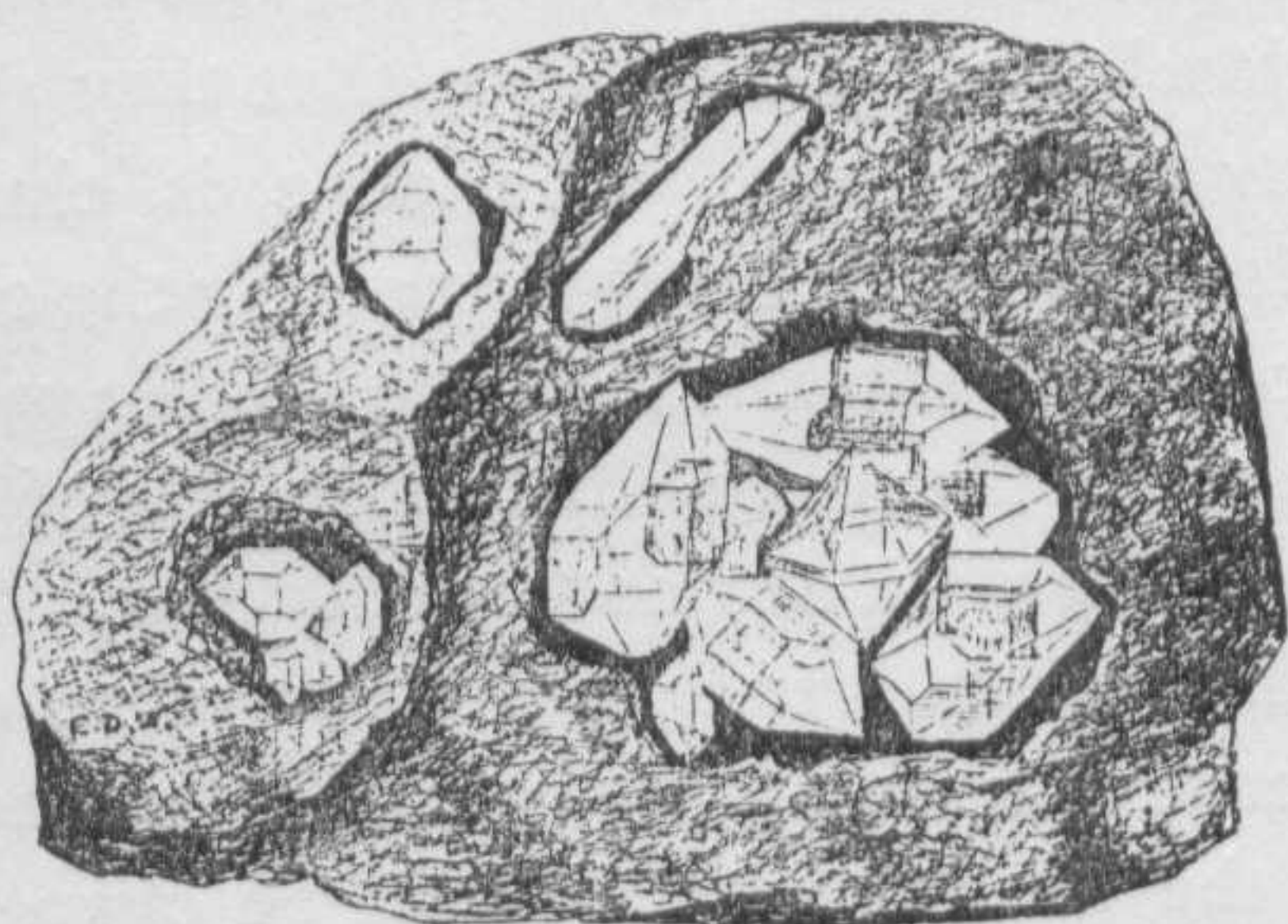


A NATURAL "SPIRIT LEVEL."

In this, the impurities persisted in staying with the crystallizing mineral. Accordingly they were placed in four orderly planes starting as a cross at one extremity, and ending in a square; each plane having its edges gradually squeezed together into a position at right angles to its first direction.

Always, a crystal is a miracle of skillful packing. It would be easier to put a chicken back into its egg, than to artificially crowd all the material of a crystal into its natural dimensions. When it forms, the central lines which govern the whole are stretched out, and under the direction of their magnetic influences, all the particles move up with the precision of a drilling army, each taking its proper place and so as to occupy

the least possible room. First the corners and edges are laid by the purest of the particles. For this reason the angles of a crystal are always the clearest and hardest parts of it. Then the main body is filled in. If the solution furnishing the material still continues the crystal grows, adding a new layer all around, but on the original plan, until the supply is exhausted. Sometimes, after the crystal has laid its main



PERFECT QUARTZ CRYSTALS AS THEY ARE FOUND.

beams and begun building, the supply on which it depended is drawn away; it then has to fill in the remainder of the plan with the nearest substitute. Perhaps too some interfering substance may come in the way and be inclosed. In either case the result is imperfect. Here is a crystal in which some water has been imprisoned, and part of it has evaporated through the quartz pores leaving a vacuum bubble which moves like a spirit-level. I have one of these inclosing not only a bubble, but also a small black lump, both moving loosely in the pigmy lake of clear water that is locked within this purest of crystals. As the specimen is turned around the bubble jumps up to the topmost corner of its chamber like a caged sprite and the black speck falls to the bottom like a wicked imp. If such a crystal is left in freezing temperature it will burst like a bombshell, from the expanding ice within.

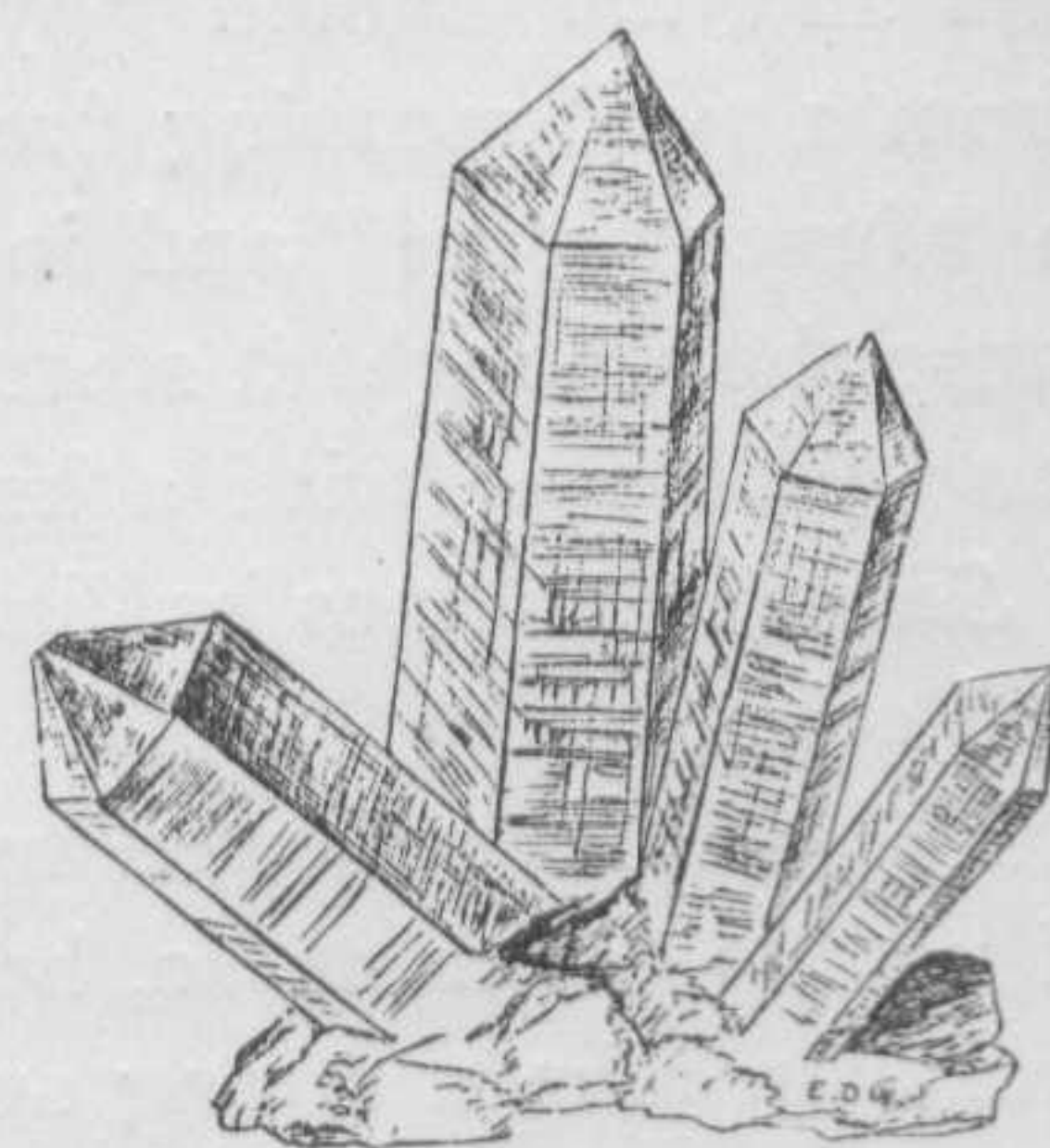
These quartz crystals, or "rock crystals," as some call them, are the most interesting of minerals to me, though so common that the very word "crystal" is derived from them. The ancients believed that their clear glassy prisms were water transformed by Nature's magic into unmeltable ice, and therefore named them "Krustalles," or "fixed ice." They always have six sides. When the ends are complete

each has six triangles connecting the sides with the point. Occasionally one side or angle gets crowded out, but the crystal always shows that it tried its hardest to make a hexagon, with a hexagonal pyramid on each end. Whenever one side or corner is compelled to change from its type the opposite part alters in sympathy with it; and however great the deformity it will be found that the opposite sides are ever parallel.

These "diamonds," as some speak of them (they are "California diamonds," and "Georgia diamonds," as well as the material for "Brazilian pebble" glasses, and "crystal balls"), are found nearly everywhere over the world. Their favorite haunts are in cavities of hard limestone. The clearest crystals in the world are found in Herkimer County, New York State. When certain layers of the rock are blasted numbers of pockets are opened in which are found these perfect crystals grouped like eggs in a nest.

Generally they are covered with clay and must be washed to show their lustrous beauty. But frequently as the limestone is broken they gleam like a jeweller's case. The clay shows what was mixed with the quartz in the solution which made the crystals. Held fast in that little dungeon the flinty atoms obeyed the law which, since the dawn of creation, has instructed them to separate from other elements and form themselves into pointed hexagons.

During the babyhood of a crystal it is always perfect; but as it grows older and larger, various hindrances often modify its ideal shape into a distortion. Single quartz crystals have been found weighing hundreds of pounds, but always they are more or less impure and misshapen.

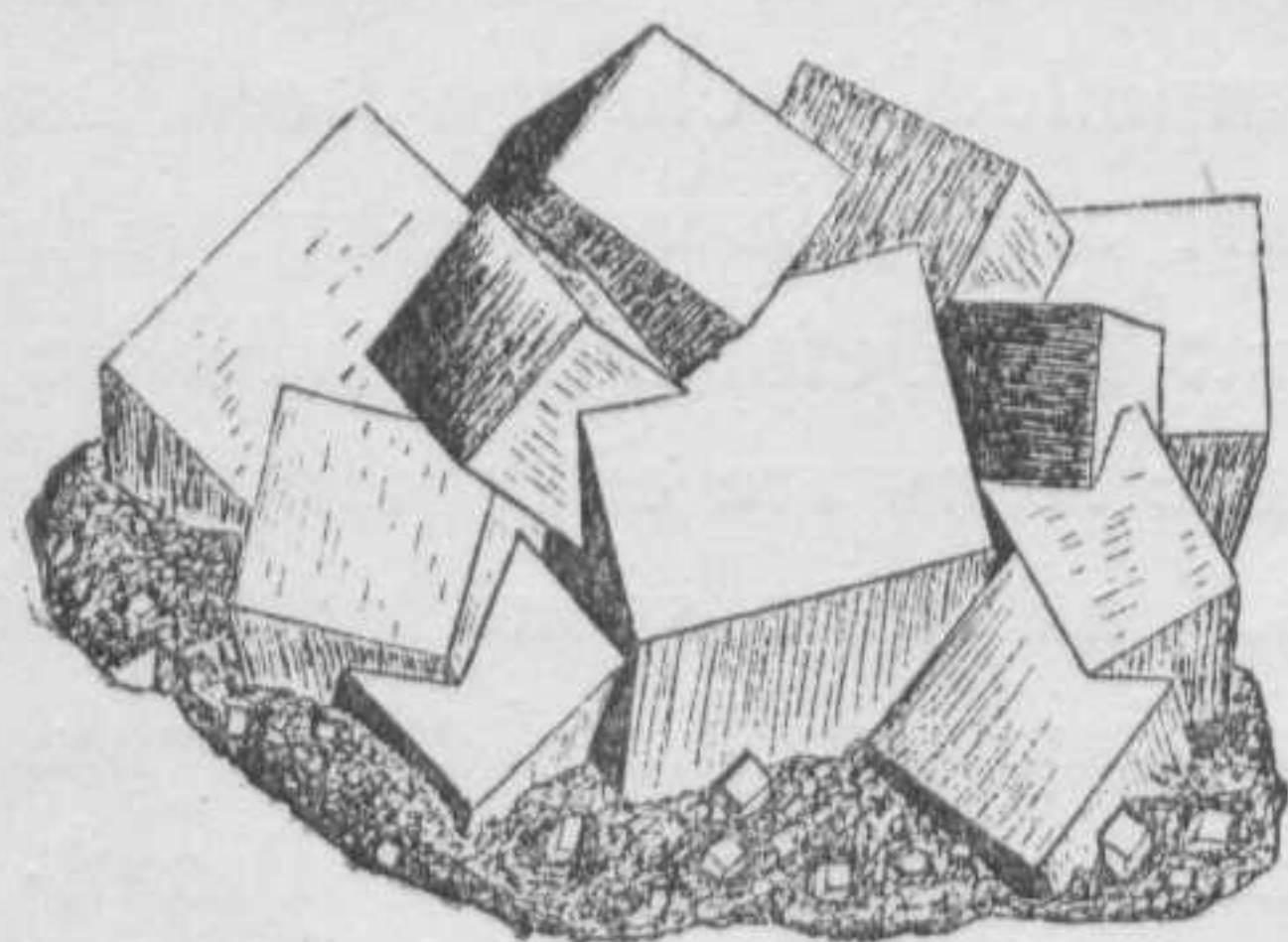


IMPERFECT QUARTZ CRYSTALS.

The more prevalent form of quartz crystals is attached to the rock at one extremity, only one end being terminated. In another variety the pyramid seems to be whittled off on one side. But all three hold true to the invariable rule of six sides and slanting ends.

All crystals have their own ideal, and are

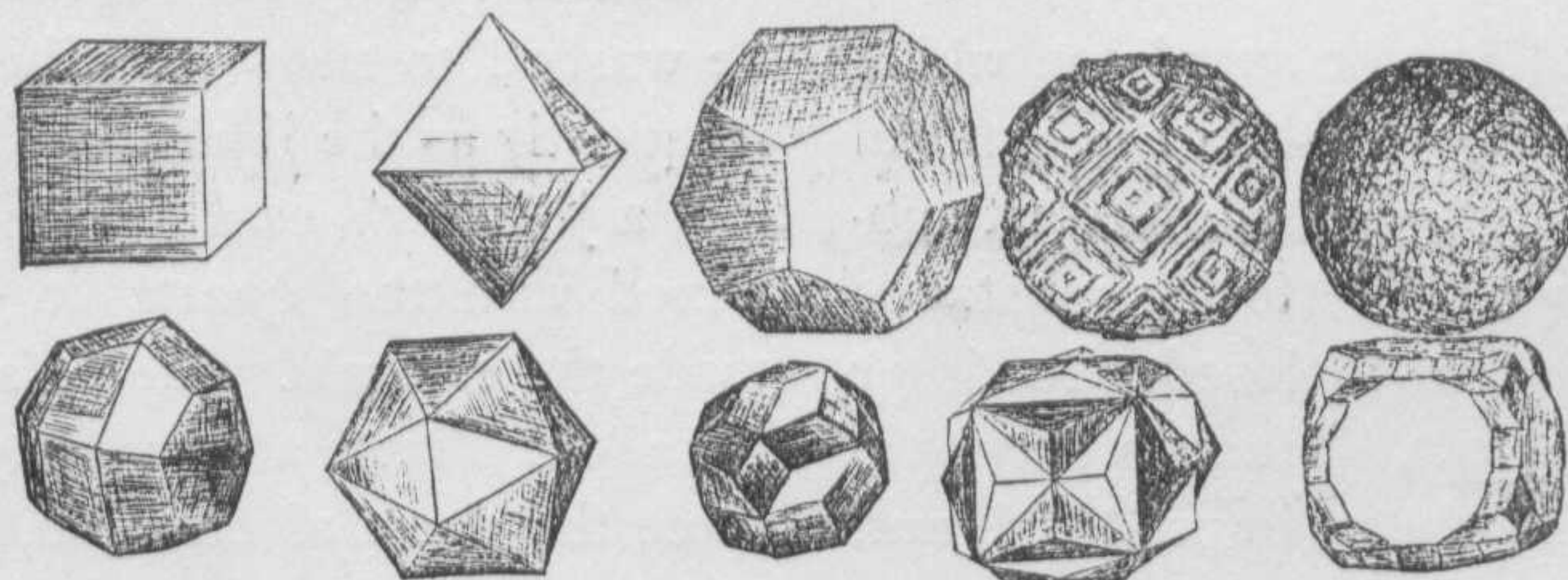
always faithful to it, though the detail differs with circumstances. Snow, for instance, has dozens of crystal shapes, but they all are six-cornered. In one storm all the spangles may be regular stars.



CUBICAL PYRITES CRYSTALS.

In another they will resemble a fantastic wheel. The next cloud may come from a peculiar electric region that moulds all its snow-crystals into elaborate discs. But in each snow-fall all the crystals are exactly alike; and all the variations of snow-crystals are played upon the one tune of sixes.

A more interesting example occurs in iron pyrites, the glistening yellow metal so often mistaken for precious ore that it has been nicknamed 'Fool's Gold.' No one who has studied minerals ever commits the blunder, for three reasons:



VARIETIES OF IRON PYRITES CRYSTALS.

First; it is very hard, while gold is soft. It strikes fire against iron and was named "pyrites" by the Greeks (from a word meaning fire, which is used again in "funeral pyre" and in "pyrotechnics") because they thought it stored full of sparks. Gold can be chipped with a knife.

Second; it shines brilliantly. Gold ore has a dull color.

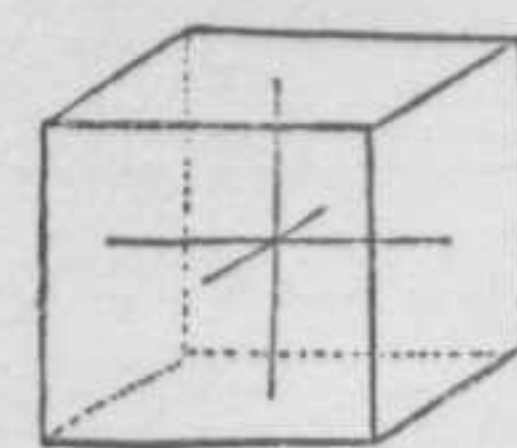
Third; it is yellowed by its sulphur mixture. If you do not think so, heat a piece in the fire and then take a strong smell of it. After you have stopped coughing you will not dispute that the mineral contains brimstone. Yellow gold ore never emits sulphuric fumes because it is

already pure. Many boys and girls have pieces of shiny yellow metal in their collections labelled "Gold Ore," which are only this iron sulphide—one of the most common and least valuable of minerals.

Iron pyrites is under orders to be cubical and usually is. But it assumes a dozen of other forms, the most common of which are here pictured. Nine of these pyrites crystals look like departures from their instruction; but view them more closely and you will see that they are not glaringly disobedient. The cube is clustered about three lines (or axes) connecting the centres of the opposite sides. Now the double pyramid is built upon the same three axes, all of equal length and at right angles to each other. If you could slice off the upper and lower edges of the cube, cutting smooth surfaces to connect the tips of the axes the cube would be changed to the square octahedron, leaving the central lines

of its structure undisturbed. This is what Nature does. In reality it is possible to split all the other forms into cubes which shows that they are bound together by the same

three axes. The shapes are therefore all derived from the cube in the same way, excepting only the ball, which is a bunch of radiating fibres; as if each one insisted upon being the central shaft and, none yielding the honor, the fibres all run through the centre from opposite sides and make a round solid instead of a square one. These ten varieties of iron pyrites are all brothers of the same family and the sphere is the rebellious prodigal. Each kind is found uniformly in the same place, where the shaping influence treats all alike.



PLAN OF A CUBE CRYSTAL.

THE BRINGING UP OF PUPPIES.

(Ways To Do Things.)

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

ONE of our dogs, a splendid, serviceable St. Bernard, is a real gentleman, somewhat stately and soldierly, who befriends little children, small curs, cats, and hens; remembers old favors, howsoever slight; and is never guilty of anything cruel, or mean, or underhanded.

He has just come of age, so to speak. Two years ago, when he found his way to us, a gift, and a big blundering baby, he fell heir to a fine name, once borne by a man of superb heart and brain, of whom Boston, and all the world, know; and we took the risk of his growing up to deserve it. And, at last, he has done so, and by sheer happiness of nature, despite some grave difficulties, has turned out a very prince of dogdom. And because, as a puppy, "Phillips" was simply a terror, I take him as my text.

He was a noted curiosity-box; he banged his white tail into everything, from the sewing-basket to the bird-cage; he roared serenades all night, if he heard the slightest noise outside; he battered the doors, chewed up the stairs, carpets and all; he overturned people (especially, alas! ragged people,) on the street; he was continually, being a delicate and high-bred creature, getting sick of this and that; he scared horses, and went for poultry-yards and sheep-pens like a charging army, his great heels plunging in the air; he lost himself in the city, and was brought home ignominiously by genial policemen; and he showed so cordially his dislike of visits made or received, that he whimpered in a disgraceful manner until he, or the obnoxious stranger, was well out of the house. He was a prig, a snob, a tyrant, a fussygig, an impostor, a Nihilist, and a public nuisance.

About equal to him, as he was, is his favorite, naughty young "Raleigh," whose pretty mother is as virtuous an Irish setter as needs be, and who, wearing the life out of his afflicted owners, is so provokingly winning and handsome, that there is no appeal against him.

Bringing up a pup successfully, is a piece of statesmanship; an ordeal worse than any of our friend Hercules, and enough to perplex the Seven Wise Men put together. And a pup worth bringing up is just such a rogue as "Phil" or "Roll," brimming with vitality, eager, adventurous, hot-headed, and full of heart-rending mischief. If any of you, dear boys and girls! have such a pet, take these few hints, in his name, from one who has travelled the thorny way before you.

The very least and lowest of the duties you owe him, is to feed him well, from the beginning. Until he is a year old he should have four meals or three, at least, a day; with plenty of milk, cornmeal, cracker, and such wholesome things, *and no meat of any kind*. Even when he is grown up, he should never be allowed to have his meat raw, or fat; or to have it in summertime save in small quantities. Dog-biscuit is the best thing for him; and a pail or dish of fresh water should be always ready and convenient.

Hammond, a great authority on dog-training, says that a puppy can, and should be trained to anything whatsoever without punishment or threat. But it needs endless kindness and forbearance. Puppy's attention is hard to get, and still harder to keep; he is like a naughty school-boy at lessons, whose thoughts are in the blackberry pasture; he has not a grain of sense or dignity and he is forever winking, and saying: "Ah, come now! let's leave off!" with his absurd, frisking tail.

For a long time, no matter what you may do for him, Pup will prefer his own pleasure, a frolic or a run, to all your attentions. He loves you just for what he can get out of you. So you must humor him, and win him over by feeding him with your own hands, keeping him sleek and healthy, and allowing him near you wherever you go. Teach him to stay in special places until you are ready to move, yourself. Coax him into a corner, and reward him with a bit of

bread when he reaches it; by and by you need only speak once, or point to the corner; and, at the end, Pup will go there of his own accord, and remain quiet, waiting your will.

When you wish him to obey, speak decidedly, but *in a low voice*. Put the falling inflection on your closing word. For Pup, young as he is, is a sharp fellow, and very sensitive to sounds, and "Lie down?" seems to him to mean: "Might your lordship choose to lie down?" which, perhaps, his lordship doesn't; but "Lie down!" is a very different thing, and he takes it as: "You must lie down this instant, and there's no getting out of it!" so down he goes. Never let yourself get angry with Puppy, nor shout at him — for once he is excited by a boisterous tone, he will never again mind without it — nor treat him otherwise than gallantly, if you hope to make a fine gentleman of him. When he does obey, you must praise him extravagantly, and make a great ado, as if there never had been such a heroic act done before in the annals of the dog-world. Give him a bit of something he likes, and make him proud of having been good. And, of course, if you mean to respect him, and let him stand well in his own opinion, never pamper him, nor permit him to dawdle in-doors, nor wrap him up, nor feed him on sweets. But take him for a brisk run, every day, storm and shine; and stroke his head when you pass him by; that is a noble caress, and he will remember it a long time.

While he is little, and his teeth bother him, give him large, clean bones, *boiled*, to gnaw at; but reprove him if you catch him gnawing anything else, and clip his nose with your thumb and forefinger, if he offers, as he will, in his jolly innocence, to nip at you.

If Pup is a spaniel, or a skye, or a pug, you ought to wash him often in warm weather, with the proper sort of carbolic soap, and brush him down after he has dried in the sun. If he is of a bigger breed, he should be taken to a pond or river, and taught to go in bravely; but the swimming he will teach himself.

A pup of good family, whose parents were chosen for their fine qualities, will seldom turn out mean or cowardly. And he will scorn to steal anything, be it ever so tempting. Whenever Pup shows real courage, reward him; but do

not spoil his temper by setting him on to a fight, or encouraging him to be a bully. For do not forget that he must be a fellow of true spirit, and never come to blows save when it is the only honorable thing left to do. Above all, do not think Pup afraid, because he drops his tail, and runs away at every turn; that is his babyishness, and his ignorance of social customs; and when he is six months older, he may turn out the boldest blade in the neighborhood.

Grant him as much liberty as you can safely do. Do not require him to sneak along at your heels, or to bear the disgrace of a chain, when you take him walking. Beyond hand-shaking, teach him few tricks; for though they may be amusing to spectators, they make a clown of poor Pup, and remind him of the painful hours spent in acquiring them. His own bright, affectionate, natural ways will be prettier to you, in the end, and far more characteristic, than all the begging, and jumping, and penny-catching.

Rules for Pup are like rules for a child; no two pets are quite alike, and there are points of variance, where you must "let your own discretion be your tutor." But one great rule holds, which is: you must, seriously, have a certain deference for your dog, who is stronger, and swifter, and quicker of sense than you, and has a more wonderful power of endurance, and passionate faithfulness. And you must help him to respect you, and trust you utterly, so that he will never cringe, nor snarl, nor show a nervous uncertainty, when you approach him, or be anything but frank, and confident and full of spirit, while you are by. Let him see, too, that you can be masterful and stern; and that, for that very reason, you have chosen to be always gentle.

You can change Pup, one of these days, into a precious comrade and friend, and, in return, his year or two years of patient education will have aided his little master or mistress, more than either will guess, toward chivalry of feeling, and firmness, and self-control. You know a thoughtful writer once said that to domestic animals, we stand in the place of Providence itself. It may well make us reverence our own position, and be unfailingly watchful and tender of the little loving life which looks up to us, and which will serve us loyally just so long as its poor fond heart shall beat.

THE HINDOOS.

(Our Asiatic Cousins.)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

THE Hindoos are our nearest of kin. Descended from a common parent stock, divided into petty clans, under chiefs rather than kings, they dwelt in the high lands of Bactria, and spoke a number of cognate dialects, derived from some more ancient tongue which was even at that remote period quite extinct. They called themselves Aryans, or Nobles, their country Aryânem Vaëjo, Excellent Land, and their mountains Aryaratha, Excellent Gifts.

In their Sacred Books some of their native mountains are mentioned; and the Arminians, whose local traditions are curiously interwoven with Scripture history, and who trace their descent back to Japhet, took with them, on their earliest emigration from the cradle of their race, that name of Aryaratha and bestowed it afresh on the country where they settled; whence the name Ararat—now Mt. Masius—and here, curiously enough, we find that the Scripture statement of an Ararat east of the land of Shinar coincides exactly with the oldest traditions of the Aryan peoples.

The mountain-regions of Little Bokhara and Western Thibet seem to have been the spot whence came out our primitive ancestors. The largest rivers of Asia, the Indus, the Oxus, and the Jaxartes, take their rise in this region, and—what is more—all the ancient nations preserved the remembrance of this region as a garden. Now we know that the Gihon, of the Bible, still called Djihon, is the ancient Oxus; that the Scripture Pison is the Upper Indus, and that the land of Havilla, rich in gold and precious stones, is the country of Darada near Cashmere so celebrated for its riches and beauty.

In the Bible narrative, Eden had a far wider extent than has been assigned to it by modern interpreters of sacred record. The four great rivers that watered Eden, undoubtedly are the Oxus and Indus on the east, and the Tigris

and Euphrates on the west; within that area are included temperate climates, fertile lands, and fine fruit-bearing trees—a garden region eminently fitted for the preservation and perfection of the human race.

If we turn from the identification of place to that of language we find that many of our own household words are closely connected in sound and in structure with the Persian and Hindoo-stanee tongues. The words for the Deity, the sun, moon, and star, father mother, brother, sister, the names of many of our domestic animals, are almost identical in sound and meaning. For example, the words daughter and spinster, come from two Sanskrit words, *duhiter*, to draw milk, and *spanthri*, to spin, and they preserve the memory of a time when the daughters of the Aryan family employed themselves as milkmaids, and in spinning and weaving garments for the household.

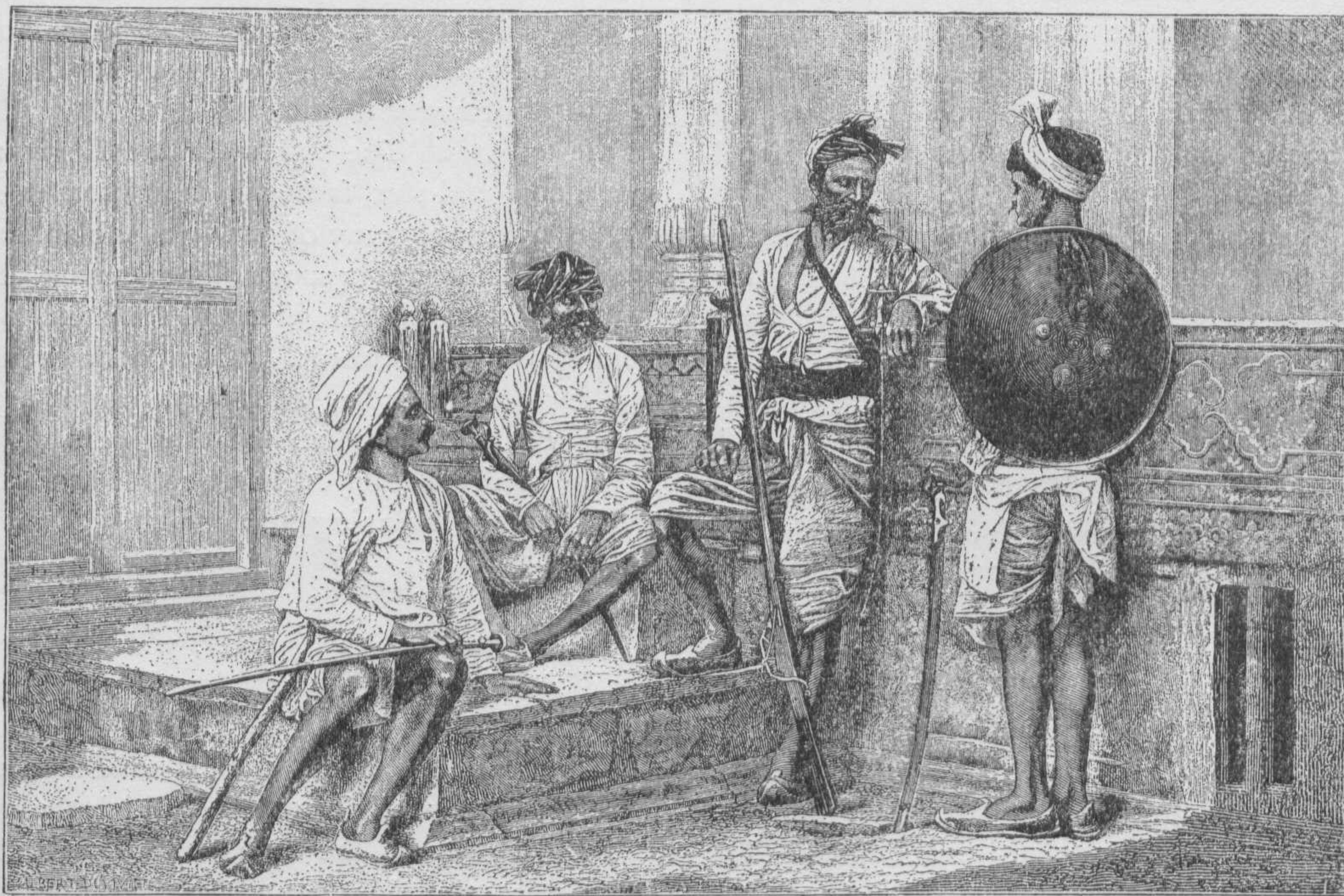
It is impossible to discover, with certainty, when the first great separation in the Aryan family took place. All we know is, that the sacred books of both the Hindoos and Persians mention a great religious war, in which the worshipers of Fire as the highest symbol of the Deity were victorious, and the worshipers of Stone Images were overthrown. This religious war seems to have broken up the harmony in which the Aryans must have lived for centuries. Emigration from their native mountains flowed in all directions. Colonies moved East, West, and Northwest, settled the different parts of Europe, founded states and empires, and developed nations now known as Greeks, Italians, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Germans, Russians, Circassians, Armenians, English, and Americans.

The victorious Fire-worshippers took possession of all the land called Aryânem Vaëjo, easily corrupted into Iran. They elaborated the worship of Fire, and developed the Persian

language, which, owing to the fact that the kings of Iran held their court in the province of Parsistan came to be called the Farsic or Persic language, and the nation was known as the Persians.

The defeated idol-adoring Aryans, on the other hand, moved southward, settled all along the Indus and the Ganges, partly drove out and partly subdued the aboriginal tribes of Hindostan, founded cities, and also castes, established the Brahmanic religion, and perfected the Sanskrit language, calling it Sanskritia-Ukta, the

and blue or grayish blue eyes; lofty in stature, and dignified and hospitable in manners. The women are remarkably good-looking; and they wear the same dress as the Persian and Circassian women. They seem to have enjoyed the same freedom as the men up to the time of the Arabian conquest of India, when they were forced at the point of the sword to adopt the religion, as well as many of the customs of their Mohammedan conquerors. The Afghan women now conceal their persons under veils, and seclude themselves from the society of men. It is



RAJPOOTS OF THE WARRIOR CASTE.

Polished Speech, in order to distinguish it from the barbarous dialects spoken by the rude peoples among whom they had settled.

And now, although thousands of years have intervened since the first great separation, although each of the great nations before mentioned have developed peculiar customs, manners, religions, languages, and literatures, still the traveller in the North of India is again and again taken by surprise at finding so many characteristics common alike to the Asiatic and himself.

The Afghans, for instance, often have complexions of Saxon fairness with rich brown hair

a curious fact that the Arabian word *haram*, a place for the seclusion of women, was then first introduced into Hindoostanee language — and that the condition it represented had had before no place among the Hindoos.

The Afghans dress with much grace — a long cashmere coat bound at the waist with a fine camel's hair scarf, in which are thrust powder-horns, pouches, pistols, and daggers; the turban is a handsome shawl bound artistically round the head and adorned with jewels, while the better classes wear colored woollen socks and high pointed shoes. Their arms consist of match-

locks, sword, lance, spears, daggers, and round bossed shields magnificently embellished.

They are the most independent and warlike of our Asiatic Cousins. Afghan boys are trained to war at an early age. In the English and Afghan war in 1842, Colin Mackenzie related that he saw Afghan boys of ten and twelve years of age taking an active part in the massacre of the little children of the British troops.

They have sporting instincts quite in common with their English Cousins. They delight in fighting, boxing, horse-racing, and gambling. The nobles all keep hunting horses and hounds; hunting, hawking, deer-stalking, and unerring marksmanship are their aristocratic sports. Hospitality is one of their most sacred of duties. An Afghan is bound by custom to grant to a stranger who crosses his threshold, and claims his protection, any favor he may ask, even at the risk of his own life. But, unlike the English, they are fierce, cruel, revengeful, and extremely superstitious. They never forgive. An insult is treasured up and retaliated on the offender years after. Their blood-feuds are handed down from father to son. Duels are daily fought on the slightest provocation. The Mosaic law, "eye for eye and tooth for tooth," is rigidly exacted. In their superstitious dread of "the evil eye," they cover themselves, their children, cattle, and even their garden-trees with charms and talismans; and, though nominally Mohammedans and worshipers of one God, they have no end of miracle-working shrines of the pious dead, to which offerings and pilgrimages are unceasingly made.

The winters in Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, are extremely cold; snow lies on the ground for months, and the pastimes of the people during the long winter evenings around their hearth-fires, as well as out of doors, are not unlike those of Northern Europe and Canada. They are very fond of dancing. Their national dance is called *alton*, and is very graceful at first. Four dancers move slowly round to a measured and melancholy air; as the music quickens they begin to keep time springing, leaping, and throwing their arms about until at length the music and the dance become so rapid in movement that the performers resemble a set of maniacs. The most daring of

the Afghan sports, however, is that of hunting wild beasts. An Afghan youth will enter the den of a wild beast, single-handed, muzzle and drag it forth, at the peril of his life, for a few hours' sport before dispatching it.

Next in interest to the Afghans are the Rajpoots, or King's Sons. They are of the Khsahtrya or warrior caste of the Hindoos; generally of great stature, regular features, light brown complexion, and sometimes gray, or even blue eyes.

The sun is their chief deity, and its symbol — a youth of ideal beauty, with a halo round its head — is drawn on all their state papers with the words *Sri-Suriani Shakh*, witnessed by the holy sun.

The Rajpoot nobles call themselves Thakoor or freebooters. Until recently they were the scourge of the country, living by plunder and murder. They will have no intercourse with the Vaisyas, or agricultural, or with the Sudras, or laboring castes of the Hindoos. They support with free grants of land several clans of Hindoos, called Rajgurees, or kings' instructors, Chareps, or genealogists, and the Bhalts or bards, the one to chronicle their births, deaths, and marriages, and the other to celebrate in verse their exploits in love and war, customs certainly European in their affinities.

The Rajguree practices the arts of medicine, and necromancy. The credulous people regard him as priest, physician, and miracle-worker all in one. If a woman wishes to charm her husband to be good to her, if a man desires to avenge a wrong, or to fathom the secrets of the future, the Rajguree is consulted. He is supposed to be able to cure diseases, to protect from the consequences of crime, and even to reanimate the dead. His knowledge of drugs and poisons is really great. Every bush and tree furnish means by which he works his charms and potents.

There is something indescribably sinister in the appearance of the Rajguree as after he has smeared his face with various red and yellow marks, he issues forth from the temple; carries a staff, or wand, painted red with serpent forms wreathed round it, and the rude likeness of a human face delineated on the handle; lizards' bones, tigers' teeth, serpents' fangs, ashes of the dead, and other strange objects hang in a bag

at his side; he has also his cabalistic manuscripts full of queer characters, crude figures, and roughly traced diagrams, which he consults in the exercise of his magic art.

Jeypur, the capital of Rajpootana, is nevertheless one of the finest cities in Hindostan. It stands on a high plain surrounded by picturesque hills crowned by many a fortress; the one called Nahargarh, or Tiger's den, is almost inaccessible on the southern side of the city.



A RAJPOOT MAHARAJAH.

The streets of Jeypur are spacious, many of them well-paved, and lighted and adorned with mosques, almshouses, Sanskrit colleges, palaces, temples, and hospitals, all remarkable for architectural beauty. One of its most interesting antiquities is an observatory founded by Jay Singh, a Rajpoot King and famous astronomer.

The Rajpoot temple to the sun-god, stands on the top of a hill near Jeypur; a spring of pure water issues from beneath its western portico

and dashes over a rock into the valley some ninety feet below. This fountain of the sun-god is consecrated to the baptismal, funeral, and marriage services of the Rajpoots.

The most fearful practice of the Rajpoots, however, is their systematic murder of their female children. If the newborn child is a daughter, the nurse places opium on the mother's breast and the babe is put to sleep forever.

This fearful custom was first resorted to by the Rajpoots upon the Mohammedan conquest of India. Deprived of their vast possessions, the Rajpoot chiefs agreed to put their female children to death, rather than give them in marriage to their hateful Moslem conquerors; or to bestow them dowerless on one of their caste. Hundreds of thousands of Rajpoot baby daughters were sacrificed in this manner, and for centuries the practice was universal among them; and as no females were reared among them, the Rajpoots generally sought and obtained in marriage the most beautiful women of Hindostan. It is one of the glorious trophies of British rule in India that this practice has been checked in some parts, and abolished in others. The grand reform is due to the courage and efforts of two Englishmen, Mr. Willoughby, and Col. Alexander Walker. And when Colonel Walker was about to leave Baroda, the chief city of the Rajpoots in Guzerat, he received one of the most affecting tributes of gratitude possible to be conceived.

The Maharajah had invited him to a farewell banquet. On his way to the place, he was met by a procession of young girls — princesses, daughters of nobles, and all classes of Rajpoots — dressed in brilliant garments adorned with flowers, and headed by the seven daughters of the Maharajah himself, all of whom owed him their lives. A shout of joy hailed the approach of Colonel Walker their friend and saviour; the girls then folded their hands, bowed their heads, and did reverence to the good man; while the princesses with tears streaming down their cheeks came and kissed the hem of his coat. The procession then moved slowly forward, the girls scattering, as they went, flowers along his path. Once more they paused at the palace door, and with upturned faces sang an exquisite hymn in which they invoked blessings on their *real* father's head.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ROME.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

1. Name the three principal classes or peoples into which the primitive inhabitants of Italy may be divided.

2. About how much of the early history of Rome must be regarded as mainly legendary?

3. When, and by whom, is the city of Rome said to have been founded?

4. Who was Tarpeia, and for what is she remembered?

5. Name the three kings who are said to have succeeded the founder of Rome, and state in which reign the kingdom was the most peaceful?

6. What Etruscan noble, while journeying to Rome, is said to have had his cap removed from his head by an eagle, and then replaced by the same means?

7. By what other name was the Council of Elders called?

8. Of how many members did the Council of Elders consist when the Sabines were joined to Rome?

9. To what king is ascribed the authorship of the religious rites and customs of Rome?

10. What king built a stone wall about the city?

11. Mention two other important events of his reign.

12. Into how many classes were the Roman people divided by the *census* of this reign?

13. To what king did the Cumæan Sibyl appear?

14. What event ended the first Roman monarchy?

15. Who were the first consuls?

16. What three great dangers menaced the safety of the Republic in the first few years of its existence?

17. For what was Horatius Cocles famous?

18. What noted battle was said to have been gained by the assistance of Castor and Pollux?

19. What nation was the most powerful enemy of Rome at this period?

20. What magistrate having absolute power was sometimes appointed by the consuls in times of great peril?

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

201. It is extremely improbable that any written versions of them existed till a long time after the death of Homer. The poems were first publicly recited by the Rhapsodists, but about 530 B. C. a standard written text is supposed to have existed.

202. Homeric verse comprised epic poetry relating to the events of the heroic period, while Hesiodic verse included epic poetry of a more desultory character.

203. The Trojan War and the Adventures of Ulysses.

204. *Works and Days*, *Theogony* and the *Shield of Hercules*.

205. About the middle of the seventh century B. C.

206. Archilochus. He first composed Iambic verse according to fixed rules, and his satires are in this metre.

207. No important event in Greek life was considered complete without the accompaniment of song.

208. Alcæus and Sappho, the inventors of Alcaic and Sapphic verse.

209. Anacreon.

210. Simonides.

211. Pindar.

212. Æschylus.

213. As the founder of Greek tragedy.

214. *Electra*; *Trachiniæ*; *Œdipus Tyrannus*; *Ajax*; *Œdipus at Colonus*; *Philoctetes*; *Antigone*.

215. Euripides.

216. Aristophanes.

217. Philémon and Menander.

218. Theocritus.

219. Bion and Moschus.

220. At Alexandria.



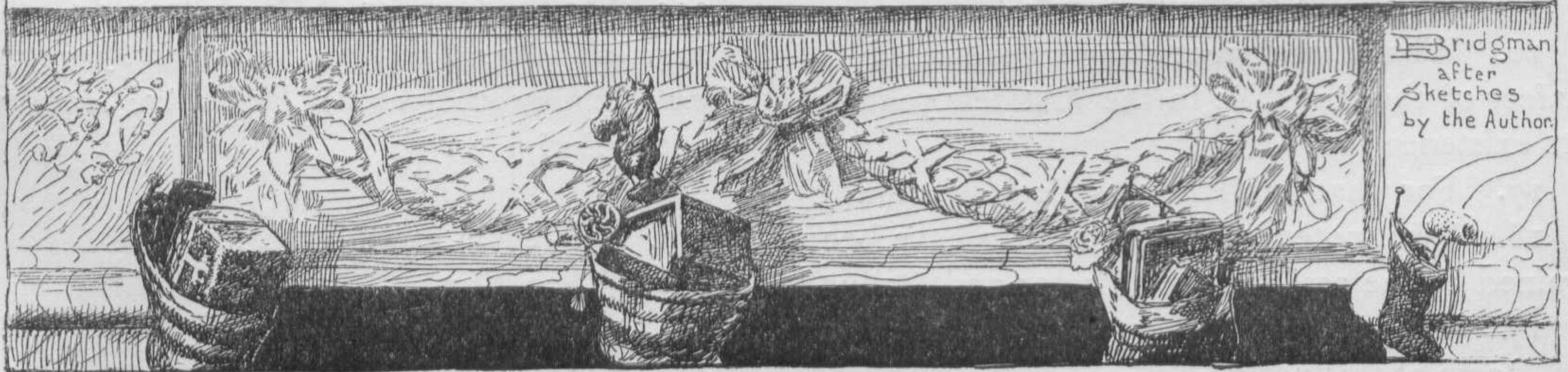
Who Fills the Stockings?

By Edith M. Thomas.



Look where the stockings hang in a row!
East and greatest, how plump they show!
Let lispers and toddlers still believe
Lapland Kriss on a Christmas eve
Lowers himself through the chimney black,
Lades each sock from his well-filled sack,
Leaps to his sleigh — and his reindeers go
Lightly over the frozen snow!

likely story!" you cry, and you
Laugh with your lips and your eyes of blue
Look sharply now — and now look again —
Lesson in primer was never more plain:
Long stocking, short stocking, all show the same
Large letter L, which stands for a name!
Love left his monogram written here —
Love fills the stockings, O children dear!



Bridgman
after
Sketches
by the Author.



THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

“When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old.
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.”

A CHILDHOOD that had never known the *Arabian Nights*, that had heard not of “good Haroun Alraschid,” which was never lighted by the rays from the wonderful lamp of Aladdin, and to which the adventures of Sindbad were unfamiliar, would be a strangely incomplete one, or so, at least, it would seem to us now.

Yet to the English-speaking world these delightful Arabic tales have not been generally known till within the last hundred years. Car-maralzaman and Badoura, Zobeide and the three calenders, Nouredin Ali and Bedreddin Hassan are as familiar names to us as those of Crusoe and Friday; but while our great-grandparents in their childhood knew, and probably heartily detested, Sandford and Merton, of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves they never so much as dreamed.

The passionate love of marvelous stories so strongly characteristic of Oriental peoples is not wholly easy for us to fully appreciate, fond as we Western folk are of fiction. To the Oriental the story-teller is journalist, novelist, dramatist and teacher in one. In the coffee-houses of Cairo, the tent of the Bedouin, or in the palaces

of Bagdad, the professional story-teller is always welcomed.

“In mosque and square and gay bazaar”

the teller of stories can always find eager and attentive listeners. The love for wonderful tales is common to all ranks and it is in perfect keeping with Eastern nature that Shahriyar the king of Samarcand should be as well entertained by the marvelous stories narrated by Scheherazade as any slave in his palace would have been.

To the few students of Oriental languages two centuries ago many of the tales now included in what we usually call *The Arabian Nights* were more or less familiar; but a translation of a number of them into French by M. Galland, in 1704, first brought them to the general notice of Western readers. A translation of M. Galland's collection into English was afterwards made, and, although it was felt by scholars to be imperfect as well as inaccurate, it became extremely popular. English translations from the Arabic were made from time to time,* the best of which was that by Edward William Lane in 1839. In this work the translator has aimed to represent the original as faithfully as possible and to give a truthful and entertaining picture of Arabic customs and manners.

M. Galland's version is never dull, but it contains almost as much of the translator as of its Arabic original, while Mr. Lane's translation in addition to being entertaining has the merit of being much nearer to the original.

About the origin of the *Arabian Nights' En-*

* Foster, 1802; Beaumont, 1810; Scott, 1811; Lambe, 1826.

tertainments a great deal of controversy has been raised; but with this we need not concern ourselves. That they are of comparatively modern date may, however, be looked upon as settled, as well as the fact of their Arabic authorship.

Coffee, tobacco and fire-arms not being mentioned in the Tales, it has been argued that they were written before these came into general use, and Mr. Lane places the year 1530 as an ap-

turbans, and all the Jews yellow turbans, instead of white which the Moslems wore. In the tale called "The History of the Young King of the Black Isles" his people are transformed into fishes, yellow, red, white and blue. The red were the fire-worshippers, the white, Moslems, the blue, Christians, and the yellow, Jews; and from this it has been argued that the date of this tale at least must be subsequent to the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The interest of the tales themselves is very little affected by the question when they were written; but as pictures of Eastern life their historical value is of course largely dependent upon the date of their composition. Judging from many of the details in the stories they seem to have been written in Cairo, and doubtless a large number of them had been related by Eastern story-tellers to eager listeners in palace-court and street-bazaar long before they were put into writing. Some of them show a Hindoo origin, and others are distinctively Persian; but all seem to have been remodeled to suit the tastes and customs of the Arabs who lived in cities.

Whether one or more persons were concerned in their composition and remodeling is something that cannot be accurately known, but quite probably they are the work of one person, as some excellent critics have supposed. With one exception no similar collection of Arabic tales is known to exist, but in Europe during the Middle Ages, collections of stories by one author were very common. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* is one of the most noted of these, and Boccaccio's *Decameron* another.

As a picture of the times in which they were written they are, of course, historically valuable, but they form no part of serious Arabic literature. They correspond in some measure to the lighter novels of our day; not the novels which stir our deepest feelings, but those which aim simply to amuse. That is all the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* aim to do. They are animated, ingenious and amusing, but they are nothing more.

Compare Homer with these Arabic tales. In Homer our imagination is kindled by the accounts of the heroes of whom he sings; in the *Arabian Nights* our interest is excited by the ad-



A PAGE OF ARABIC.

(Fac-simile of the opening of the story of *Evis El-Djelis*, "The History of the Beautiful Persian," from "The Arabian Nights.")

proximate date: Haroun Alraschid, the centre of so many of the Tales, was contemporary with Charlemagne, and with him Arabic magnificence seems to have reached its highest point. But the best authorities consider the stories to have been written at a considerably later period than the time of Haroun.

About the year 1300 a Sultan of Egypt issued an order compelling all Christians to wear blue

ventures that happened to certain people about whom personally we care very little. In Homer it is what Achilles, Hector, Paris and the others really were in *themselves* that we care for. Character moves us in the Grecian narrative, adventure in the Arabic. Popular as these tales have been among the Arabic peoples they have never occupied a high position in Arabic literature both by reason of their literary style, which is far from being the best, and because of their general frivolousness. The scholarly Arab would probably think it a sinful waste of time to read them through and would resent having Arabic literature judged by such specimens of it as these.

I have not carelessly called the tales frivolous. They are so because they have little or nothing to say concerning the realities of life. They are sparkling, but they touch the surface of things only. The fancy is aroused, but the feelings are seldom touched. The mind of the Oriental is not a sympathetic mind. To accounts of the most cruel tortures the Arab listens with indifference, and he can inflict suffering without a moment's hesitation. The greatest misfortune he can conceive of is the loss of money or material comforts, and the interest of the greater number of Arabic stories turns upon the lack or the possession of riches and what they can bring. No moral lesson is drawn from events as they occur, either directly or indirectly, simply because the author does not dream of such things as moral consequences. Vice never seems very black to him, nor goodness especially commendable in itself; and of the development and upward growth of human character he has no conception.

To the English-speaking world life means much more than the pursuit of our own individual happiness; it implies a deep sense of our personal accountability for its proper use. Pleasure is the chief object of living to the Oriental,

and he is indifferent as to whether his end is attained worthily or otherwise.

We are not to look therefore to the *Arabian Nights* for any direct moral teaching. But there is in these tales an *indirect* moral, unguessed at by the author, which is there nevertheless. And it is this: The pursuit of happiness for purely selfish motives fails in reality to bring it to us. The heroes and heroines of these sparkling stories are never secure in their happiness for any long time. Any sudden turn of adventure may wrest it from them; and they have no strength of character to console them for its loss, or to show them how to rebuild it upon its true basis—a love for others equal at least to their love for themselves. “It is only a poor kind of happiness that can come from thinking very much about ourselves,” says George Eliot in *Romola*, but these people of whom the unknown author tells us know no other kind. If Western nations are superior to Oriental peoples it is because their ideals are higher, because their aims are less self-centered. It is indeed true that some noble examples of self-sacrifice and loftiness of motive are chronicled in the Arabian annals; they are however not the rule, but only exceptions.

If we read the *Arabian Nights* for amusement simply we shall find it delightful. There are no tales in the world quite like these in their brilliancy of invention, gorgeousness of description or ingenuity of adventure. They can never grow stale to young people; for the love of the marvelous is a natural and healthy love in childhood and youth, and these stories meet that natural desire and in a way that no others can do. Later, when a taste for the adventures of genii and magic-workers fades away, the undesignated moral of it all will grow clear to us and we shall see that character is more than material delights, and that no happiness worthy of the name can be hoped for without it.

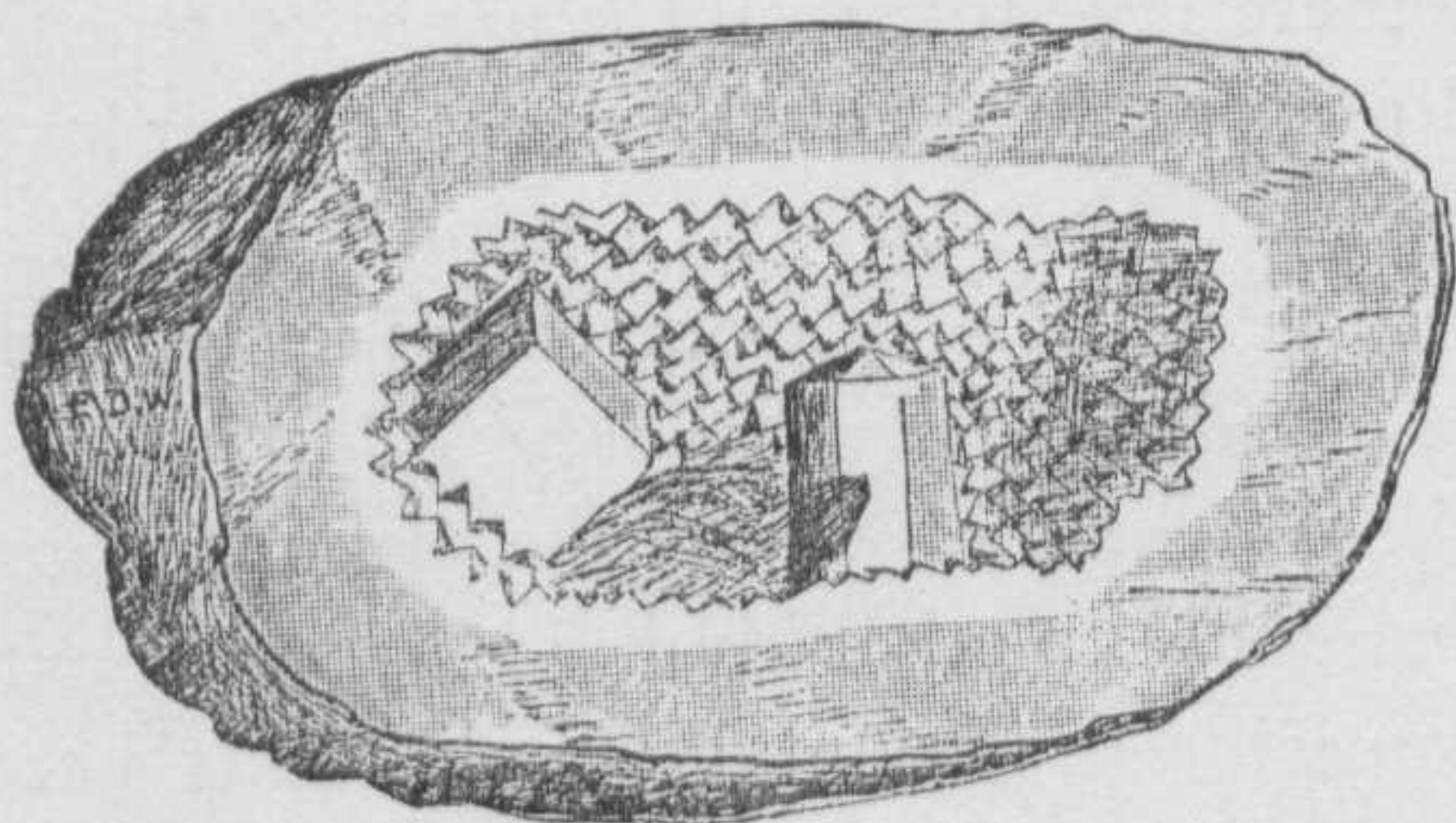
MORE ABOUT CRYSTALS.

("Diamond Dust.")

By E. D. WALKER.

THE many-shapedness of crystals is due to the extreme sensitiveness of the dumb things that we like to call dead.

In lime (or calcium), the most active and delicate of all minerals, each difference of mixture



GEODE CONTAINING THREE VARIETIES OF CRYSTALS.

and surroundings tends to shape a special crystal. Consequently, the calcium forms number several hundreds, each distinctly indicating its texture and circumstances. The geode represented contains four shapes of calcium in limestone rock.

The cavity is lined with scores of pink calcium crystals (dolomite); the large cube is a yellow specimen of calcium (fluorite); and the largest crystal is a transparent variety of the same (calcite). But the dainty differences in their composition explain the strong contrast in shapes. The opening was filled ages ago with a solution of lime, magnesia, fluorine and nickel. Magnesia was in the greatest hurry to crystallize; so it seized part of the lime and studded the entire surface with its rhombs. Then the fluorine followed with its cube. Nickel's turn came next and it made the exquisite hairlike crystals. The remaining lime built its column last inclosing some of the nickel fibres.

Garnets ordinarily take twelve-sided figures. But occasionally they have twice that number of faces, though it is easily seen that the axes are identical in both cases, and the one can be cleaved into the other. The illustration of a twenty-four sided garnet is an exact copy of one six inches in diameter, and weighing nearly ten

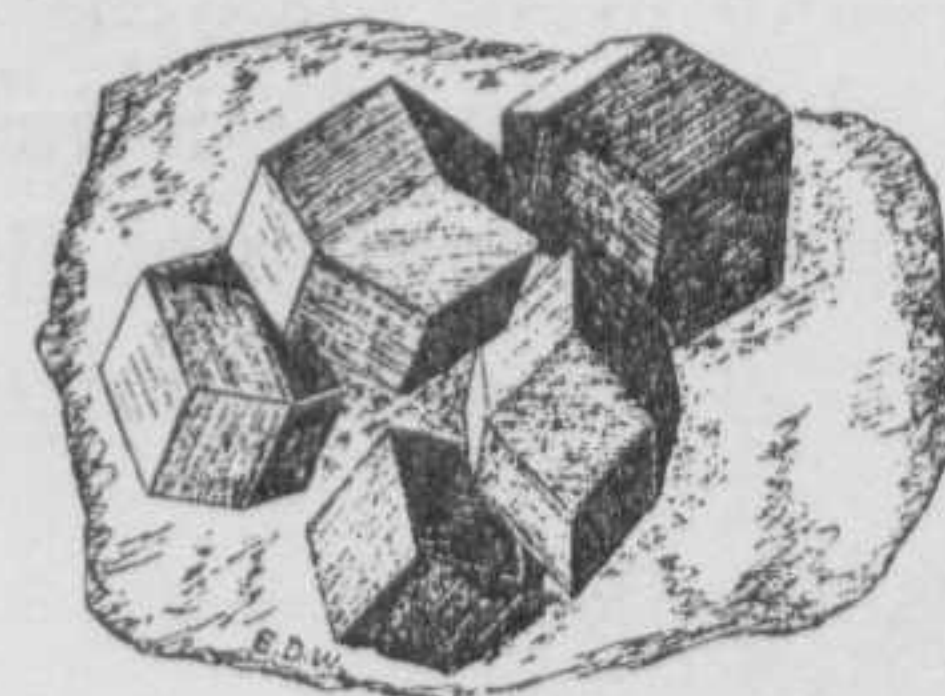
pounds. It was obtained in blasting rock for a sewer in one of the streets of New York City. The gneiss, or granite, on which New York is built abounds in garnets, though they are rarely large, and are coarse in structure, with small value.

So the rule giving a special crystal shape to every mineral is not invariable, though one would think the thousands of geometrical figures might provide a form for each. Frequently different substances follow the same style. The cube is a favorite type, being seen in iron pyrites, salt, alum, fluorite and galena (lead). But each of these minerals has its own way of piling its particles together and of finishing off its shape. The hexagon is found not only in quartz, but in beryl and mica. Yet a peculiar style of structure is noticeable in each. The round shape occurs not only in pyrites balls, but in a softer clayey mineral named from its discoverer (Dr. Wavel) wavellite. This however forms only hemispheres.

After some studious observation therefore, it is not difficult to distinguish the countless shapes of crystals into their hidden types. The mineralogist finds this a delightful field of work. He learns that the wonderful laws which affect the crystal shapes penetrate into the minutest atom. The smallest particle of matter is found by the microscope to be as orderly and obedient as the most gigantic masses.

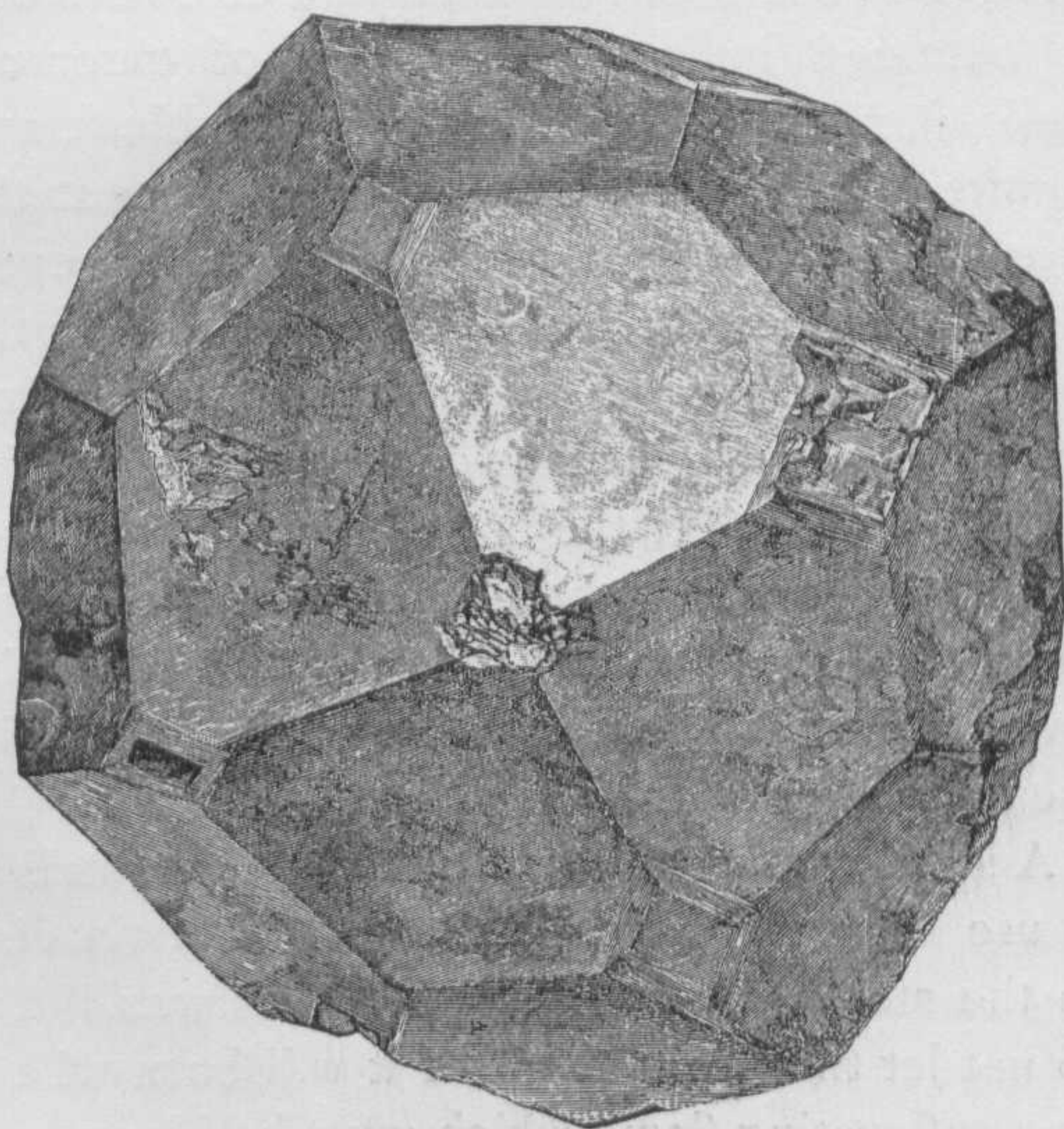
There are many secrets wrapped within a crystal. It is a tiny world. The mighty forces of attraction and repulsion, which keep the universe

in perfect order, operate here in delicate equipoise: a slight turn of the balance would shiver the crystal to pieces. The molecules rest together in repose so peaceful that the



TWELVE-SIDED GARNETS.

crystal is cooler to the touch than any artificial stone can be made. This furnishes the favorite test with jewellers for distinguishing true from false gems. Like the great world, too, the crystal is a magnet. The opposite poles, at the extremities, are always shooting out streams of electricity. Sometimes its light may be seen in the dark, radiating from the tips like the points of lightning rods in a thunder storm. It glows with phosphorescence when ground or otherwise warmed. Then too, crystals perform some strange antics with light. They not only strain the sun's rays in order to produce



TWENTY-FOUR-SIDED GARNET CRYSTAL, FOUND UNDER NEW YORK CITY.

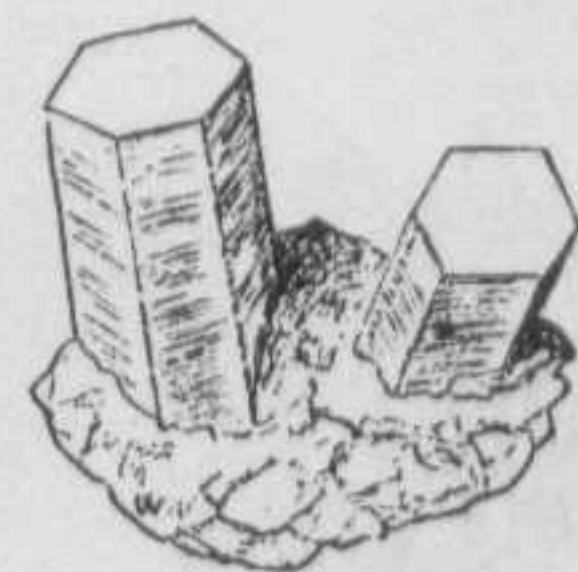
their own peculiar colors, but many of them have a mysterious habit of splitting the light-ray in two. The transparent fibres of the Iceland spar are piled together after a magical method which allows part of the light to go straight through them, but steers off the rest in a slanting direction, making a double picture of whatever is laid under the mineral. Iceland spar is the most striking example of this class and is much used in scientific instruments to dissect light. This "double refraction" as it is termed, is seen only in irregular crystals—that is those whose axes are unequal.

A still more curious behavior is exhibited by tourmaline, the long triangular crystal which is found so abundantly in granite. It is generally black, but sometimes it is green, or pink, or

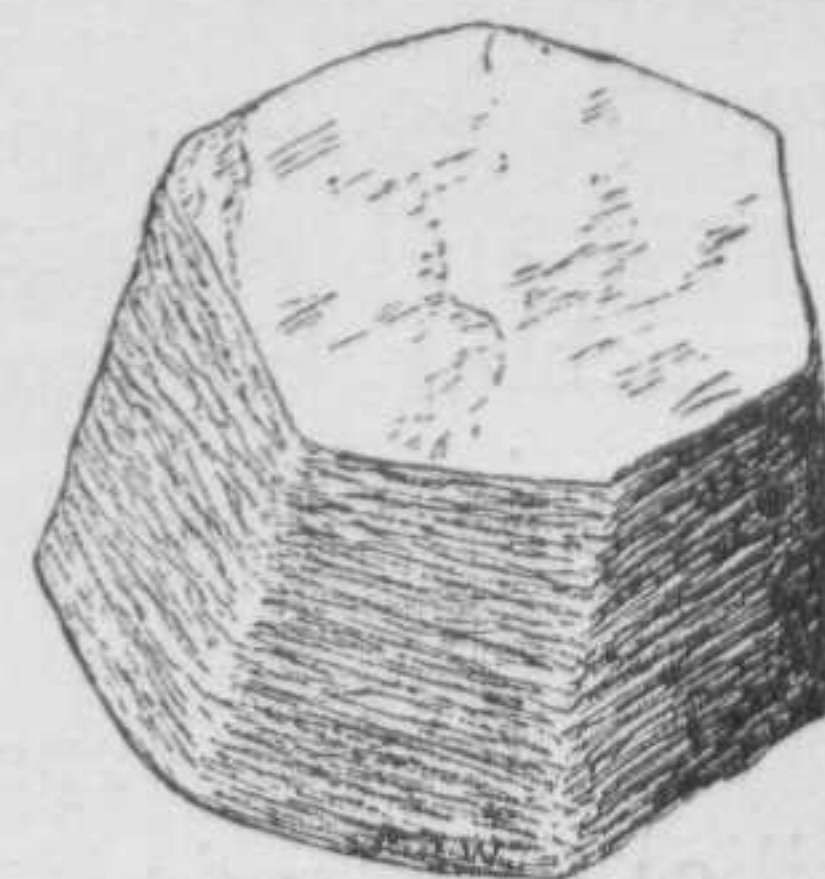
even red. The periods in its growth may be seen now and then in the light-tinted core and the dark enveloping portion, as in the section of the lower large crystal in the illustration. It is the famous talisman stone of the Orient, and is said to protect the wearer against conjury or witchcraft. But tourmaline interests scientists for far other reasons. If two thin transparent slices of it are held in the course of a ray of light as shown in the illustration, the first sifts out the upright waves of light, while the second checks these. Both if crossed together, are opaque. Each alone is transparent. The tourmaline is built like a fence of round parallel rails with open slits between. The light acts like a handful of shingles thrown against the fence. Only those pass through which strike parallel with the rails. Those whose edges are directed across the rails are stopped. This queer action is called "polarization" as the crystal poles are the cause of it. Tourmaline slides are of great value in determining some delicate scientific questions.

But in the crystal world, as elsewhere, there are cheats. Some perfect crystal-shapes are found which are not crystals at all. Their crystal appearance is fraudulent; they are therefore called "pseudomorphs" (false forms). However, it is not difficult to tell the genuine from the sham, on account of the dull lack-lustre surface of the latter.

These pseudomorphs make in two ways. Sometimes a true crystal imbedded in the rock is dissolved out, leaving a hollow mould exactly of its own pattern. Then another substance gradually fills that opening, and is cast in the angles of the original crystal. Garnets are often copied thus by a greenish mineral (chlorite). Then again, a crystal composed of two or three elements is chemically transformed into another substance, while the inclosing rock prevents it from changing to its proper new form. Thus a cubical crystal of pyrites (sulphur and iron) may be soaked in water until the sulphur is chased away

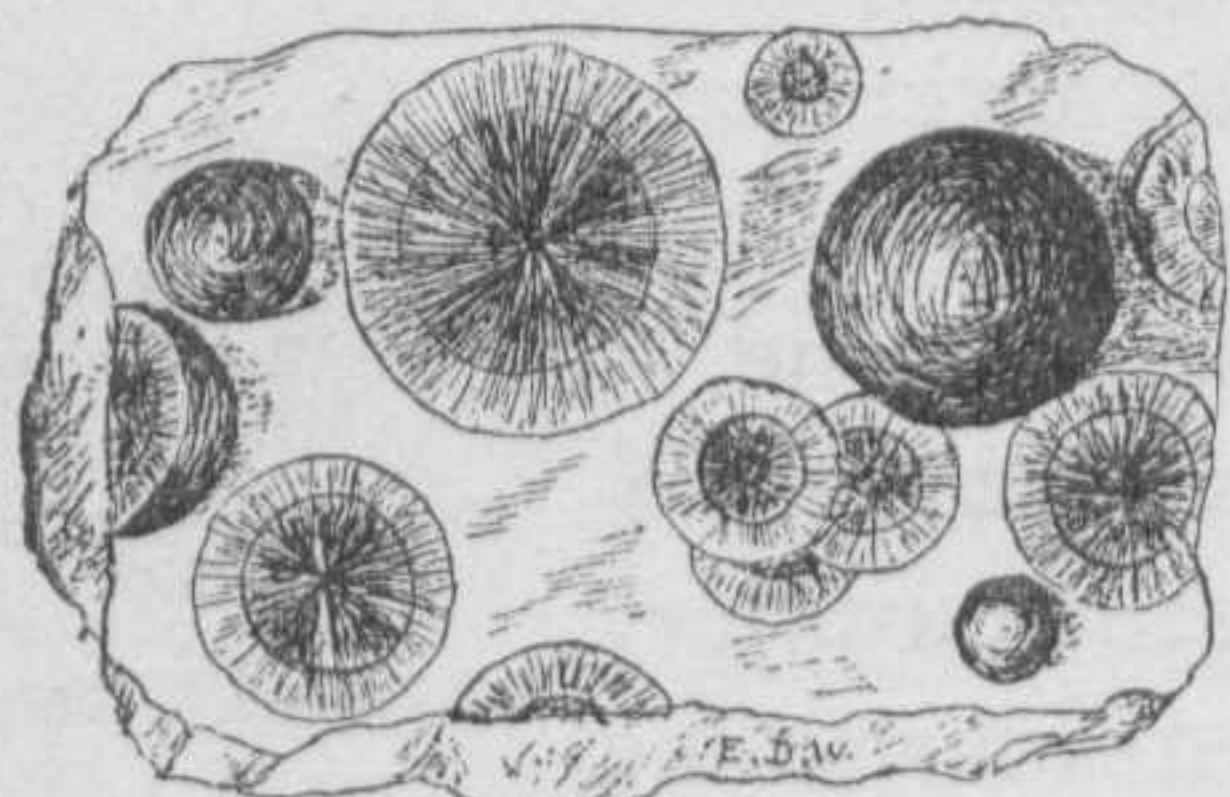


BERYL CRYSTALS.



A MICA CRYSTAL.

by oxygen, and a brown rusty iron (Simonite) is produced, still retaining the cubical shape.



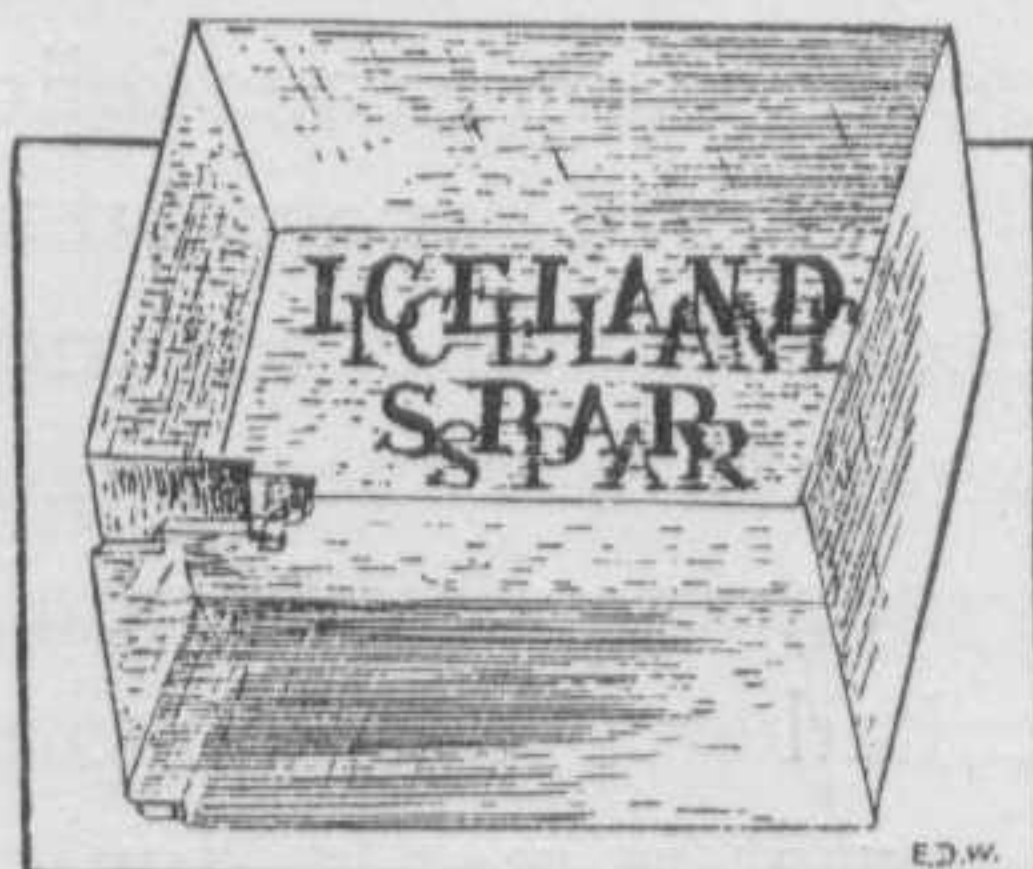
WAVELLITE.

The tendency of every mineral to crystallize, provides many means of making beautiful crystals artificially. Alum and salt are often used to decorate ornaments with their brilliant cubes. It is only necessary to boil either mineral in water and the cooling and evaporation at once start thousands of crystals into activity. You can see them spring out of the solution, as if by the urging of some unseen fairy, and their growth continues as long as there is water. Any object put into the solution will be covered with them. After a time the whole surface of the vessel is coated with them. If strings are hung across the top, drooping into the water, they become long clusters of white cubes. The basins of rock candy seen in the confectioners' windows are made in the same way from thick solutions of sugar slowly cooled.

If a small quantity of acetate of lead is dissolved in water and a piece of zinc is hung in it, a surprising growth of thin lead sheets attaches to the zinc, by chemical action, closely imitating an inverted tree. This was a familiar experiment with the old alchemists who styled it "*Arbor Saturni*" or Saturn's tree. A silver tree is similarly produced by mixing nitrate of silver in water and dropping a piece of zinc to the bottom. In a few days long slender needles of pure glistening silver will be seen branching up from the zinc. This, too, the alchemists did, calling it "*Arbor Dianæ*" or Diana's tree.

A showier experiment can be worked with silicate of soda. Buy a small amount of it at the druggist's. It is a thick starchy fluid (by the way, good for mending china). Carefully dilute it with water in a large bottle. It must

be thoroughly shaken and stirred or the result will not be satisfactory. Then drop into it a few small clear crystals of copperas, blue vitriol and alum. Put the bottle aside where it will be undisturbed, and in a few hours the crystals will begin to sprout. From the copperas crystals you will notice the finest green threads shooting upright, looking like sea-weed. After them, blue fibres start up from the vitriol lumps, while the alum erects a thick growth of pure white spires like a miniature cathedral. Presently the bottle will be filled with a beautiful variety of bright green, blue and white growths, delicately interlaced. A still larger display of colors can be obtained by using sulphates of chromum (yellow), nickel (brown), cobalt (dark blue), and fluorite (purple). When you wish to arrest the growth at any stage, pour water in very gently through a tube reaching to the bottom. As the solution overflows the water takes its place and you have your magic many-colored forest remaining permanent. If the bottle must be moved it is well to commence the preparations by putting clean sand in the bottle thus partly rooting the crystals in it. This forms a firm basis for the chemical vegetation.



ICELAND SPAR.

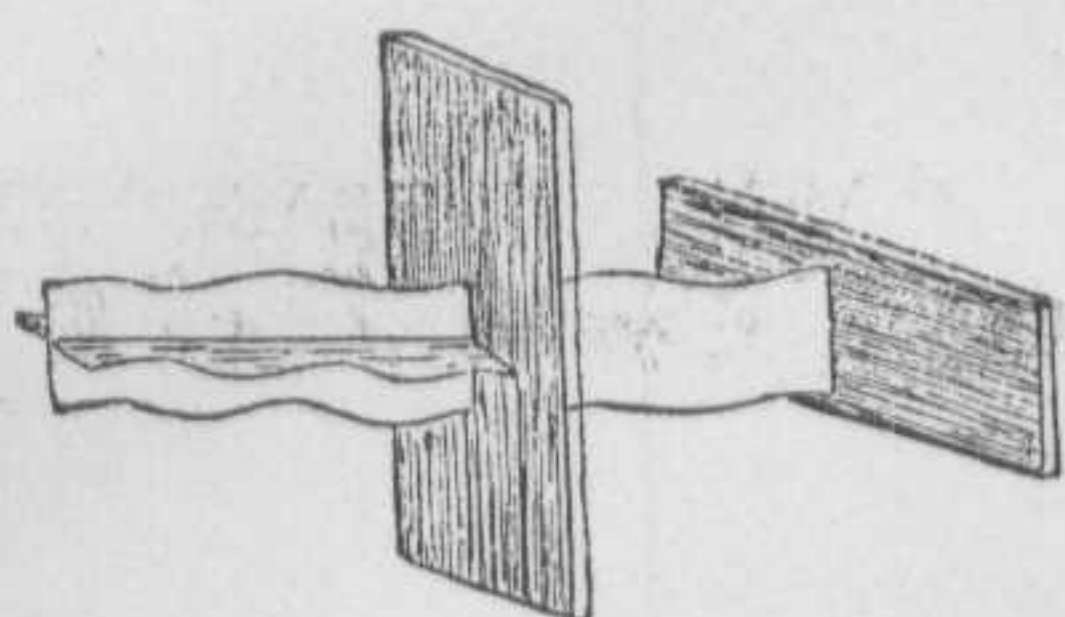
A simpler method of getting pretty crystals is to use sulphur. Heat it carefully in a tin dish on the stove. It melts as easily as wax. But do not let the fire touch it or it will burn with a blue suffocating flame which must be blown out. When it is entirely melted, thin like coffee, pour it into any convenient mould. A strong paper box will do. At once it begins to crystallize, darting out sharp narrow prongs each at right angles to its base. As soon as a thin crust has hardened on the top, punch two holes in it, and through one pour out the remaining fluid. The second hole lets the air enter as the melted sulphur leaves. When it has stood for a few hours, cut off the top crust, or cautiously pick it away, and you will discover within a charming grotto of yellow spikes somewhat like the illustration of an experiment made in a small flower pot. The sulphur crystals

TOURMALINE CRYSTALS,
SHOWING SECTION OF
ONE.

The sulphur crystals

found in the earth are very unlike these artificial ones. Nature takes time and pains in her performances; and this natural crystal was cooled for many years instead of a few minutes. One result, unattainable by experiment, is an amber-like transparency.

All of the artificial crystals are much inferior to their originals. Even diamonds can be man-



A RAY OF LIGHT AS AFFECTED BY TOURMALINE PLATES.

ufactured, but only with tremendous efforts that cost far more than the tiny proceeds are worth. It has taken the mysterious forces in God's laboratory during ages to produce the resplen-

dent gems that are dug from the earth.

All the beauties and wonders of crystals, therefore, are the result of the substances following their impulses and separating from what is to them unclean.

Let Mr. Ruskin show you an example in this description from his *Ethics of the Dust*:

"A pure or holy state of anything is that in which all its parts are helpful or consistent. The highest and first law of the universe, and the other name of life, is therefore, 'help.'

"Perhaps the best, though the most familiar, example we could take of the nature and power of consistence, will be that of the possible changes in the dust we tread on.

"Take merely an ounce or two of the blackest slime of a beaten footpath, on a rainy day, near a manufacturing town. That slime we shall find in most cases composed of clay, mixed with soot, a little sand and water. All these elements are at helpless war with each other, and destroy each other's nature and power: competing and

fighting for place at every tread of your foot. Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is left in perfect rest, and that its elements gather together, like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relations possible.

"Let the clay begin. Ridding itself of all foreign substance, it gradually becomes a white earth, already very beautiful, and fit, with help of congealing fire, to be made into finest porcelain, and painted on, and be kept in kings' palaces. But such artificial consistence is not its best. Leave it still quiet, to follow its own instinct of unity, and it becomes, not only white but clear; not only clear, but hard; nor only clear and hard, but so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, refusing the rest. We call it then a sapphire.

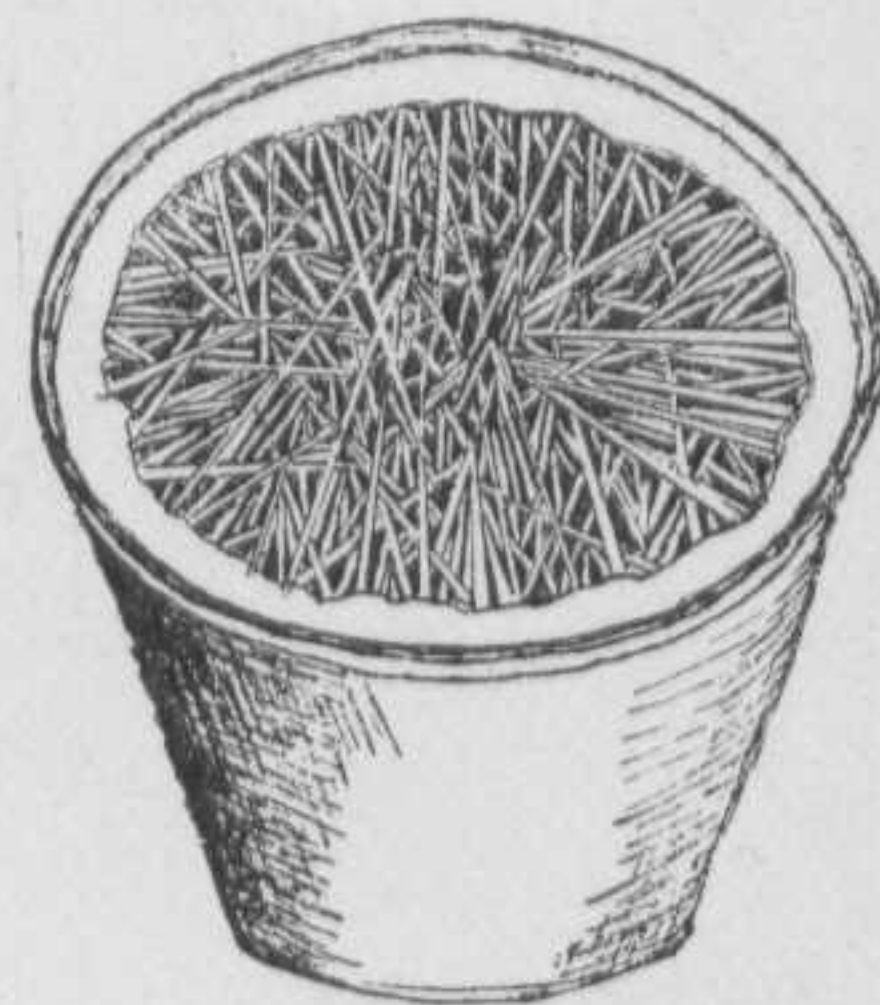
"The sand also becomes, first, a white earth; then proceeds to grow clear and hard, and at last arranges itself in mysterious, infinitely fine parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting, not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple, and red rays, in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any hard material whatsoever. We call it then an opal.

"In next order the soot sets to work. It cannot make itself white at first; but, instead of being discouraged, tries harder and harder; and comes out clear at last; and the hardest thing in the world: and for the blackness that it had, obtains in exchange the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once, in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot. We call it then a diamond.



NATURAL SULPHUR CRYSTAL.

"Last of all, the water purifies, or unites itself; contented enough if it only reach the form of a dewdrop; but, if we insist on its proceeding to a more perfect consistence, it crystallizes into the shape of a star. And, for the ounce of slime, we have, a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow."



ARTIFICIAL SULPHUR CRYSTALS.

NOW Jack Frost rides, and his icicle locks
Tinkle and ring in the wind as he goes,
And he bends from his saddle, and kisses so hard
A dear little lad, on his cheek like a rose,

That he cries and flies home to his mamma; and Jack
Stops out by the frame where the roses have been,
And paints some white flowers on the cold window-pane,
But never he ventures to follow him in.

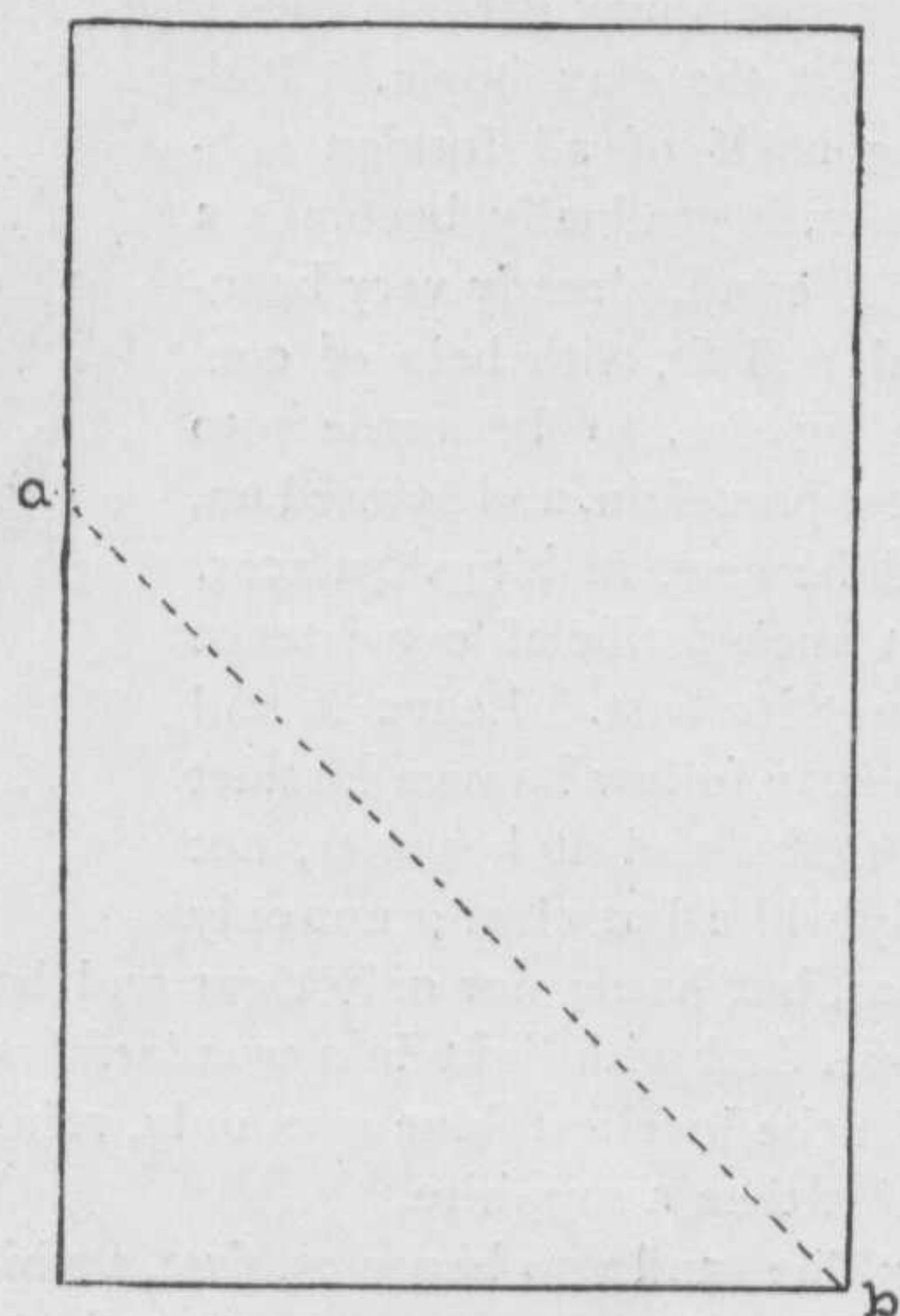


Fig. 1.

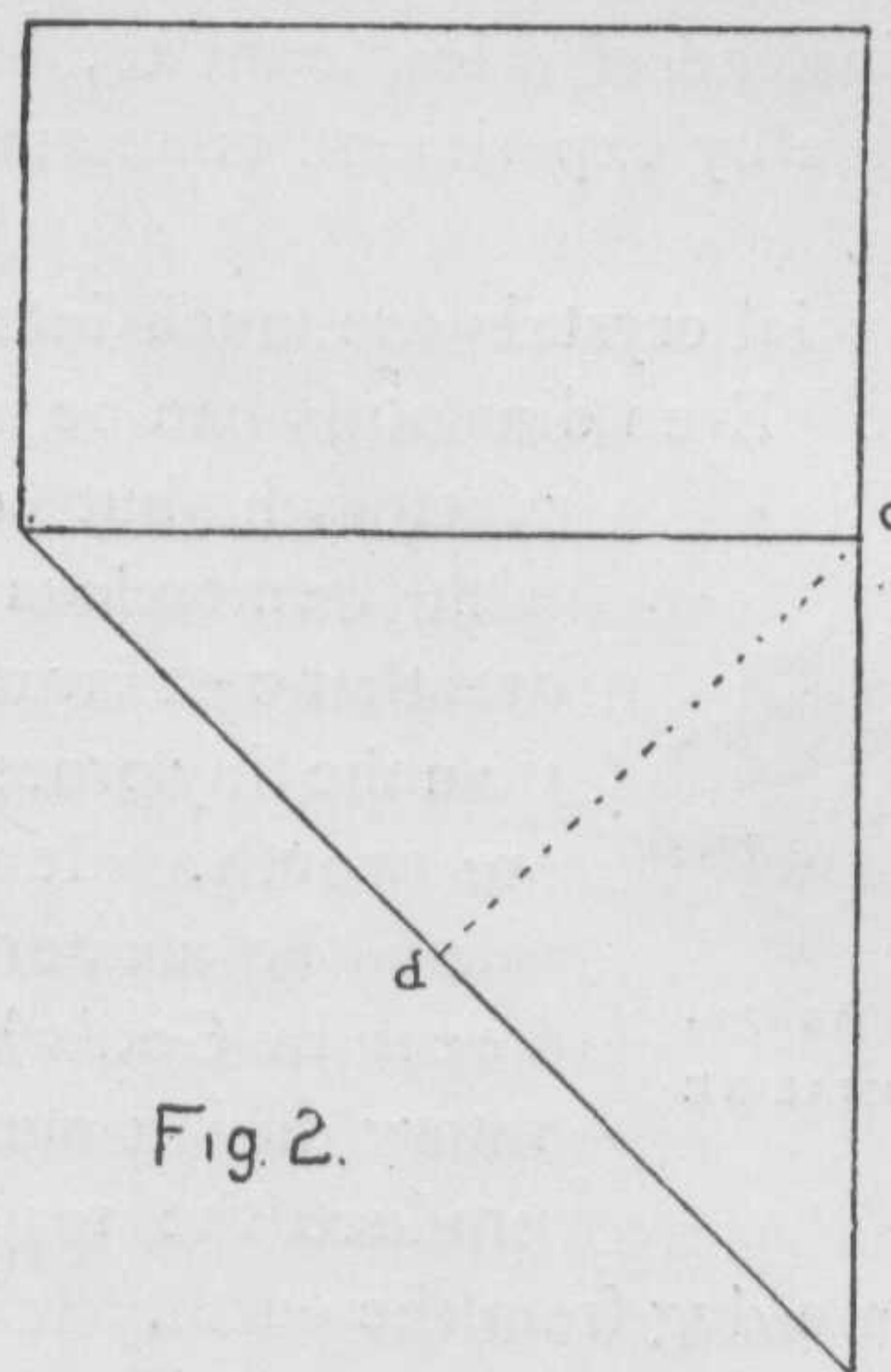


Fig. 2.

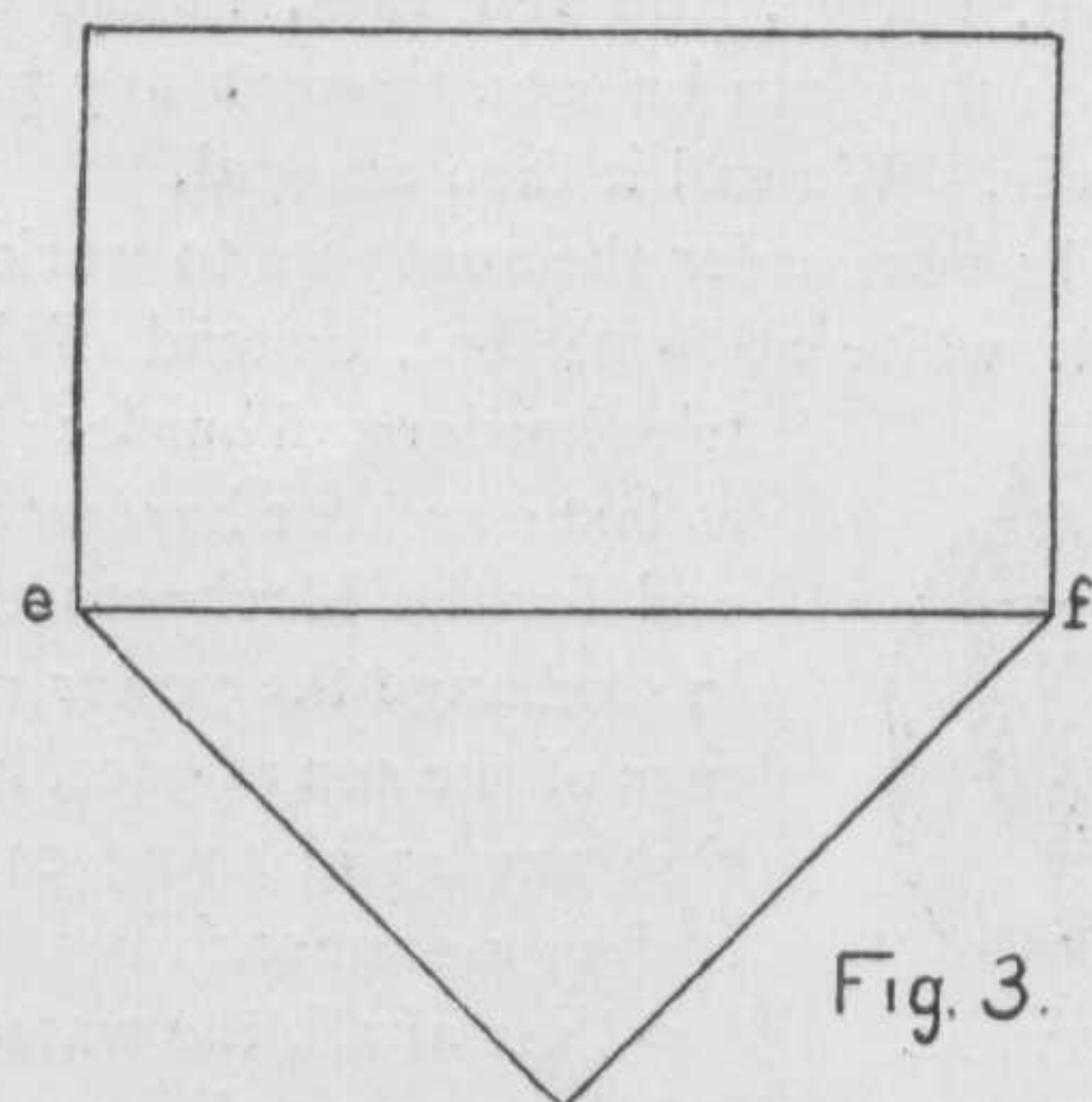


Fig. 3.

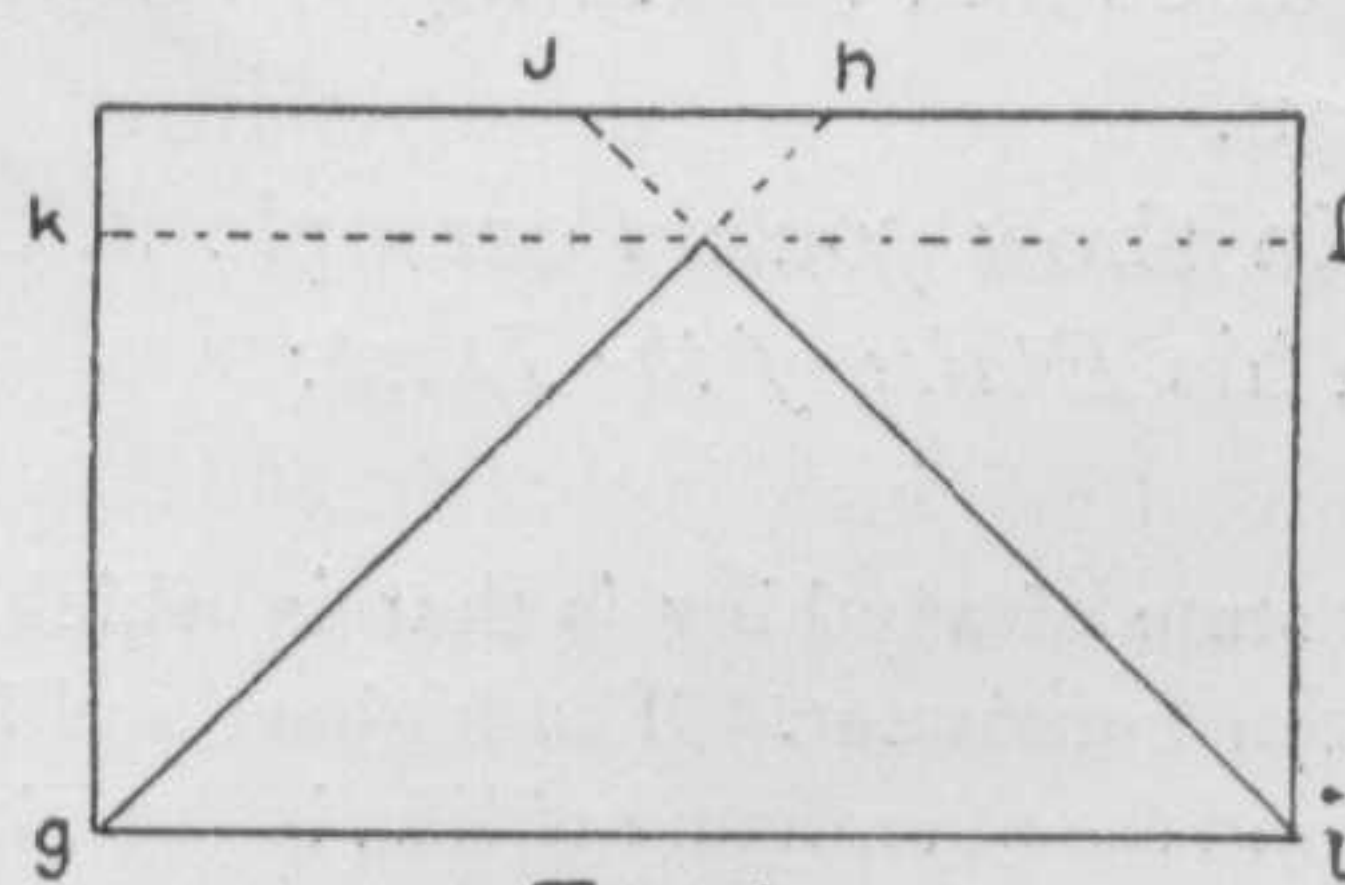


Fig. 4.

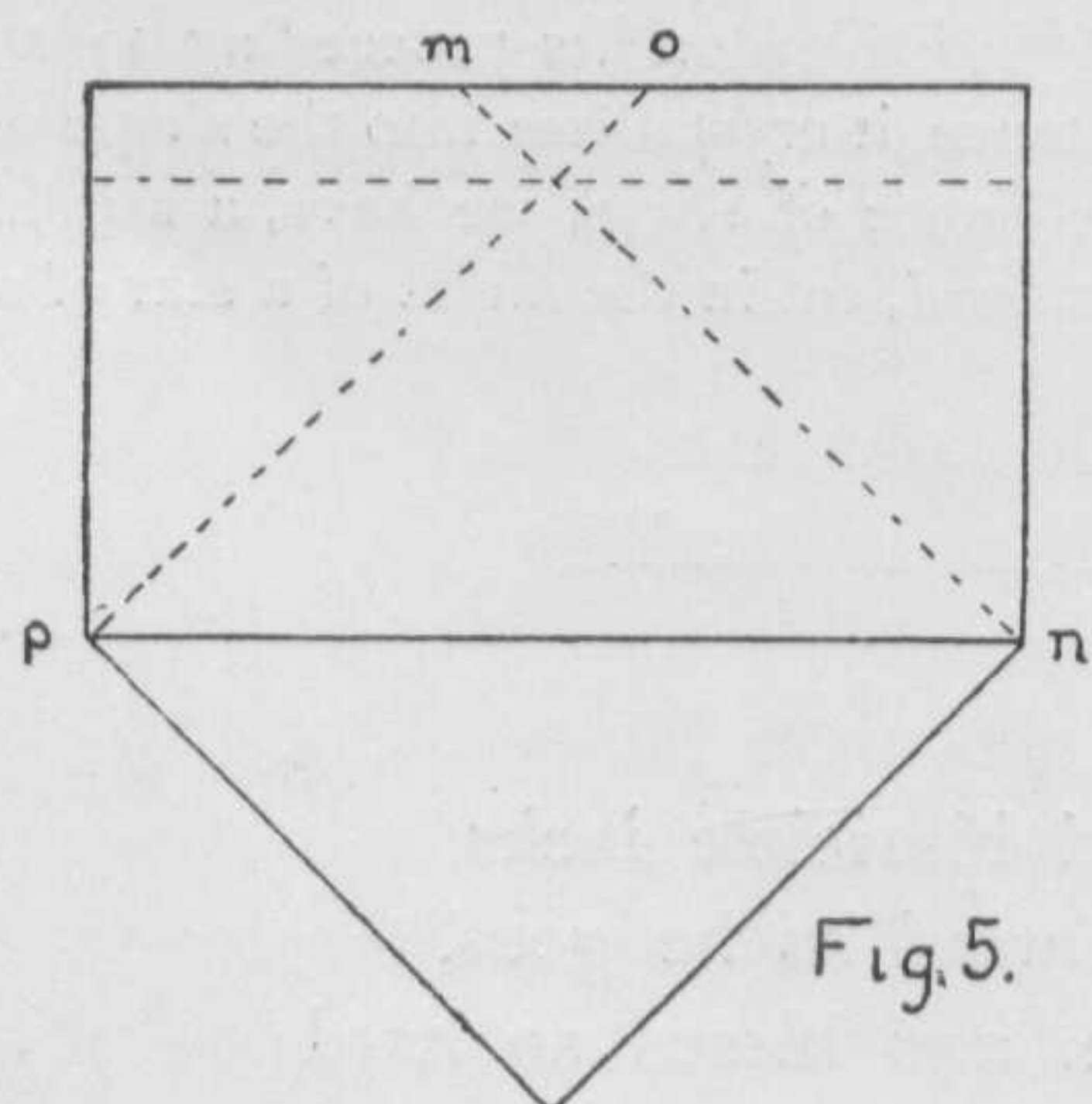


Fig. 5.

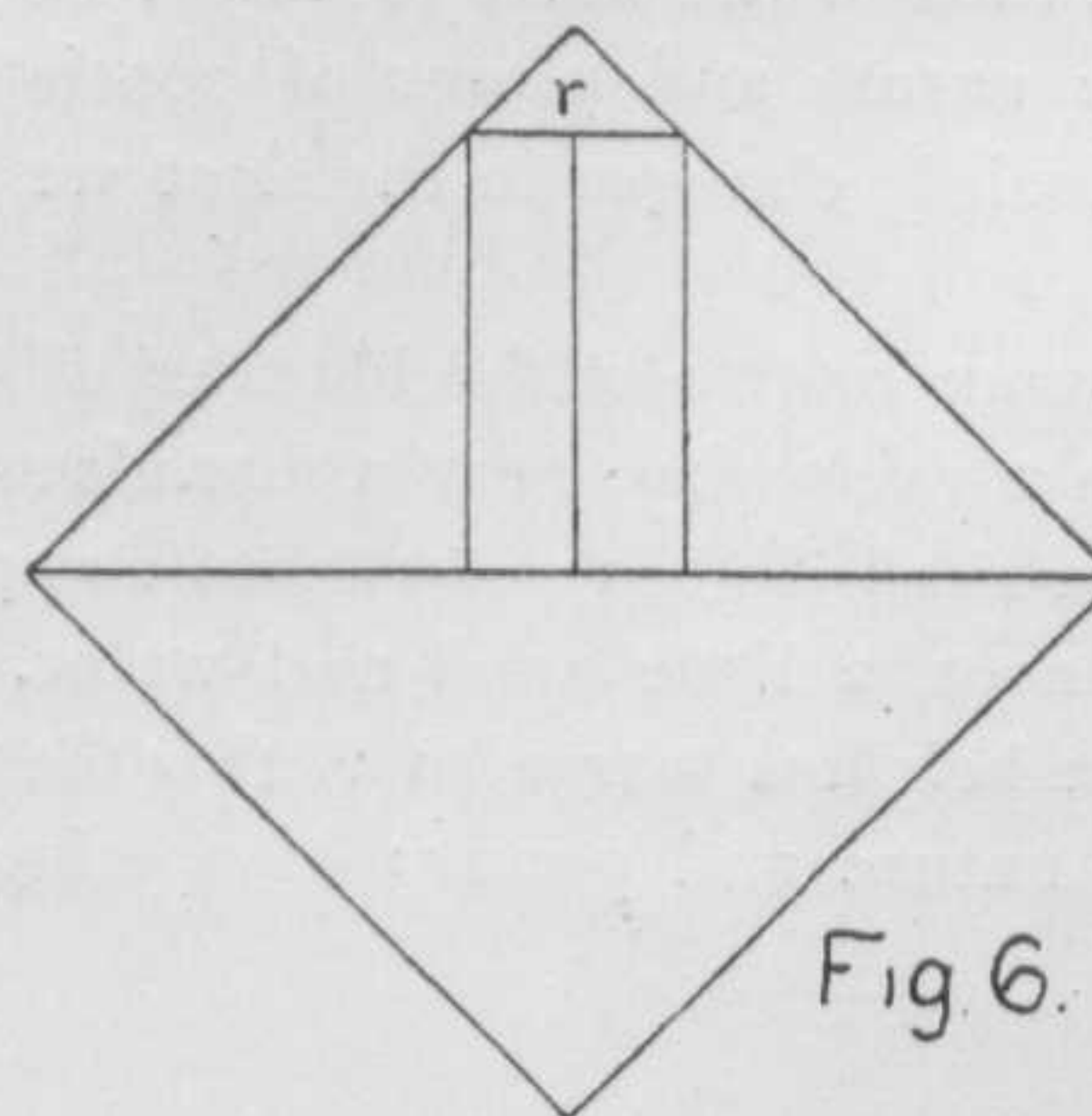


Fig. 6.

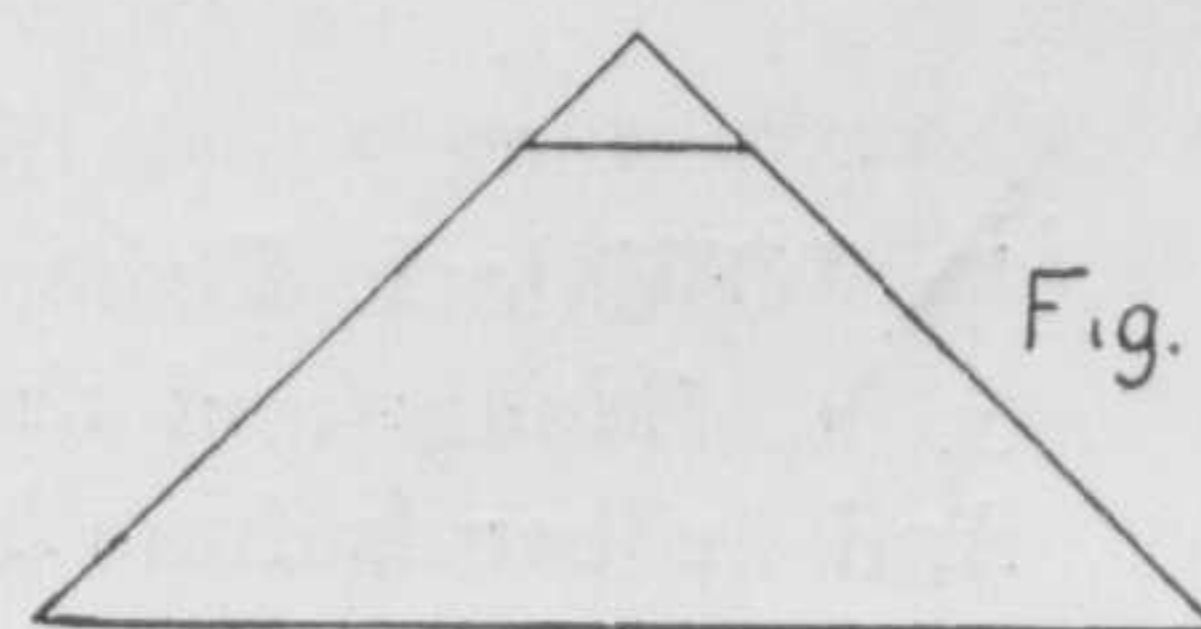
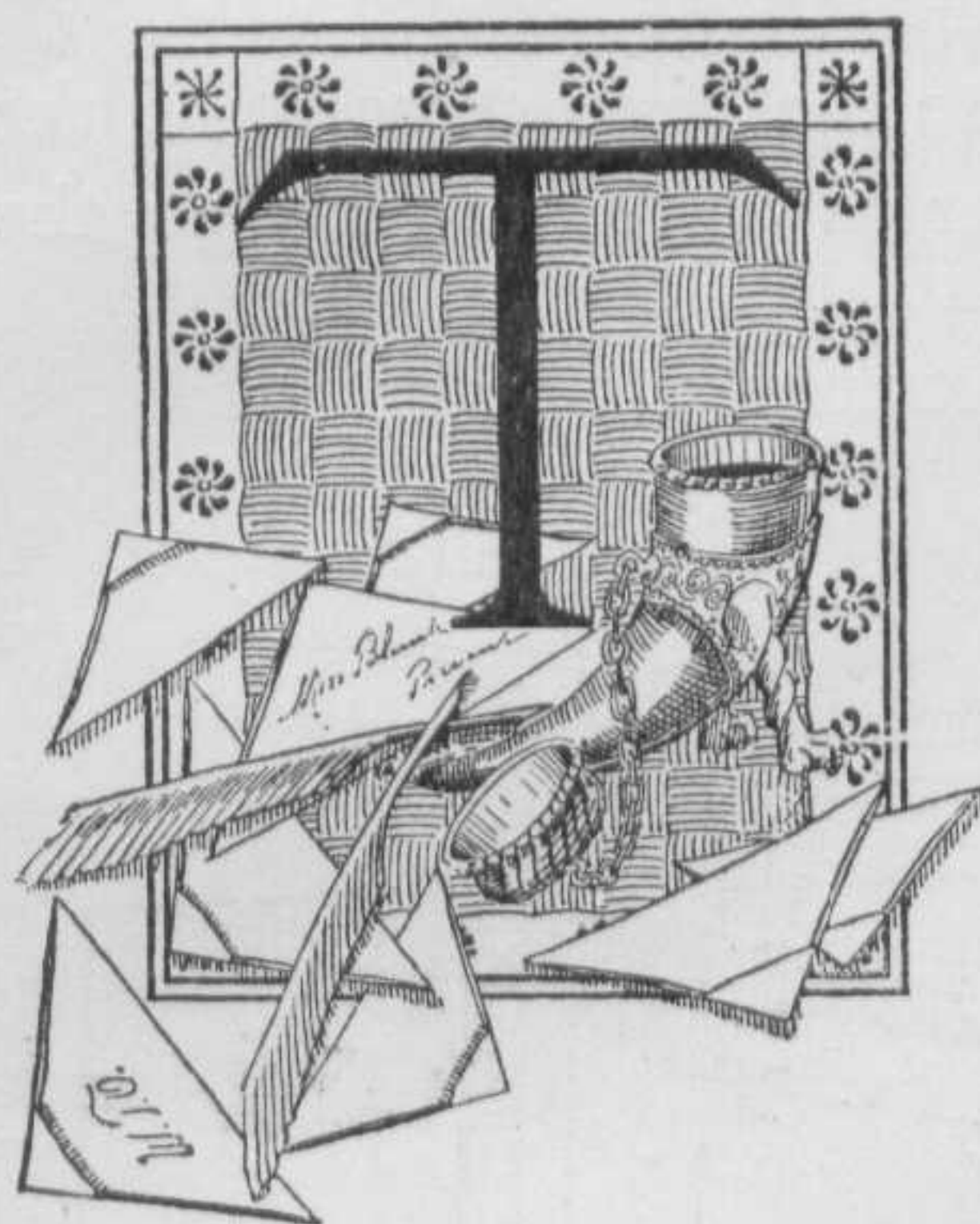


Fig. 7.

COCKED-HATS.

(Ways To Do Things.)

BY W. T. OWEN.



mentioned in the older English novels.

To fold a Cocked-hat, take a piece of paper

HERE are many ways of folding a note of invitation, so that it may be sent without an envelope, and yet be as secure. Of these, the prettiest and simplest is that known as the "Cocked-hat," which is often

the size of common note, or about five by eight inches, as shown by *fig. 1*. Fold it on line *a-b*, then on line *c-d*, *fig. 2*, and then on line *e-f*, *fig. 3*, when your piece of paper becomes as shown in *fig. 4*.

Now crease forward on lines *g-h* and *i-j* and backward on line *k-l*. Turn the three-cornered part down again, as in *fig. 5*, and fold forward on lines *m-n* and *o-p*, turning the flaps back and making the little triangular pocket *r* as shown in *fig. 6*.

By folding the lower half up and tucking the point into this pocket you have the Cocked-hat completed as shown in *fig. 7*.

A HOME-MADE JIG-SAW.

(Ways To Do Things.)

BY CHARLES W. MILLER.

ANY handy boy can make a jig-saw that will do fine work, and be much easier to manage than the expensive ones sold in the stores. A cheap treadle-machine frequently breaks the article, because the saw is thrown forward at every stroke. The one that I am going to show you how to make, runs perfectly vertical, and so does not strain delicate parts. Besides you can stop this at any stroke, while the treadle-machines keep on running until the momentum of the heavy balance-wheel is used up.

This is an important advantage to the beginner, for you may run it slightly out of line, in which case you only need to stop the foot, and the saw does not make another stroke, when the work may be properly adjusted and the cutting resumed. If you have a treadle-machine and run slightly out of line, it is very difficult, as I

have said, to stop the saw before it has made an unsightly blemish.

The result of all this is, that an amateur can do much finer work at first, with a hand jig-saw, or with a simple machine like this which I will now describe. The table of the contrivance may be tilted so that all the branches of Sorrento work may be done.

To make the machine, buy a good hand-saw frame. The best are those made of spring steel, and cost about seventy-five cents. Besides the saw-frame, you will need a piece of one-inch pine board, three inches wide and three feet long; a piece of hard-wood, one inch square and twelve inches long; a half-inch board, eight inches square; also a dozen screws.

First plane the hard-wood stick round and smooth. Then cut a hole through it near the

top, the exact size of the lower arm of the saw-frame. With a hand-saw, slit the upper end of the stick, down through this hole, as shown in *fig. 1* in the diagram of parts.

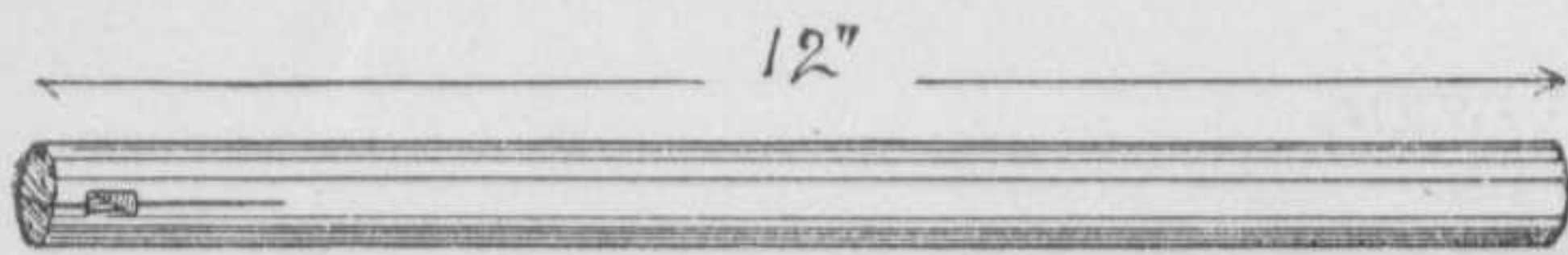


FIG. 1.

Now bore two screw-holes, one above and one below the place for the saw arm. These holes should be bored at right angles to the slit, so that when the frame is in place screws may be driven in them, to draw the two halves together, and clasp the frame firmly. Bore a small hole near the bottom of the stick for the stirrup.

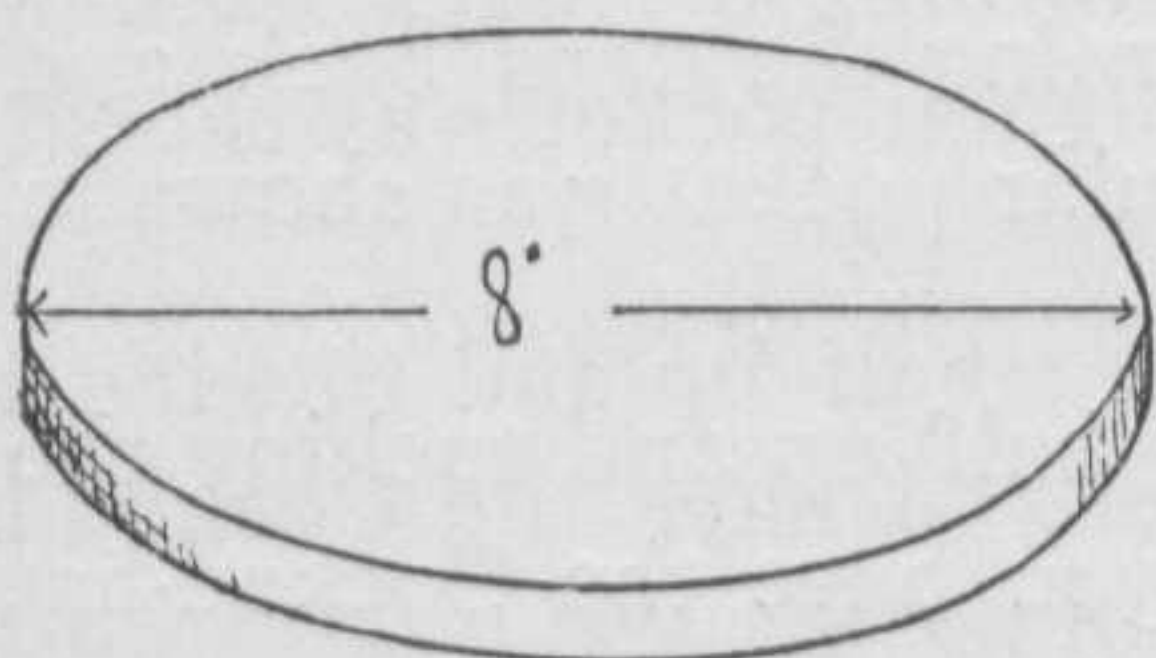


FIG. 2.

Mark a circle, eight inches in diameter on the piece of thin board, and whittle out the saw-table, shown here as *fig. 2*.

From the inch-board, cut the piece *fig. 3*, and two of *fig. 4*. All these should be three inches wide. The first is fifteen inches long, and has a slit cut in the top, which should be

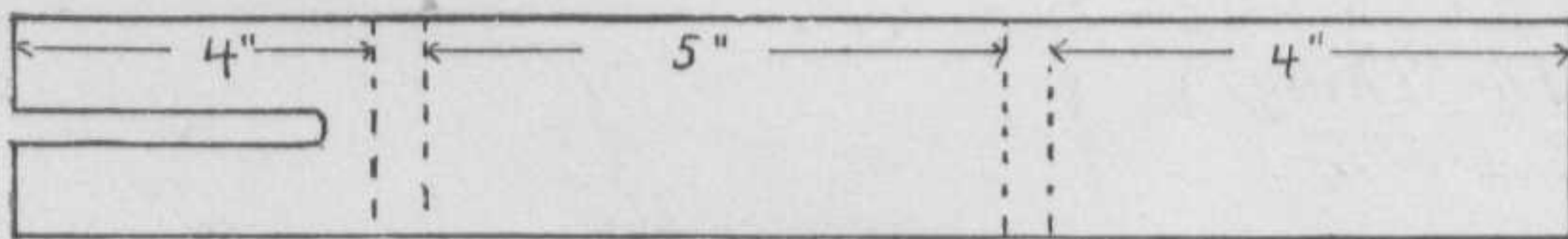


FIG. 3.

wide enough to let the arm of the saw-frame pass easily. Each of the *fig. 4* pieces have a hole which fits the round stick, allowing it to slide up and down freely. You must be careful in boring the holes, to get them in the same position—that is an equal distance from the ends and sides, so that when the pieces are fastened to the back, they will be exactly over each other, and the shaft will run easily without binding on the sides.

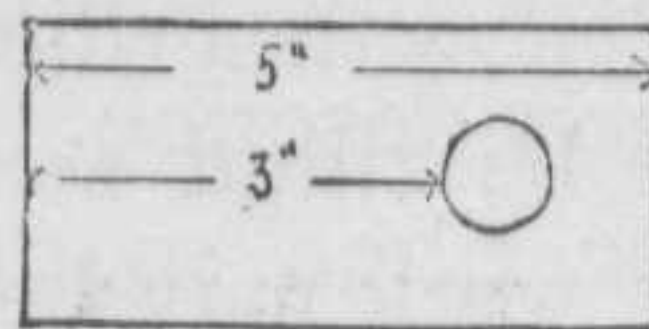


FIG. 4.

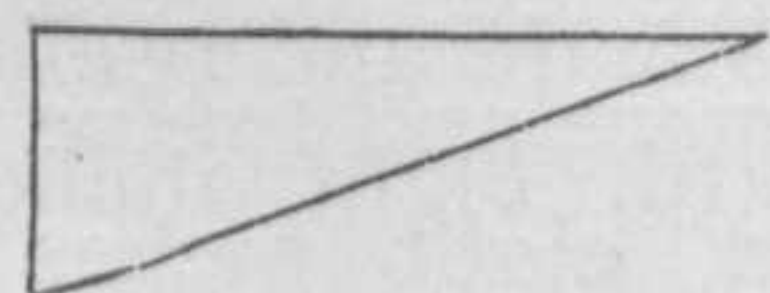


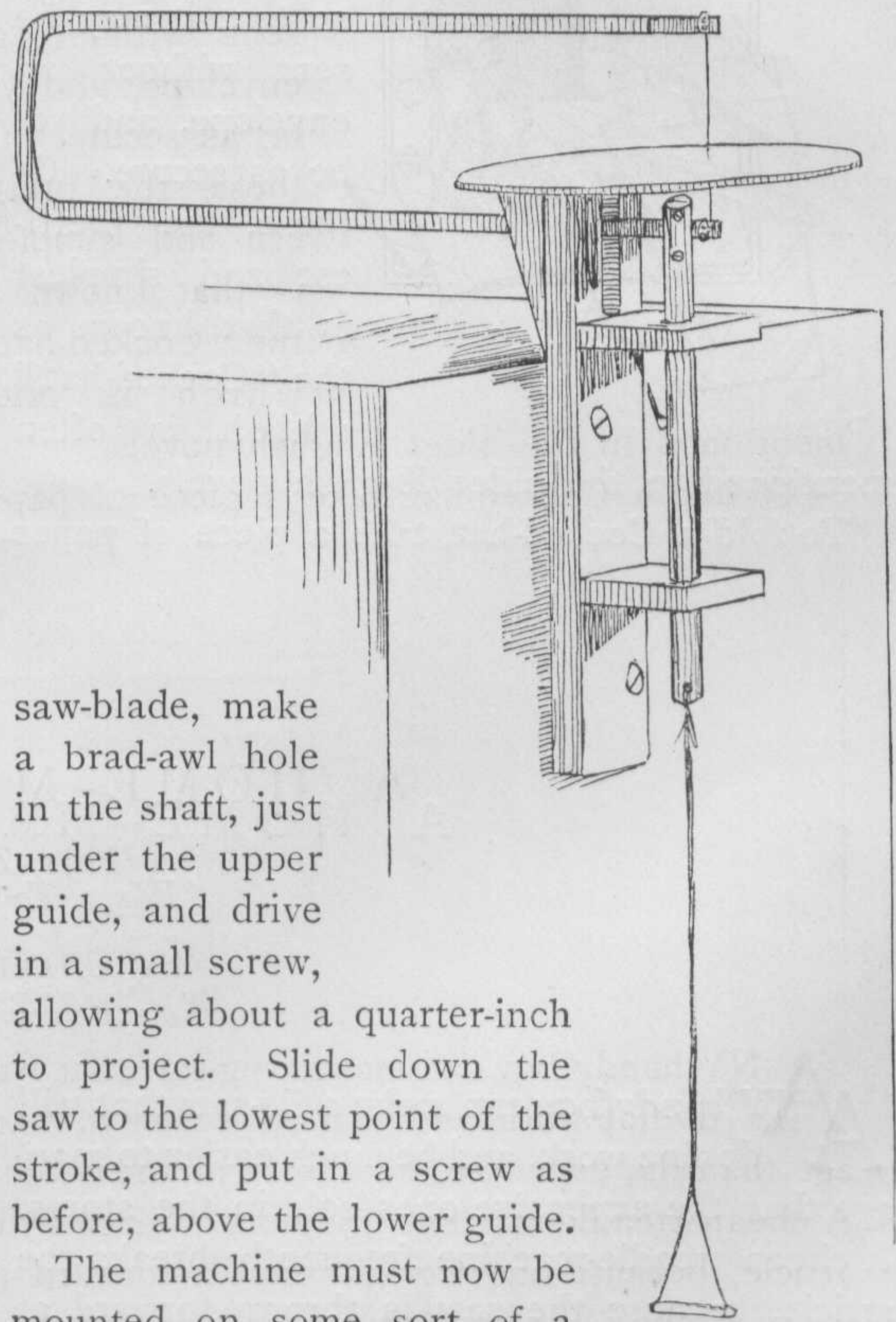
FIG. 5.

Fasten the short pieces *fig. 4* to the long piece *fig. 3*, at the places indicated by the dotted lines. The best way is to screw them, using two long screws which are driven in from the back. Cut out two pieces *fig. 5* and fasten them as shown in the picture, so as to support the circular table.

The table is kept in place by driving two screws down into the back one in each arm, and two into the braces.

Take the handle off the saw-frame, and fasten the latter in the hole in the top of the shaft, after putting the shaft up through the holes in the guides. Bore a small hole through the table exactly where the saw-blade will come.

Push the shaft up to the highest point of the stroke—that is as far as there are teeth on the



THE JIG-SAW COMPLETE.

saw-blade, make a brad-awl hole in the shaft, just under the upper guide, and drive in a small screw, allowing about a quarter-inch to project. Slide down the saw to the lowest point of the stroke, and put in a screw as before, above the lower guide.

The machine must now be mounted on some sort of a stand. The most convenient way is to screw it to one end of a work-bench; or, if more convenient, you may fasten it to the side of a packing-case of the proper size and weight.

The saw may be used as it is. The right hand holds the shaft between the screws, and works it up and down, while the left hand holds the work and guides it to the saw. It is preferable however to run the machine by foot-power, so that you can have both hands to steady the work.

The foot-power may be very simply arranged,

all that is required being a stirrup for the toe of the shoe, and a rubber band fastened so as to draw the saw up, after it has been drawn down by the foot. To make the stirrup, whittle out a stick four inches long, making a notch at each end; obtain some stout cord, double it, pass the doubled end through the small hole at the bottom of the shaft, and tie the four thicknesses together just below it. Tie the cords together again about a foot from the floor, and knot the ends to the notches in the stirrup, as shown in the picture. Take a stout picture-ring, and drive it into the upper guide near the back. Pass one end of a thick rubber band through the ring, and draw the other end up through the loop thus formed. Pull the rubber band down, until it is moderately taut, push the saw up to the top of

the stroke, screw a small hook into the shaft at the point reached by the end of the band, and hook the latter over the former.

You will see at once, that if the toe is placed in the stirrup, and pressed down, the saw will make a stroke, which will be the cutting stroke, because the teeth all point downward. When the saw has been drawn down until the lower stop strikes the guide, the foot is raised, and the rubber band, which has been stretched by the movement, draws the saw back to its first position.

To tilt the table, whittle out a long thin wedge, loosen the screws in the table, and push the wedge under it, tighten the screws and test it, to see if it is properly inclined; if not adjust the wedge until satisfactory.

MORE ABOUT THE HINDOOS.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

LET us glance at our Asiatic Cousins on the banks of the Ganges. Here the Hindoo village is generally stockaded as protection from the wild beasts that infest the adjacent jungles, for huge reptiles, such as the boa-constrictor, and cobra di capello, glide in and out of the jungle, none daring to kill them, as the Brahmans hold them sacred, and even provide them food as a meritorious act. Within the stockade troops of half-nude dusky children play about on the sward, and share with the crows, pigeons, and other animals, their bit of wheaten cake. Beyond, within the grove of a banyan-tree, nestles a little Hindoo temple, and a group of Brahman priests are always seen seated around, while the village school is not far off.

In the temple are enshrined the chief gods of the Hindoo pantheon, Brahm, Vishnu, and Siva, with Indra the Lord of the Sky, and Gunga the Goddess of the Ganges, holding water lilies in her hand. The priests spend their time in praying, meditating, and anointing the idols, and presenting to them the offerings of the village.

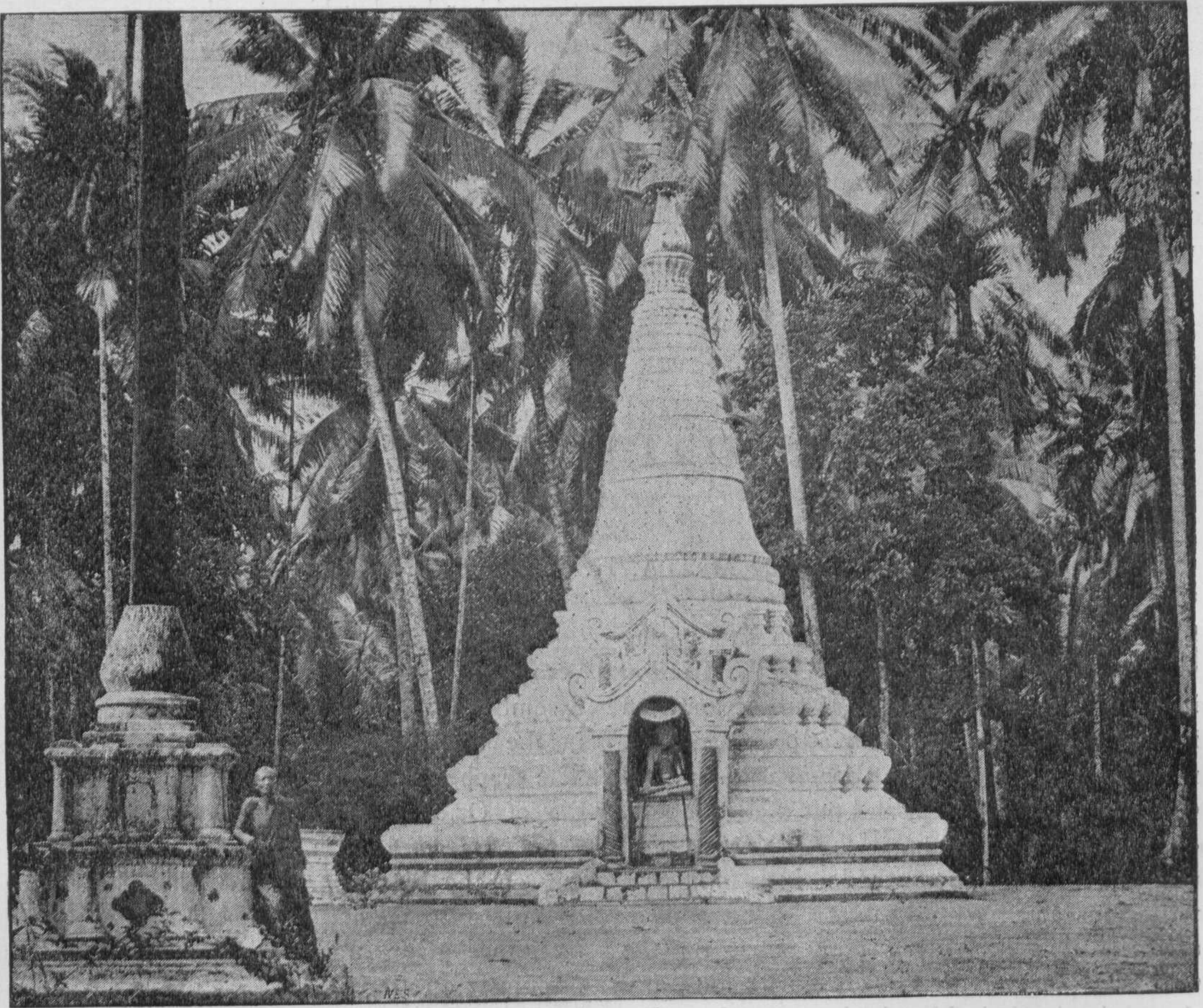
The schoolhouse is a bare room, with an open veranda round it. Here the boys of the village assemble daily to learn to read, write, and cipher in the Hindoostanee and Sanskrit languages. The teacher is a Brahman, a walking encyclopædia of Oriental learning; hence no books are used, or needed. He writes the lesson for the day on the blackboard, the boys copy it, and commit it to memory. Their lessons in arithmetic are given orally; written down with the forefinger on a board on which fine white sand has been scattered. When the pupil has written it he calls out the result; if correct he blows on the sand to erase it and continues to work out other examples. The Hindoos are remarkably good mathematicians and nearly all the banking business in India is in their hands. The writing-lesson is also copied; the pens are made of reeds, the paper of palm leaves.

The custom of carrying fruit and flowers to the teacher is a religious duty among the Hindoos. In addition to this an annual sum of money is voted by the village, each paying ac-

according to his means for the support of the schoolmaster.

The Hindoo women on the Ganges, although very dark complexioned, are noted for their elegant forms, regular features, long, soft, shining hair, fine teeth, and large, soft, dreamy eyes. Their dress is very graceful, but they load their

The men wear long white coats, fastened on one side with strings, and a huge white or crimson turban. You can tell a man's caste and even religion by the fastenings on his coat. If on the right, he is a Hindoo of high caste; if in the middle, he is a Brahman; if on the left, he is a Mohammedan, and a crimson sash round the waist denotes a high-caste Hindoo. A



A HINDOO TEMPLE.

ears, fingers, toes and even noses with ornaments. They are naturally gentle and docile, and though married at a very early age they make devoted wives and mothers; formerly a young Hindoo widow was forced, in obedience to the teachings of the Vedas—their sacred books—to burn herself alive on the funeral pyre of her dead husband, but now this barbarous practice has been stopped by the strong arm of the British government.

Brahman is distinguished moreover by a sacred cord round his neck, a pure white turban and coat, a circular mark on his forehead which symbolizes the most sacred of the names of his deity, "Acem," which he often utters with folded hands, bowed head, and with the deepest reverence.

The Hindoo village juggler, who has from father to son practised the art of jugglery, performs some truly wonderful tricks, such as

charming serpents, causing plants to grow from seed, bear flowers, and fruit in your presence, swallowing swords, eating fire without apparent danger; and even killing and making alive again. This last is called "the basket trick," and it is one of the most perfect feats of the Hindoo juggler. A little boy is made to step into a large round basket with a cover to it; the jugglers then take, one a knife, and the other a musical instrument very like the Scotch bagpipe, and begin to dance and play, every now and then giving deadly stabs at the child in the basket. It is heartrending to witness the seeming agony of the poor little fellow, who becomes convulsed with pain, and finally disappears from sight; the lid drops back on the basket, and blood streams from it on every side. Suddenly all is still. The juggler drops his fatal knife, and the bagpipe is hushed. They then look around and call the boy again and again by name. At length there comes a faint response, which grows each time clearer, louder and sweeter, when lo! the lid of the basket is once more thrown back, and there sits the boy in it serene and smiling.

Benares is not only the oldest but the most sacred city of the East. It attracts streams of pilgrims from all parts of Hindostan. Nevertheless the railway is not permitted to penetrate beyond the outskirts of its sacred precincts. Its streets are full of strange sights, for animal, bird, insect, and reptile life flourish here as in no other city in the world. In the very heart of the city is a temple whose domes are covered with pure gold, the interior of which is rendered foul and noisome by the presence of strange birds and beasts. The Manikarnika, or sacred well of Benares, said to have been excavated for the purification of the Hindoos by their god Vishnu, draws to it thousands of credulous Hindoos who may be seen at all hours descending its time-worn steps to wash and be cleansed in its fetid waters. At the monkey-temple which literally swarms with monkeys, the Brahman priests are incessantly at prayer, offering fruit and flowers and sweetmeats to the grinning, chattering monkeys as propitiatory offerings for sin.

On a steep bank of the Ganges are the funeral pyres on which are cremated the bodies of thousands of pious Hindoos, and their ashes are

flung into the sacred Ganges, in order to insure the soul a rapid transit to the Hindoos' paradise.

A magnificent temple-observatory, built two hundred years ago by Jay Singh, the Rajpoot King already mentioned, rises on the opposite bank. It contains some of the most extraordinary pillars for astronomical observations ever invented by the mind of man. Here is held the Hindoo New Year's celebration at the new moon in the month of March. The young people, oddly enough, spend the morning in flying astronomical kites of great size, made in the shape of the twelve signs of the zodiac, to rep-



SIVA, BRAHMA, VISHNU.

(Copied from sculpture in the Cavern-Pagoda of Elephanta.)

resent the revolution of the months of the year. At sunset all repair to the temple-observatory, not to worship their deities, but the new almanacs! while the priests chant a hymn addressed to the days on which the new and full moon will fall, predicting at the close either sad or joyous events for the New Year. The rest of the evening is spent in giving and receiving gifts and alms.

Now does it not seem incredible that these Hindoos with their strange customs, and strange religious rites, should be one and the same race with us?

The secret of the deep differences which now divide nations once so closely related is to be

found in the influence of Christianity, which transformed European nations centuries ago; whereas our poor Hindoo cousin has been bound for hundreds of years under the iron rule of caste, and the powerful tyranny of the Brahman priesthood, and has been turned aside from



KALI, THE BLACK GODDESS OF HUMAN SACRIFICES.

the nobler instincts of his race, and has continued a worshiper of idols made of wood and stone.

The first attempt at reformation in India was due to the noble efforts of a singularly gifted Hindoo prince, named Sakyo Suddharth the Buddha; he lived in the sixth century before Christ, and by his teaching and example did much to weaken the system of caste, and the influence of the Brahman priesthood.

The second enlightenment came from the Greek invasion under Alexander the Great, beginning in the fourth century B. C.

The third change for the better was the Arabian invasion begun about A. D. 1000, and continued to the seventeenth century, and the introduction of the Mohammedan religion, which with all its blemishes is superior to Hindoo idolatry.

The fourth was the formation of an English association especially for the purposes of trade, called the East India Company, in A. D. 1600, which led to the supremacy of the English in India.

The fifth and last was the Indian Mutiny in 1857, that most terrible episode in the history of British India, which led to the transfer of the government of India from the directors of the East India Company to the Crown of England.

India is now governed not as a conquered country, but as an English Colony, in the name of the Queen of England and Empress of India by an English governor-general under the title of Viceroy; he is assisted by a council of fifteen members, while the civil service offices are thrown open to all alike, Hindoo or Englishman, who pass the required examinations. Ever since then rapid and wonderful change has taken place in the great centres of British India. Education is eagerly sought after by the rich natives for their children. New industries have been introduced. Indigo factories, cotton and tea plantations, irrigation works, jute and cotton mills, beside the native industries, give employment to vast numbers of intelligent Hindoos; and there is not a doubt that all classes of people begin to regard the connection of India with England as beneficial to their country. So there is reason to hope that the present generation of Hindoo boys and girls shall be educated in the truths of Christianity, that they will meet their European cousins half-way, and turn the gentleness, depth, and earnestness of their natural character upon shaping for their country a high and noble national life.

HIGH-CASTE SWEETMEATS.

(A Late Experience in India.)

BY REV. EDWARD A. LAWRENCE.

TRAVELLING in India, I had heard at Delhi, certain sweetmeats described as very toothsome; and on my way to Jeypoor, at a station where we were delayed for some time, I thought I would buy some of these famous sweets. So I went up to a vender who had a fair variety and proposed taking one or two of different kinds.

No sooner had I touched one of them than the man, a sour-looking Hindoo, became angry. I took out some money to show I intended to buy them. That had no influence, and he began talking in a very excited manner. I could not, of course, understand him, but concluding he was a surly fellow, I put back what I had in my hand and left him, taking my place in the cars.

I soon noticed a buzz of talk on the platform, and a crowd gathering. Then this vender, accompanied by the English guard, came up to the car, pointing me out as if I were a criminal. The guard surveyed me, but seeming to discover nothing atrocious, walked away.

I began to feel, however, as if I were an escaped lunatic or a runaway thief. Determined to know of what I was accused, I sprang from the car, pushed through the crowd and demanded of the guard the occasion for all this disturbance.

"The man charges you with having spoiled all his high-caste sweetmeats which he was selling to high-caste Hindoos."

"I touched only one of them. Tell him this and that I had no thought of harm."

With that, I went back to my seat to await what came next. Soon a police sergeant appeared on the scene, the crowd following him. He did not seem angry, only anxious, and after looking me over, retired like his predecessor.

Then I called him, and he came back, repeating the same statement, and asking my name and destination. I told him I was simply passing through the country, and could not be expected to understand these absurdities. I also

claimed that if the vender exposed his goods for public sale, without any notice that they were reserved for a special class of customers, he must take the consequences. But as he might have suffered in the loss of sales at this train, I would give him a rupee as compensation.

The sergeant repeated this to the man, who rejected the offer: "He claims that his stuff is worth seven rupees, though I don't suppose the whole thing cost him half of that."

I then told the sergeant that I wished neither to commit nor to suffer injustice, and would do in the matter whatever he thought right. As he had no suggestion to make, I offered to give the man two rupees.

"Don't you give him a *pice*," interposed a military officer who had just appeared on the scene. "He will take your money and then go round selling his candies the same as ever."

"Any way, offer him two rupees," I rejoined.

"He will not take them," replied the sergeant, "so you may as well keep your money."

Just as the train was moving off, the sergeant re-appeared, with the announcement:

"The man says he will take the two rupees, and if you choose to give them, I will see that the goods are destroyed."

I thought the experience well worth the money, and handed out the rupees, although I have not the least idea that the sweetmeats were destroyed, except by the consumption of the mouth, in which probably the sergeant took his full share.

But this incident shows how, in spite of all changes, they cling to their old customs. I was to them a Mleccha or barbarian, and my hand contaminated not only what I touched, but the whole basket. The railroad, however, is doing much towards breaking down caste. The Brahmin and the sweeper must sit on the same seat, and the Hindoo cannot avoid the shadow of the European.

"And what kind of sweetmeats were they?"

All kinds of India sweetmeats are made of brown sugar, many of them moulded into various shapes of birds and beasts. Tubes also are made, filled with honey, and twisted into

various forms. Then there are balls of sugar and clarified butter. These confectioneries are soft and melt in the mouth. Those made by the higher castes differ from those made by the lower, so absolute are the laws of caste.

PATRICIAN AND PLEBEIAN.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

21. What was the Comita Centuriata?
22. How did the State regard marriages between Patricians and Plebeians?
23. What event is called the "Secession to the Sacred Mount?"
24. Name a famous deputy sent by Rome to the Sacred Mount.
25. Who was the author of the first Agrarian Law in Roman History, and what did it provide?
26. What famous general was put to death by the Volscians, and why?
27. What Roman citizen passed from the plow to the Dictatorship?
28. What army did he force to pass under the yoke?
29. How long did the Decemvirate last?
30. Name the most important result of the second Secession to the Sacred Mount.
31. What office was regarded as next in dignity to the Dictatorship? Name some of its obligations.
32. What city sustained a Roman siege for ten years, and how was it captured?
33. What exiled Roman general as he left the city wished his countrymen might soon regret his absence?
34. When Rome was captured by the Gauls how is the Capitol said to have been saved?
35. What noted Roman became prominent as a leader of the Plebeians, and what was his fate?
36. State the difference between a Lex and a Rogation?

37. What was the purpose of the Licinio-Sextian laws?
38. What famous laws were enacted nearly thirty years later?
39. What did the Lex Hortensia practically terminate?
40. Name the most important results of the conflict between the social orders of Rome.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

221. Anaximander. B. C. 610-547.
222. Herodotus.
223. Thucydides.
224. Xenophon. The *Hellenica* continues the history by Thucydides from the time the latter leaves off to the battle of Mantinea.
225. *Anabasis*, *Cyropædia* and *Memorabilia*.
226. Plato.
227. The *Republic* and the *Laws*.
228. Socrates.
229. The immortality of the soul.
230. Aristotle.
231. The Peripatetic.
232. Epicurus.
233. Isocrates.
234. Æschines B. C. 389-314.
235. Sixty-one.
236. Euclid. B. C. 323-283.
237. Plutarch.
238. Pausanias who lived in the second century, A. D.
239. Diodorus.
240. Strabo.



ÆSOP.

(Dear Old Story-Tellers.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

TEACHING by fable is the most ancient method of moral instruction; and allusions to it abound in the early history of all nations. The dullest minds could be reached by an apologue or a parable, and the brightest ones were not offended by this indirect mode of giving advice. Indeed, the fable seems to have been at one period the universal method of appeal to the reason or the conscience. Kings on their thrones were addressed in fables by their courtiers, and subjects were admonished by monarchs by means of skillfully-told apologues. Eastern peoples in particular have delighted in them, both because of their natural love for story-telling and because of the opportunity the fable affords for pithy condensations of wisdom. Unwritten literature is rich with brief, sententious and easily remembered sayings, and the fable offers the best method of preserving them. The early fables of a race were never long, and thus were readily transmitted by word of mouth from one generation to another.

India was the birthplace of the fable in its importance and the greater part of all Oriental apologues can be traced to Indian origin. In fact, with one notable exception probably no collection of fables has been so widely circulated as the one known throughout India as the *Am-wāri-Sahāh*, or *The Lights of Canopus*. Bīdpaī or Pīlpaī, the reputed author, was a Brahmin revered throughout India for his wisdom, who became the adviser of the Indian prince Dabschelim, a contemporary of Alexander the Great.

Eastern story-tellers give a very circumstantial account of the manner in which Pīlpaī's fables came to be written. Dabschelim, we are

told, greatly desiring to leave behind him some literary monument of his reign which should be more enduring than marble or brass, induced Pīlpaī to prepare a work for the instruction of kings which should illustrate the soundest principles of wisdom and morality by amusing tales and anecdotes.

The Brahmin accordingly shut himself up in his study, with one of his disciples for his amanuensis, and remained there composing and dictating for an entire year. At the end of that time the two issued from their retreat and presented the completed volume to Dabschelim who is said to have been quite overwhelmed with joy upon receiving it.

About the middle of the sixth century the manuscripts were translated into Persian, two centuries later into Arabic, and again into Persian in the twelfth century. From this last translation was produced in the fifteenth century the standard Persian version from which our English translations have been made. All Oriental scholars have united in praising these apologues which, as Sir William Jones asserts, "comprise all the wisdom of the Eastern nations." The book has appeared in twenty different languages and it is one of the great classics of Eastern nations.

In the *Lights of Canopus* as in the still more famous collection to which we shall come presently, animals are introduced as the medium of conversation; the Indian fables however are connected by a slender thread of narrative. One of the shortest fables, "The Monkey and the Carpenter," will serve as an illustration of their style:

"It has been related that a Monkey saw a Carpenter sitting on a plank and cutting it, and he had two wedges, one of which he drove down into the crevice of the board so that it might be more easy to cut it and the slip for the stroke of the saw might be opened. When the crevice widened beyond a certain extent, he hammered in another wedge and drew out the former one and in this manner carried on his work. The Monkey was delighted. Suddenly the Carpenter in the midst of labor on an emergency



ÆSOP.

(After the painting by Velasquez.)

rose up. The Monkey, when he saw the place vacant, at once sat down on the wood and his tail slipped down into the crevice of the wood in that part which had been cut. The Monkey drew out from the cleft in the wood the foremost wedge before he hammered in the other one. When the wedge was drawn out both sides of the board sprang together and the Monkey's tail remained firmly fixed therein. The poor Monkey, being ill with pain, groaned, saying:

'It is best that every one in the world should mind his own business.'

'Whoever does not keep to his own affairs acts very wrongly.'

'My business is to gather fruit, not to drive a saw; and my occupation is to disport myself in the woods, not to strike the hatchet or axe.'

'Whoever acts thus, such will befall him.'

The Monkey was talking thus to himself when the Carpenter returned and beat him as he deserved, and the affairs of the Monkey through his meddlesomeness ended in his ruin. Hence it has been said:

'*Carpentering is not the business of an ape.*'"

But far the most noted collection of fables, and the one that has exercised the widest influence, is of Greek origin, and generally attributed to Æsop. Their purpose apparently was to travesty or parody human affairs, and under the disguise of animals gifted with speech and reason every phase of human weakness or virtue was briefly but effectually caricatured.

Several eminent scholars have denied the authorship of Æsop to these fables and have claimed Babrius, who is supposed to have flourished between the times of Augustus and Alexander Severus, as the author. Others have asserted them to be the work of Maximus Planudes, a Byzantine monk of the fourteenth century. The famous Dr. Bentley two hundred years ago wrote much upon this topic, denying Æsop's authorship; and from that time to this the question has been a disputed one. Still the weight of authority inclines in favor of Æsop, and we may without much hesitation consider Æsop as their author.

That they are mainly the work of one person is evident from their similarity of form. Each relates but a single incident and enforces but a single truth. The lesson to be learned is clear and unmistakable. It is certain that if not all by one writer they show in their construction the influence of a single mind whether that mind was Æsop's or not; and simple, short, direct fables are usually spoken of as Æsopian to distinguish them from the long-drawn-out and often mystical apologues of Oriental origin.

The date and place of birth of Æsop are alike uncertain. Cotyæon, a city of Phrygia, is said by Bachet de Mezeriac, a French author of the seventeenth century who wrote a life of Æsop, to have been his birthplace, while a writer of our

own day makes him a native of Mesembria in Thrace, and he is supposed to have lived in the sixth century before Christ.

About the personal appearance of Æsop a similar uncertainty exists. The popular conception of him is that of a much deformed and even repulsive-appearing man; an idea derived from a life of him attributed to the same Byzantine monk, Planudes, who was said by some to have been the author of the fables. Other writers, however, have described him differently; and apparently the only point of agreement in the controversy is that he possessed a dark complexion.

It is also as uncertain as the date and place of his birth and his personal appearance, whether Æsop committed his fables to manuscript, or whether they were transmitted through folk-talk, through story-tellers, and through their illustrative use by public speakers—the collection we possess being gathered into form some centuries later. There are allusions to several of the fables in the Greek literature before the Christian era, but the earliest collection now known bears the date of the thirteenth century after Christ. Their brevity, as we have said, the simple, definite action of their drama, the witty conversation of the few actors, the pointedness of the lessons taught, all would tend to render easy their preservation in Æsop's own words, even through many generations. The remarkable ease with which the fables are committed to memory by any one, and the tenacity with which they are remembered, certainly come from a quality and an art inherent in their conception and construction. The universal fitting—the “patness” so to speak—of the “moral” is another inherent characteristic of the Æsopian fables, so distinguishing and discriminating them from the common stock of fable that the numberless allusions to them and their frequent use as illustrations and enforcements of ethical truth have incorporated them permanently into the great body of general literature.

All writers about Æsop however agree that he was born a slave. We first hear of him as an inhabitant of the island of Samos where his masters were Xanthus and Jadmon. How great their rank we have no means of knowing. All that is now remembered of them is that they were suc-

cessively the masters of a slave named Æsop. Jadmon recognizing, doubtless, the brilliant qualities of his bondsman, made him a freeman and ere long the slave by birth became the confidant of kings and the equal of philosophers and sages.

In the reputed lifetime of Æsop the court of Cræsus King of Lydia was the most learned then existing. To the capital city of Sardis were attracted many of the wisest men of the time and among these Æsop might have been found, having made his home there from about 570 B. C. by the express invitation of Cræsus.

In conversation with the philosophers whom he met at the Lydian court Æsop seems to have been quite able to hold his own, and Cræsus appears to have esteemed his shrewd and often humorous advice more highly than the elaborate and lengthy counsels of the philosophers.

More than once he was sent by the Lydian king on diplomatic missions to the various Grecian states. On one of these occasions he was at Athens during a period of disaffection on the part of the citizens towards Pisistratus, their ruler, and by his clever invention of the fable of “The Frogs Desiring a King,” now one of the best known of the fables, he restored harmony between Pisistratus and his subjects. At another time he showed the Corinthians the folly of being led by impulse in a fable narrating the danger of mob-law.

It was while absent from Sardis on an important political mission that his death is said to have occurred. A solemn embassy had been sent by Cræsus to Delphi, and Æsop was instructed to offer valuable gifts at the shrine of Apollo and to distribute to each citizen four silver minæ. During the negotiations in regard to the distribution differences of opinion arose between Æsop and the Delphians resulting in his refusal to proceed further with the presentation of the gifts in his charge, which he therefore sent back to Cræsus. The Delphians, enraged beyond measure at thus losing a treasure which had been almost in their hands, at once determined upon revenge. In pursuance of this design a gold cup belonging to the temple was hidden by them in the baggage of Æsop's attendants, and after he had gone a short distance from the city he was followed and brought back on a charge of sacrilege.

To allay the fierceness of his enemies, Æsop related a number of his fables, among them that of "The Beetle and the Eagle;" but the Delphians were too wrathfully disposed to be open to reason, however convincingly urged, and the ambassador was condemned to death. This cruel sentence was at once carried into execution and Æsop was thrown from a rocky precipice near Delphi.

Many times in after years must the Delphians have repented of their impolitic haste, for a long series of calamities overtook them soon after which did not end till a fine had been paid to the grandson of Jadmon, the former owner of Æsop. This fine the Delphians voluntarily imposed upon themselves in acknowledgment of their crime, and from this circumstance arose the phrase or proverb "Æsop's blood," used to indicate the certainty of the punishment following a murder.

What action was taken by Cræsus in the matter has not come down to us, but his own misfortunes followed not long after, and history, which is silent as to the avenging of Æsop's wrongs, is voluble as to the sorrows of Cræsus.

Two hundred years after the embassy to Delphi had ended so tragically the Athenians erected a statue to Æsop carved by the skill of Lysippus, one of the greatest sculptors of the time. The statue has long since disappeared and the skill of Lysippus is only a tradition in our day, but

the name and work of Æsop are household words; the brief tales of the Samian Slave have not lost their power to charm and instruct in the lapse of more than twenty centuries.

With some few noted exceptions the Romans produced no fables and their literature boasts no such collections of tales as India and Greece.

The most noted mediæval fable or apologue is the well-known *History of Reynard the Fox*. To this work may be traced the origin of many of the fables of the Middle Ages.

Although in modern times the fable has formed part of the literature of all Western nations, it has never assumed the importance it possessed in ancient times, or which it still holds in the estimation of Oriental peoples. The fables of later authors are with one noted exception read only by scholars. In 1668 the first six books of the fables of the great French author, La Fontaine, were published, and three years later a second collection. These fables have been the delight of successive generations for two hundred years, and their popularity remains as great as ever. The student reads them for the charm of their style, the philosopher for their keen analyses of life and character, and the schoolboy for the simple delight which the story affords. Editions of La Fontaine's fables are almost innumerable, and they will probably ever remain as they are now, the most popular fables of the Western world.

WITH A DIAMOND COLLECTOR.

(*"Diamond Dust."*)

BY SUSAN POWER.

WHEN a child, in the deep quiet of a home on the great brilliant green prairie, I used to go out summer mornings when the sun first shot over the eastern rim, to watch the marvel of the dew.

The orb of the grassy world sown with pearls that subdued its gorgeous color to cool and perfect emerald, lay, against a sky of rose and ivory, a bloom of heavenly tinting changed at

the first direct ray of the sun. All too soon the blaze of gold was over the slopes, the soft color glowed, and the fields were twinkling as with seed of stars. What were fairy tales, or Arabian Nights — what was the Valley of Diamonds with its heaps of glassy treasure to this sight where myriad brilliants were sown with matchless art on the deep green which best displayed them! The secret of those mornings alone in

the Field of Jewels is no more to be told than the splendors of Elfland by the mortal who has been spirited thither. The clear dew, clearest thing in nature, trembled alternately silver and crystal on the clover, but as one looked, vivid flames of blue fire, red and gold, shot out of its depths, here burned a spark of ruby, there one of emerald, the golden glow of a tiny sun that changed as it hung to a piercing dart of blue like electric fire, and where the pure drop caught the full rays of the sun, it flashed them back in a blaze of white light—the gleam of the sovereign diamond, all colors in one.

I could spend hours now, watching the wonderful play of light on the limpid, matchless jewels of the dew just as I used when a child of twelve or girl in her teens. The pure color, the fire, the evanescence create one of the most exquisite spectacles in nature. It is a delight of one of our keenest instincts—the love of light which we share with plants and animals. The love of color and light hereditary in primitive nations leads to the love of jewels which are imprisoned light. Watching the fields strewn with vanishing diamonds, sapphires and stars, I used to long to gather and possess them. When I have seen the light fall in a broad beam on a fine solitaire diamond, I have said to myself “Here is the embodied dew.” If I love superb stones, it is for their likeness to the heaven-lighted drops of the morning, and I own to a deep admiration for jewels of all kinds—to look at, not to wear. The dew saved me from any perilous liking for diamonds, for dazzle as they would, they were neither so clear nor so full of fire as the drops I had seen strewing the acres of the morn.

Yet I will go far out of my way any time to see a fine stone, which holds such secrets of fire and flood and world-designing under its seal of silence; and so it was one afternoon when the light was best, the owner of one of the finest collections in the United States at least, opened the doors of a curious Japan cabinet and showed in their velvet trays, ruby, spinel, hyacinth, almandine, yellow garnet, iris, aquamarine and sunstone with their kindred.

Some of the gems were too fine to be trusted behind bevelled glass and triple, inlaid locks, and were taken out of a fire-proof safe built

into the wall. The keeping of such costly toys involves no little care and risk. For one thing, the windows of the rooms where the collection is kept are of that polished plate glass which you cannot look through from the outside, a precaution so that no prying eye across the street can overlook the scene when the owner is showing the jewels to his friends.

I can only tell you at this time some of the things learned about diamonds, told with sparkle and spirit while the keen-eyed collector sifted the smooth gems through his fingers as if their touch was a pleasure. The colored stones lay in heaps over the white velvet mat on which he showed them, for few of them are mounted save a Greek engraved gem or two, some quaint heavy old stone rings and Indian ornaments whose fancy added richness to the jewels. The stones have been gathered in strange quarters of the world, from negro huts in Guiana, from Panama venders, the little shops of Mexican gold workers, from by-streets in Rome and Rio Janeiro, from Javanese merchants, from sailors and Australian gold diggers. As the owner said, the passion for such things is nothing to the fascination of collecting them. He began with a few inexpensive specimens when a young man, and the collection has grown for nearly forty years, and is proof of what can be accomplished in gathering the choicest things even without a large fortune.

“Let me show you the diamond with its relative, which is often set with it and taken for it, in showy ornaments. You will not know one from the other,” as the glittering stones lay flashing back the sunshine in white insufferable light. “These are diamonds and white topaz—tell them apart if you can. If you wish to test them, topaz will scratch glass, and other stones except diamond, it has the same weight in many instances, shows a lustre like diamond; in short they differ only in one point—the topaz is not phosphorescent. Leave a diamond two or three hours in the sunlight, then place it in a dark room, and it will give light for half an hour or so. This property of diamonds is very well known. The topaz has no such property. If I had known when you were coming, I would have exposed a diamond for you in the forenoon. Often you might find one roasting here on the window sash where nobody would notice it. The

servants have taken my crystals so often for diamonds and I have offered all they wanted so freely that if they found the Kohinoor under foot they would only take it for 'one of the ould gentleman's pebble stones' as the parlor girl called a specimen worth her year's wages. Look here one moment."

A handful of colorless brilliant stones, looking alike, were laid before me. I could not say they were not all diamonds.

"These are five different stones which might any of them be taken for diamonds even by persons used to handling them. One is a white topaz, one a fine quartz crystal, and there are white sapphire, white spinel, and white chrysolite—very rare—and five true diamonds with them. Pick them out if you can."

One diamond of the finest water shone conspicuous in its keen light. Of none of the rest could I feel certain, though I have been credited with "the sense for diamonds."

"Very well, now see if you can tell what these are," producing a white velvet tray which held red, blue, yellow and brown transparent stones.

"Rubies, I suppose, and pale emerald, aquamarine or smoked topaz."

"I must tax your faith in me to believe that they are all diamonds. Colored diamonds are among the rarest stones, and though they are not the most beautiful they cost plenty of money. One came from Java, one from the Pinel mine in the African diamond fields, one from Brazil, in the province of Minas Geraes, one from Georgia in this country. They are diamonds; not rubies or sapphires or topaz any more than crown glass is rock crystal. Diamonds you know are crystallized carbon; the other stones I named are crystallized alumina, the principal element of clay. When perfectly pure, these crystals are colorless, and you find no less than eight different stones as white as the diamond, but a trace of iron oxide in the crystal, whether diamond or alumina, gives a pink or red tinge, and you have a red diamond or a ruby as the case may be. A trace of borax gives red or blue sapphire. Carburet of hydrogen gives the emerald of deeper or lighter green according to its amount. Lime chrome gives the green garnet of Siberia.

"Diamond crystals are not by any means pure,

as they are found; they have black specks of carbonate in them, often they are milky, and one kind is like the opal. These cloudy stones are of small value except as curiosities. There you see twenty of them, looking like quartz crystals bedded in lime. Only one diamond out of a thousand is a clear brilliant of any value whatever: one out of ten thousand is fine enough to rank as a sovereign stone, and one out of twenty thousand is colored, but it is worth five times as much as a clear one because so much rarer. Governments value fine colored diamonds among their chief treasures. The Russian treasury prides itself on the famous red diamond bought by the Emperor Paul I. for one hundred thousand roubles. The Green Vaults at Dresden, full of magnificence, show the green diamond as the greatest curiosity of all. The Grand Duke of Tuscany has a blue diamond, with facets all over; the Sultan owns two, one of them very large. The crown of Portugal bears in its centre a green diamond of $138\frac{1}{2}$ carats, found in Brazil. A superb blue diamond belonging to the throne of France, and handed down from one prince to another was lost in the Revolution and has never been recovered. Jewellers say that a diamond never can be wholly lost unless some philosopher burns it for an experiment—that is, it is so indestructible and so remarkable that it is sure finally of coming to light.

"The finest diamonds in America belong in the Astor collection, selected abroad among the Amsterdam diamond merchants. They are exceptionally fine and of the highest lustre. You can tell when diamonds are worn by a lady, for she chooses them by their brilliance and purity, not by their size alone. The finest diamond in the light is invisible, nothing being seen but a glow of white light in its place. No other stone has such power of throwing back the light it receives, intense and white—that is, when itself of the first quality. Some large diamonds of a low order are less brilliant than good imitations made from French paste.

"I know Mr. Ruskin has derided the love of jewels and especially of diamonds as unworthy and lowering to the human heart. The passion for display, for eclipsing others in any shape is a debasing and hardening one. I have seen a woman as covetous and selfish over her house-

plants as she could be over a set of diamonds.

"But there are reasons for valuing diamonds apart from pride in their ownership. They are the work of great crises of nature, fused by intolerable heat and pressure, crystallized by electric currents of force sufficient to rend the crust of the globe itself. The great mysterious, subtle changes which transform the black carbon into this most brilliant shape of nature are made by processes before which the imagination of master-chemists, used to agents of Affreet power, stands awestruck. 'There *are* precious stones,' says a French savant, 'whose existence was before the first rudimentary formations; they had their place in the world long before plants and animals began; and they are an inheritance to man from the age when no foreshadowing of his existence had fallen upon the globe.'

"We find them in old river beds filled with the sand of igneous rocks which melted and took shape in the fires of creation, and have since been ground down by the furrows of mighty floods, the crushing of mountains of ice. In the ravines of the Ural Mountains and the Himalayas, in Borneo, Java, Africa, Australia, and in the highest peaks of the Itambe mountain of the Brazil district, diamonds are found, embedded in conglomerate and granite sand. Where diamonds and sapphires are found, gold appears also, and I doubt not, where gold is mined, gems may be found if sought for. The gold beds of Arizona and the high mining regions of the Rio Grande among the mountain tops will yet prove seeded with precious stones. It is not singular that few diamonds have been discovered in this country, for in the rough they are no more than lime-covered pebbles, and only one in ten thousand of true diamonds is as much as five eighths of an inch across. It is only the patient native tribes of the tropics who can live on a farthing a day and spend their lives sorting heaps of gravel who find the diamonds for the rest of the world. If you could bring yourself to pick over

all the dust in the road, or the sands on the beach by handfuls, and keep at it month after month and year after year, you might go into one of the deserted California mining gulches and undertake to find diamonds in its sands.

"It is reasonable to believe there are diamond beds in this country. They are always found in the débris of the most ancient rocks, and where do you think the oldest part of the globe is? Not in Hindostan, or in China, or the Mountains of the Moon, but, geologists tell us, in the high table-lands of the Rocky Mountains through which the deep cañons of the Rio Grande and the Colorado Rivers are cut. It is believed by many that these slopes were the first to lift their heads above the original ocean; they have grown hoary with waiting centuries of centuries, and the riches of the hemisphere are locked within their stern walls. Turquoise and topaz are found in Arizona with beryls, garnets and opals, and it will not be a dozen years before somebody strikes upon a bed of diamonds where that rushing Colorado has ground away the granite cement which holds them.

"Old frontiersmen who have wandered among the mountains prospecting for gold have strange stories of the lonesome cañons, among them a fabulous one of a wall of conglomerate studded with diamonds that sparkle under sun and stars. I knew a plainsman who had met a prospector who said he had seen this wonder, and the story was told with such seriousness it was evident that both believed it. The survey of the Colorado towards its head waters found a cañon wall studded with rosettes and stars of quartz crystals which probably gave rise to this legend, but I believe that there is fabulous wealth of precious stones locked in the rocky fastnesses of this Great Red River. Fifty varieties of precious and semi-precious stones are numbered in the geologist's report of the Pacific Railway Surveys, and, as the miners say, all the indications of diamonds are there."

SNOW HOUSES AND FORTS.

(Ways To Do Things.)

BY L. C. A. DE TRACY.

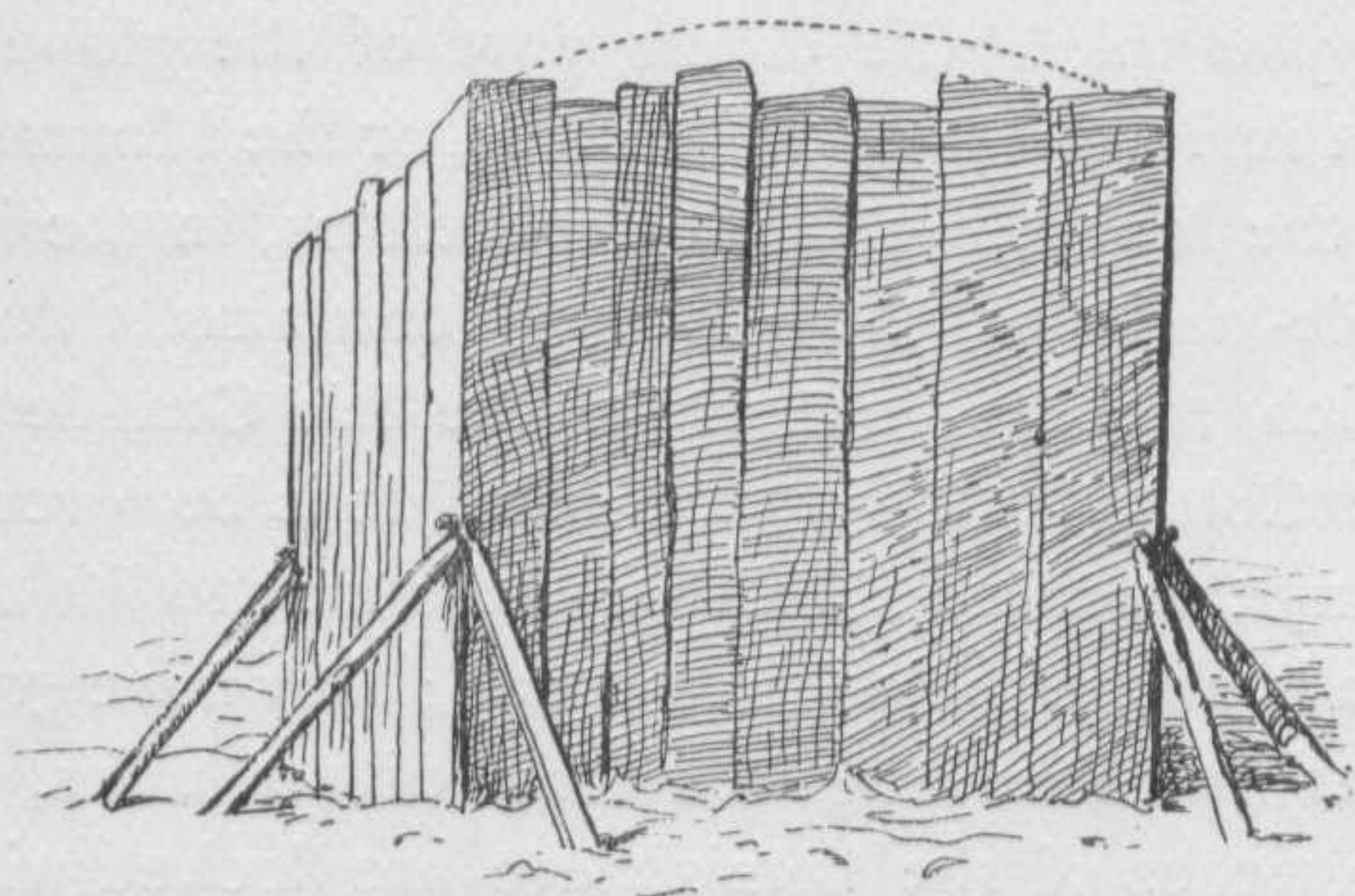


FIG. 1.

(Fence or "mould" for snow-block; the dotted line shows rounded top of snow.)

IF you want a house built entirely of snow, instead of excavating a heap of snow or a drift, probably to have it all fall about your ears just as you have finished working, you should get a number of fence boards five or six feet long, stand them up on end in the snow close together, thus inclosing with a sort of fence a rectangular space as large as you wish your house to be. Prop or brace these boards on the outside. Then fill the inclosed space with fine dry snow as in *fig. 1*. Leave the snow to harden; this will take from a few hours if the weather is cold and your house is small to two or three days if the weather is mild and the house

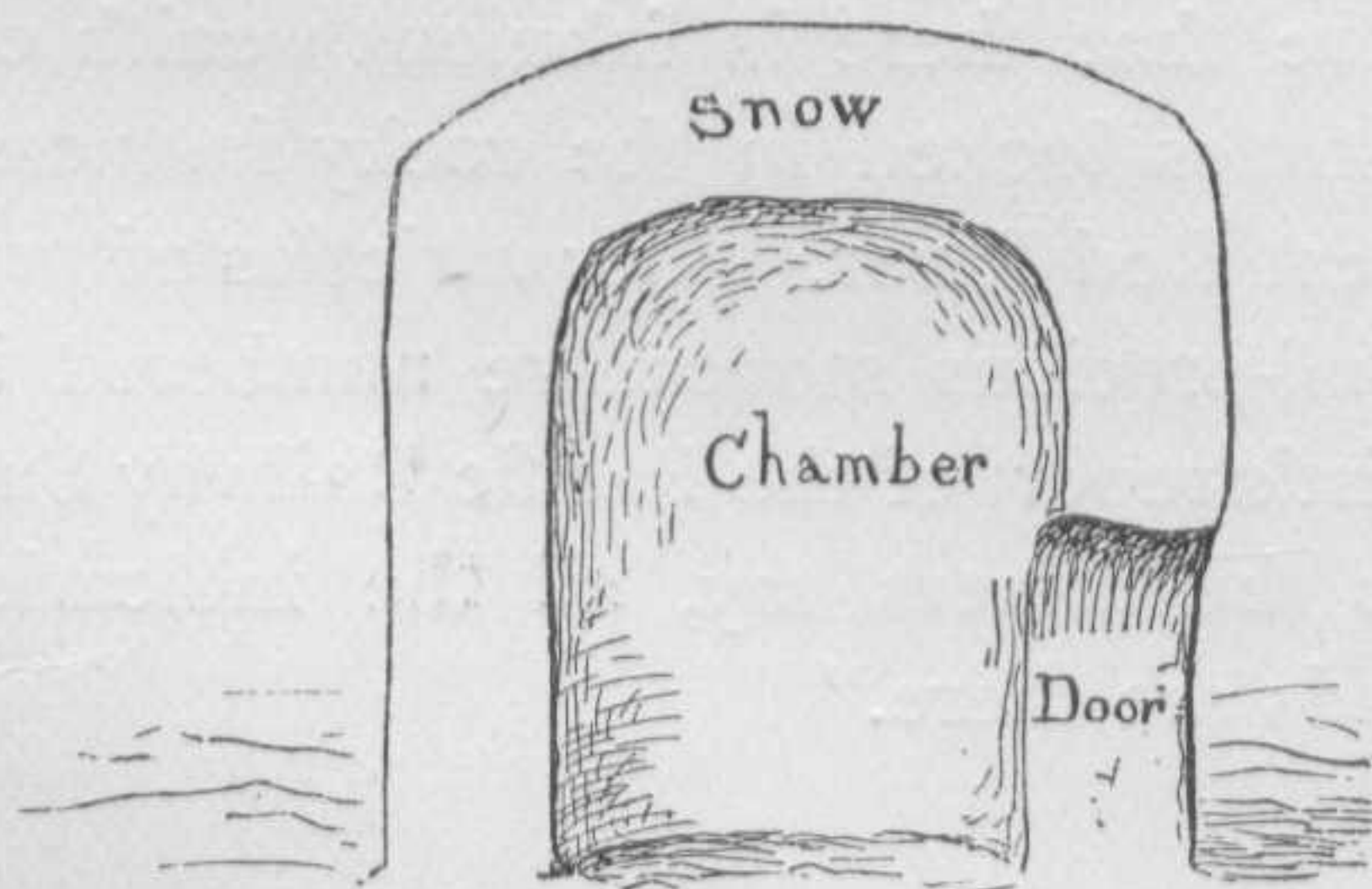


FIG. 2.

(Section of snow-block after removal of boards and excavation of interior and door.)

is large. This accomplished, remove the boards and you have a rectangular hard block of snow.

Now with a sharp iron spade cut an opening for the door; and allowing two feet or more, according to the size of your house, for the thickness of the walls, excavate the inside of the snow block, making the walls and roof as smooth as you can. The roof should be arched inside, as it will thus better resist the tendency to sink in the centre. Should it sag, however, you can pile snow on the outside and when that is hard cut away the inside to bring it to its proper shape. *Fig. 2* shows you the block of snow after the boards have been removed and the doorway and chamber excavated.

My companions and I had also another way of building. This required us to quarry regular blocks out from a snowdrift, or from an artificial quarry made by piling up snow and beating it

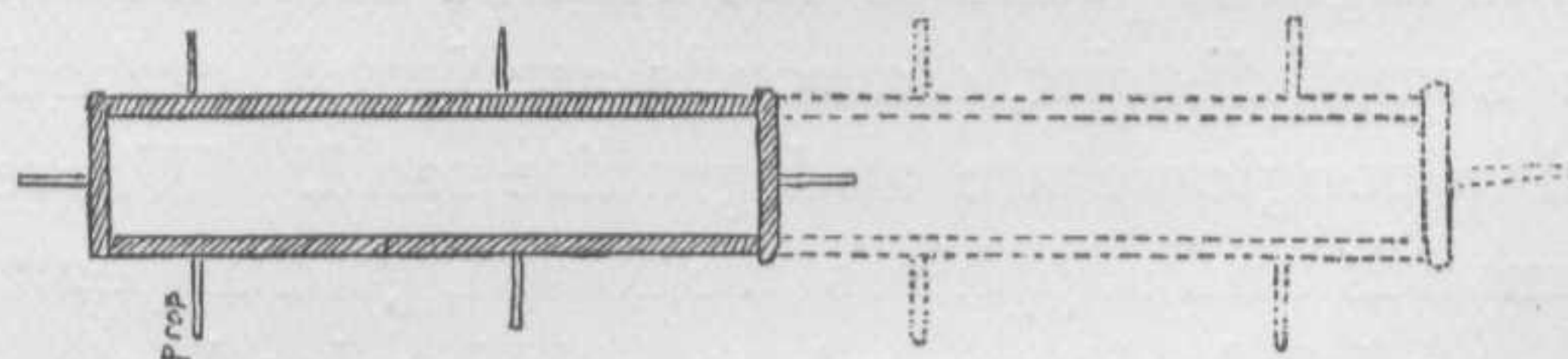


FIG. 3.

(Section of side wall inclosed by boards; the dotted lines show position of next section.)

down with a snow-shovel and then leaving it to freeze hard. We built these blocks up into regular walls as a mason builds up blocks of stone and "pointed" the joints with dry snow as he points with mortar. Unless one constructs the house as the Esquimaux do, which requires skill and practice, I think the best way to roof this kind of house is the following method: Nail some boards together into a sort of platform, the shape of the house and large enough to rest on the middle of the walls on all sides; then wet it and shovel upon it about six inches of snow. When this has frozen, carefully raise this platform, or roof as it really is, and place it on the top of the walls *snowy side downwards*; and after piling about a foot of snow on top your house will be finished. I sometimes used

to build posts into the walls; these posts were three or four inches square and as long as the house was high. I placed cross-pieces from post

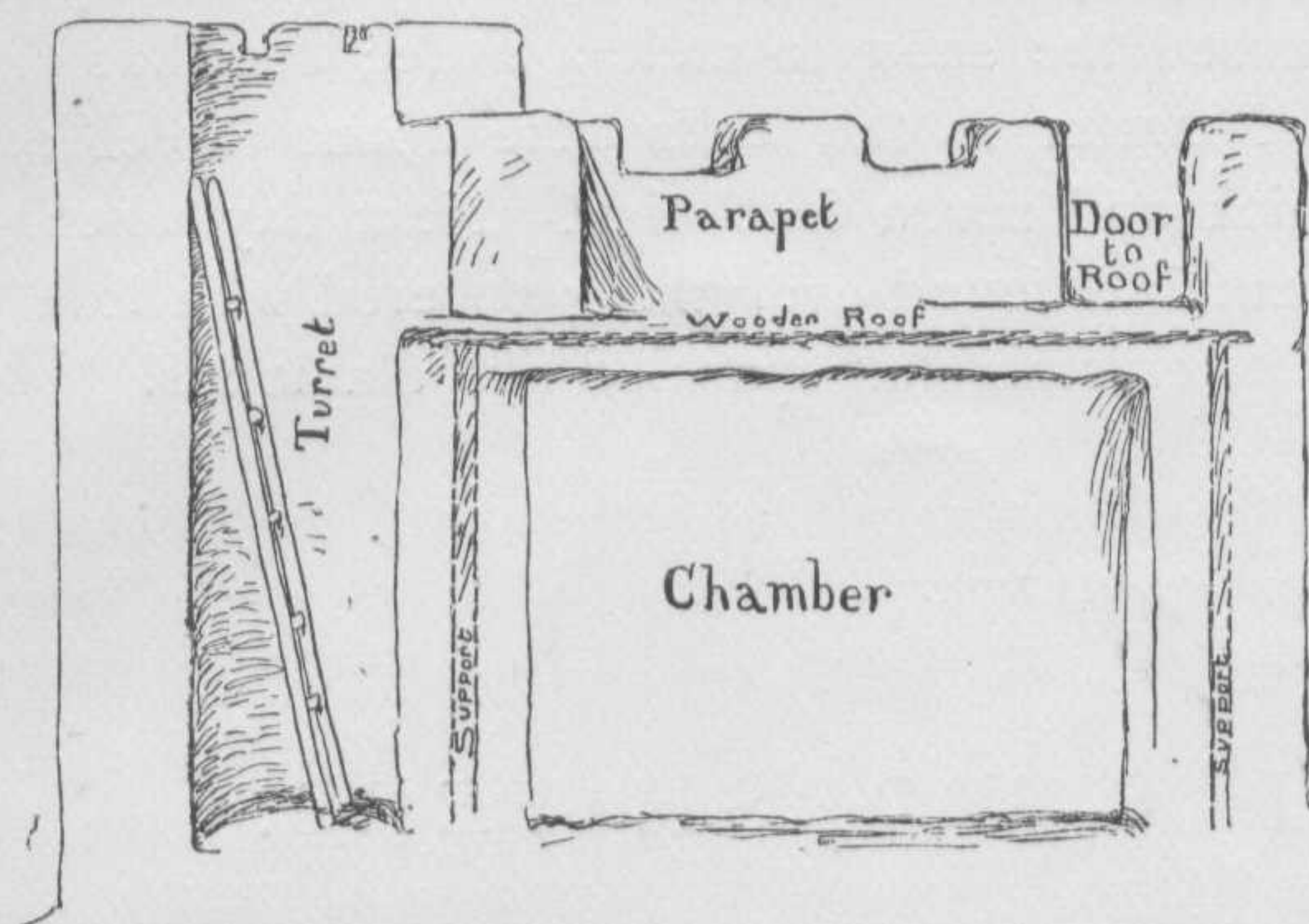


FIG. 4.

(Section showing construction of snow castle.)

to post, and then rested the roof on these. The advantage of this arrangement is, that in case of the walls settling from any cause the roof remains at the same height and the space left between the top of the sunken walls and the roof can easily be filled up with snow. This whole method is, however, somewhat troublesome, and as it takes a long time it is not a good one unless the weather is likely to remain steadily cold for a week or so.

On the whole I advise a third method which, I fancy, is an original idea of mine and which I came to use in preference to all others. Build two fences (as described in first plan) parallel to each other and about two feet apart and close the space between them at both ends as in *fig. 3*. Fill up with dry snow and leave to freeze. This will not take so much time as in the first plan, for there will be less thickness of snow to freeze through.

This done, move the boards along to the position shown by the dotted lines in *fig. 3*, and again fill with snow. Continue thus building in sections until the four walls are finished and then roof your house as above described and it is complete.

In both of the methods with wooden roofs you can enter your house either by a regular doorway or by a trap-door in the roof; in the latter case you will require a short ladder to reach the roof and to get down inside.

Of course you can build a fort in any of these

ways, omitting the roof; or, better still, you can do as we did, build a high parapet around the roof and thus combine fort and house into a castle.

I will describe two snow-buildings that I made. The first was a sort of castle as in *fig. 4*. It was about six feet and a half high measuring to the top of the roof; with a parapet two feet in height running around the roof. The chamber inside was about six feet long, five feet wide and between five and six feet high. The walls were about two feet thick with an extra thickness of about a foot on the sunny side. At one corner was a turret containing a ladder by which the interior was reached from the roof and as this was the only entrance, we could stand a siege in safety when the ladder outside was drawn up and the door in the parapet was closed.

The other building was a house entered through an ordinary doorway which was closed by a curtain. This building was somewhat larger

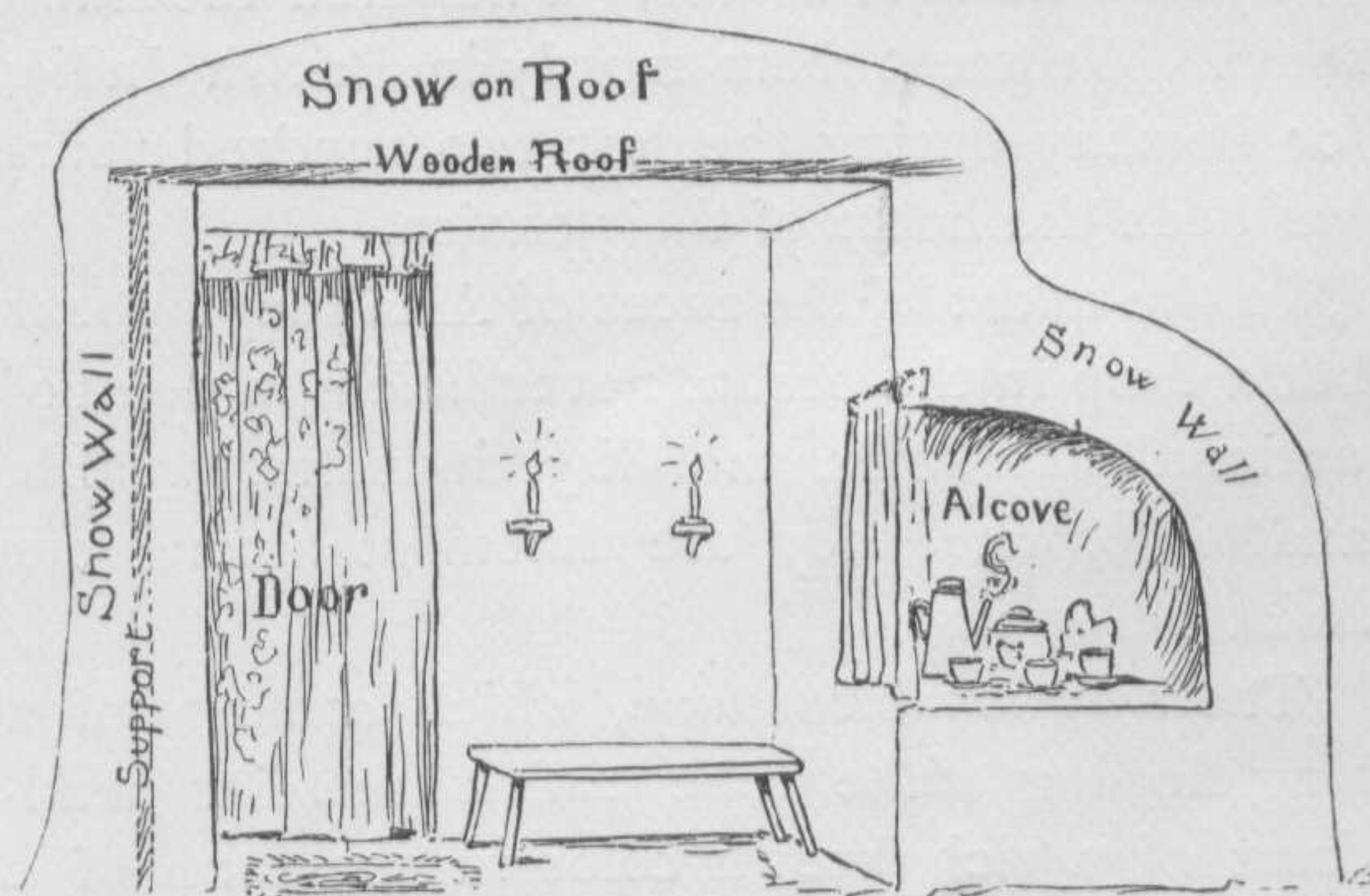


FIG. 5.

(Section of snow house with alcove; also ground plan of same.)

than the one just described, and as it was not then supposed to be war time it had no defences. *Fig. 5* will give an idea of it. When it was completed I asked a few friends, including several

girls, to afternoon-tea. The interior, notably the roof, was decorated with flags. Christmas-tree tapers were placed on supports stuck into the walls, and the floor was carpeted. Seats were made by covering boxes or benches with rugs and the refreshments were placed in an alcove at one end, dug out of snow heaped against the outside of the house; this alcove was brightly lighted with tapers. I can assure

you the whole effect was very strange and charming, and I have reason to believe the guests enjoyed themselves. The tea and cocoa were kept hot by spirit lamps, and these with the tapers caused the snow to melt a little; but that did not matter as the walls were about three feet thick and seven feet high. Next day when I went in I found everything covered with lovely frost crystals that sparkled like diamonds.

THE PARSEES, OR FIRE-WORSHIPERS.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

AFTER the Hindoos, our next of kin are the Parsees; a people even more interesting. They now number scarcely a hundred thousand souls. We meet them mostly in British India, for Bombay during the last two hundred years has been the home of their choice.

In the midst of the races of Asia they appear but a drop in the ocean, nevertheless in point of national character, morality, industry, wealth, and enterprise they are foremost among our Asiatic Cousins.

Their national costume, which consists of a long flowing white robe and a peculiar head-dress of a rich brown color in the form of a small tapering round tower, not only distinguishes them from other races in India, but strikes the stranger with astonishment, prompting the inquiry, "Who are these strange-looking people called the Parsees?"

The reply would be, "Descendants of the ancient Aryan race, and with a history the most romantic in the annals of the Past."

The first great colony founded by the victorious idol-hating Fire-worshippers was that of the Medes, who settled themselves on the Maidan or plateau—whence their name Maidyeh corrupted into Medes—bordering on the river Tigris. Ecbatana, from the old Persian word Slaigbatana or Place of Assembly, was their capital city, surrounded with concentric walls of different colors rising one behind the other.

No people in ancient history were more distinguished for the simplicity and austerity of their lives. But gradually they fell into luxurious habits, built beautiful gardens, palaces and temples, clothed themselves in garments of flowing silk stitched with threads of gold and precious stones. Their priests were called Mahdhi, corrupted later into Magi, and formed a separate class, clothed in pure white as are the Parsee priests to this day. These priests dwelt in the forest, ate only vegetable food, slept on beds of pine and spruce boughs. They practiced astrology and prognostication; taught the worship of the Sun in the heavens and of Fire as its purest symbol on earth; and followed the teachings of their great Fire-priest Zarathustra, called by the Greeks Zoroaster.

Another great Aryan colony, who called themselves Lydians after their first leader Lydus, were the inventors of various means of luxury; of coined money, dice, of the arts of carving in wood and stone. They were the first retailers of goods in markets and shops. They colonized the famous Etruscan states, and under their celebrated King Croesus they conquered the prosperous cities of Asiatic Greece, whose people also had sprung from the same grand old Aryan stock.

It was a memorable time in ancient story. Peace after long and devastating wars was established between the luxurious empires of Babylon,

Lydia, and Media. By their alliances offensive and defensive, Egypt was arrested in her foreign wars of conquest. The calm of the Asiatic world was unbroken save by the plaintive voices of the Jewish captives, as they sat by the dark waters of Babylon, and wept over the fate of their holy city.

But, suddenly, a vast army led by Cyrus the Great poured down from the mountain fastnesses of Aryânëm Vaëjo and carried every thing before it.

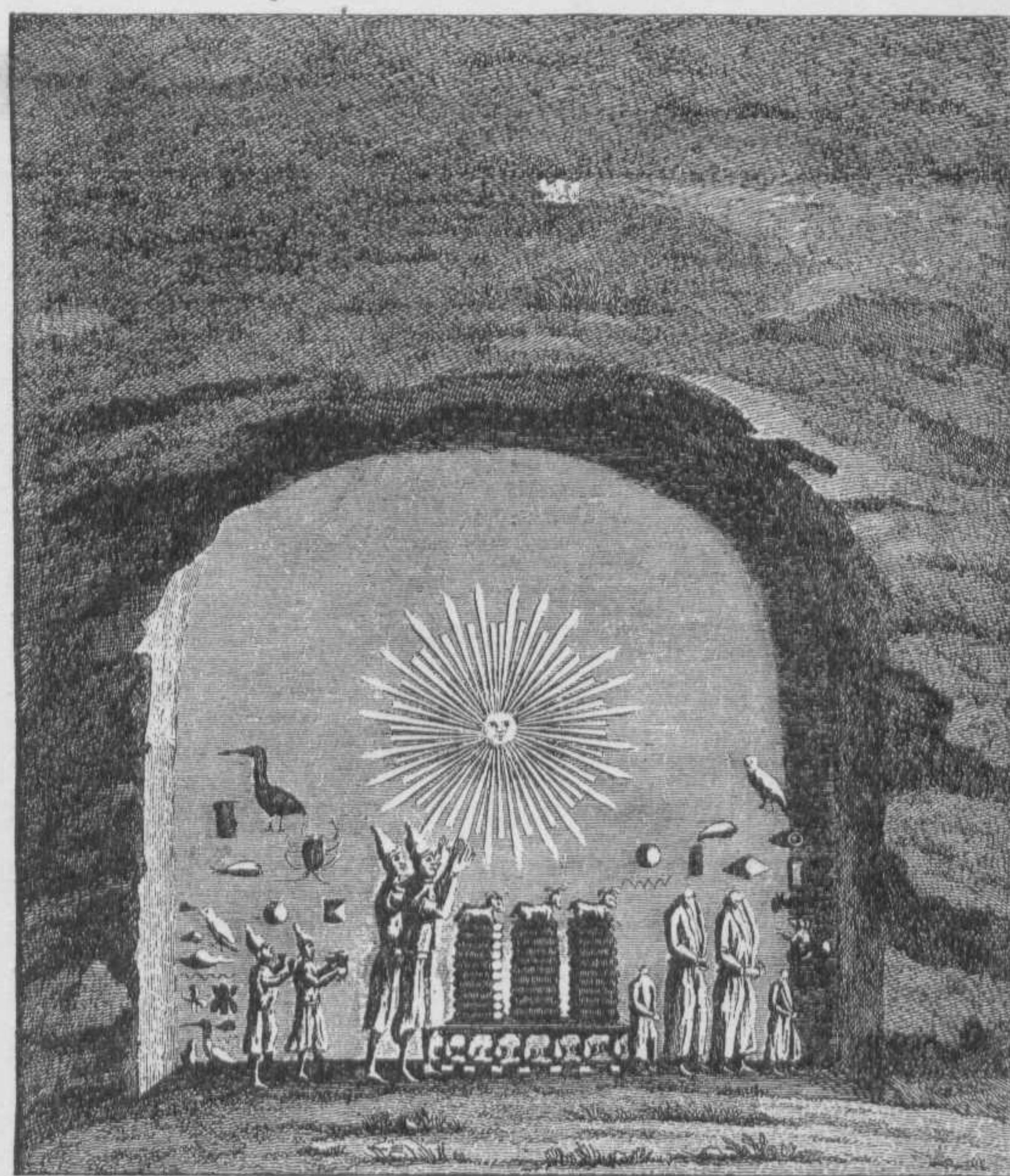
These soldiers were highland Persians, with flowing hair and fiery eyes, dressed from head to foot in skins. They had never tasted wine, never slept on any bed softer than pine and spruce boughs, knew nothing of the luxurious lives of their cousins the Medes in towns, nor of the riches of their kinsmen the Lydians, nor of the voluptuous pleasures of the Asiatic Greeks. They knew not how to buy and sell, or even how to plough, sow or reap. They were skilled only in the arts of war and hunting. They knew how to ride on horseback, to hurl the spear and javelin, to speak the truth, to worship the Sun in the heavens and their sacred Fire in their temples and on their hearths.

In the twinkling of an eye luxurious Asia awoke from her dream of peace. The hardy new-comers under the great Cyrus overthrew all, possessed themselves of the vast treasures of Nineveh and Babylon, of Lydia and Ionia, even attacked and subdued the Sacæ, wild tribes then occupying the countries now called Kashgar and Yarkand; made themselves masters of Palestine, freed the captive Jews, dried their tears, sent them home rejoicing to rebuild their temple and holy city; destroyed the groves, temples and idols of Egypt, and stabbed, in the sight of the great Persian army, their living idol the bull Apis; and ended by extending the Persian dominion beyond the Hindoo Cush into the countries now called Câbul, Jellalâbad, and Peshawar.

A great and glorious epoch now dawned upon these ancient puritans of Aryânëm Vaëjo. The Persian government was perfected by satraps or viceroys; each received with his office a map engraved on brass of the province he was to govern. Soldiers clad in steel garrisoned all great cities; others lived perpetually in camp ready for active

service; and yet others accompanied the king who wintered at Babylon, and to avoid the summer heats of Assyria retired to Susa on the hills, to Ecbatana on the plateau, or to Persepolis the hearth and home of the Persian race.

Never before in the history of the world was such a procession seen as that which followed in time of war the great Persian kings! First went the ivory chariot bearing an altar on which burned the ever-burning Sacred Fire, above which blazed the image of the Sun in burnished gold encased in a setting of purest crystal; this chariot was drawn by eight milk-white horses led by a hun-



AN ANCIENT SACRIFICE TO THE SUN.

(Sculptured in a cavern near Batain in Upper Egypt. The rock has been excavated by the chisel to the height of fifty feet, is fifty feet wide, six deep. The female statues on the right have been mutilated by barbarian Arabs.)

dred Fire-priests clothed in white, holding in their hands the silver wands of office. Then came a magnificent white horse of extraordinary size and strength called Ayelam Tayeeb the Charger of the Sun. (The Sun was regarded by the Persians as a living being of wondrously bright and seraphic form.) The king, gorgeously attired, followed the sacred chariot surrounded by his life-guards — the ten thousand immortals — with their arms of silver and gold, their breast-plates of polished steel, and their standard of

the Rising Sun behind a lion couchant, gleaming in the sunshine. Next came the heavy-armed Egyptian troops with their long wooden shields reaching almost to the ground, followed by a long procession; Greek soldiers from Ionia with their crested helmets and breastplates of bronze; long-haired fur-clad Tartars of the steppes; stalwart dusky Ethiopians with their wiry locks, wearing lion and tiger skins and armed with strange barbaric weapons; jet-black Berbers riding in four-horsed chariots; light and heavy Arabian cavalries, the former on Arabian steeds, and the latter on Arabian camels, the archers seated back to back, two on each animal, prepared to attack the enemy on either side. Then came on horseback the Kurds and the Circassians, those wild mountain Aryans who rode furiously at the enemy, caught them with their lassos and dashed them to the ground; the straight-haired aborigines of Hindostan with their bamboo bows and arrows and their curious shields of the skins of cranes; and last the Aryan Hindoos, who had parted from their puritan cousins in the dim dawn of history, with their contingent of white-robed warriors seated in howdahs on the backs of steel-clad war-elephants which, while their riders shot down the foe, seized them with their pliant trunks and dashed them to the ground or trampled them under foot. A vast multitude of camp followers brought up the rear, with wagons of arms and provisions, packs of blood-hounds and trained falcons to hunt and baffle the enemy at the moment of victory.

Such was the splendor of the ancient Persian kings, who looked upon themselves as divinely appointed to sweep the earth clean of falsehood, impurity and idolatry.

But in spite of her early love of Truth, her hatred of idolatry and lies, Persia ran the same course as did the other nations of Asia. Her austerity and simplicity of life yielded to her desire for dominion. She too became possessed with a greed for riches, gradually acquired love of ease and pleasure; and the hardy mountaineer who had never tasted wine, never broken his faith with God or man by uttering a lie, having at last himself tasted of the pomps and pleasures of oriental power degenerated into an indolent and pleasure-loving Asiatic.

In an evil hour Persia undertook the conquest of Southern Russia and European Greece. Every schoolboy knows how complete was the failure in both these attempts. The Tartars decoyed her enormous army into unknown regions, and almost annihilated it. The Greeks defeated her in the great battles of Plateæ, Salamis, and Thermopylæ. From this time forward the Persian empire declined. Gradually the sacred fires of Truth and Purity faded out of the national heart, though their symbol-fires still burned on her altars.

The only Fire-worshipers who lived as their ancestors had lived were confined within the limits of Iran and Northern Hindostan. Proud of the customs, habits and traditions of their race they followed the same religious rites without aspiring to the primitive purity of life.

A crisis came at length. In the seventh century A. D. there came down upon Iran a countless host of Bedouins from Arabia and Northern Africa. All Persia became a moving camp. The Fire-worshipers were in their turn denounced as traitors to the living God, idolators of the Fire, and worshipers of the sun, moon, and stars—the works of the Great God but not the God Himself. Nothing could stem the fury of the Moslem hordes; thousands upon thousands of Fire-worshipers, men, women and children, were put to the sword, burned alive, hacked to pieces. Mohammedan soldiers went from house to house and tortured the people to make them abjure their faith in Zarathustra and give up the worship of the sacred Fire. But in vain; even young Persian boys and girls suffered the most cruel tortures, followed by a lingering death, rather than forswear the religion of their forefathers; mutilated forms lay scattered over the length and breadth of the land and there were none to bury the dead. Months passed away, famine and pestilence set in, and the Fire-worshipers perished out of their beloved Aryânem Vaëjo.

A small insignificant number only managed to escape the fury of their Moslem conquerors. These fled to the mountains of Khorrasan, taking with them in their passionate desire to preserve their religion, a lamp lighted from the sacred Fire which burned on the altar of their most ancient temple.

But from these new mountain abodes they were presently driven out by the sword of the avenging Moslems. Once more they escaped, and took refuge on the beautiful island of Ormuzd in the Persian Gulf.

Here, after a few years of peace and prosperity, their ruthless persecutors tracked them. Again they began the work of torture and death to make the exiles abjure their religion.

On a still dark night, when the Mohammedans had given themselves to feasting and merriment, the small band of the surviving Fire-worshippers stole out of their dens and hiding places, and by secret paths through woods, and streams assembled one by one on a lonely shore of the island. The Fire-priests carrying horn lanterns containing the Sacred Fire were already at the place of secret meeting. Here in the darkness they took to their ships and put out to sea.

No sooner had they lost sight of land than a terrific storm arose. In their bitter anguish they recalled to one another how the mountains refused to hide them, the land to shelter them, and now even the sea had risen up against them. But still they lifted up their voices in prayer to the most High God, then hoisting their horn lanterns to the mast heads of their vessels and by means of ropes thrown from one ship to another, they kept together until morning when, as if by a miracle, the storm suddenly abated, the sun rose bright and clear, and after a few days sail they reached the coast of Western Hindostan.

Here they found protection among the Hindoos, the kinsmen whom their ancestors had so long ago driven out of the beloved Aryânem Vaëjo.

They then and there in A. D. 721 erected their first Fire-temple at Sayan; and the Sacred Fire so carefully preserved through all those troublous years was kindled on its altars.

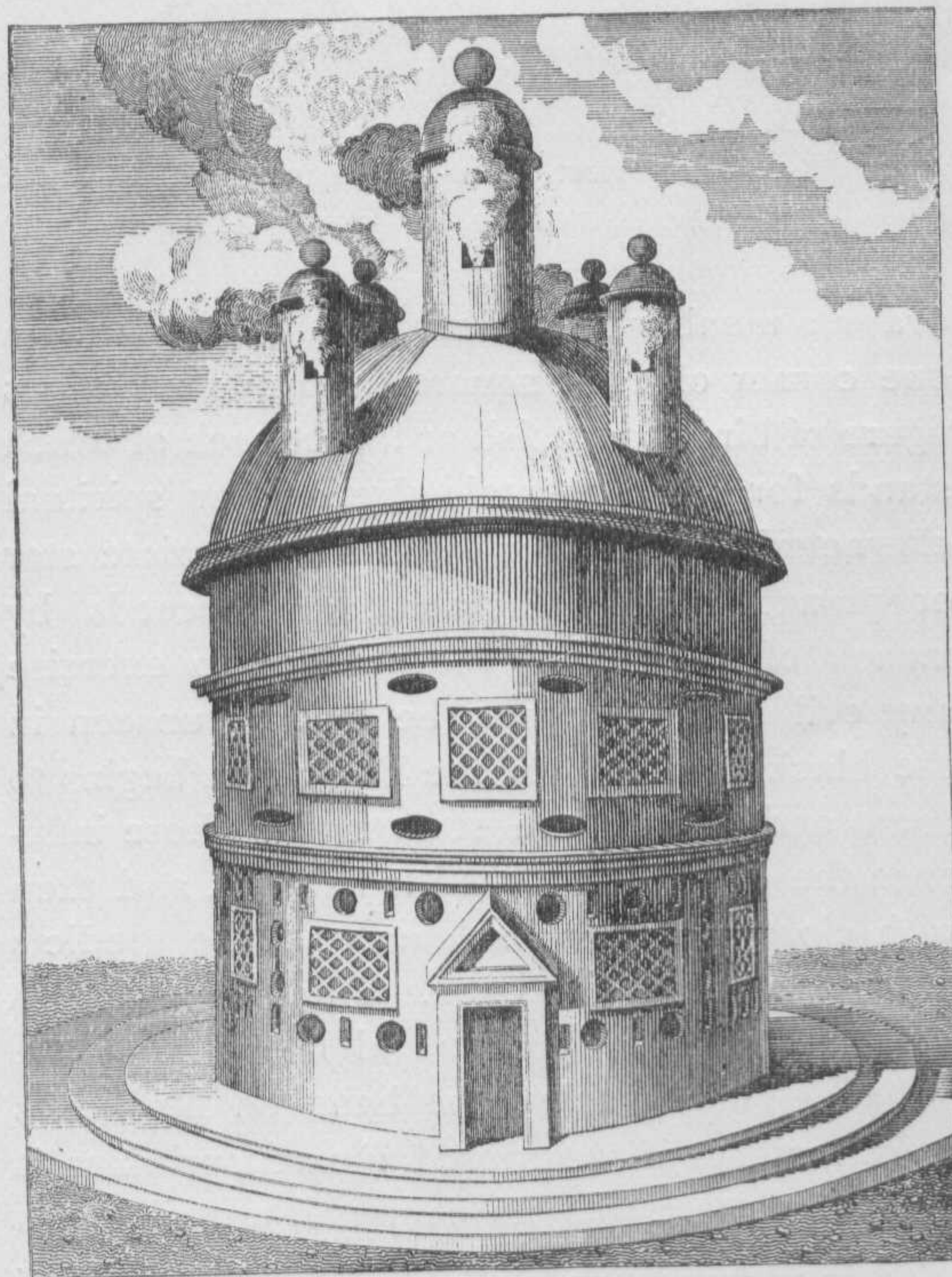
When the island of Bombay in 1668 became the dower of the Infanta Catherina of Portugal on her marriage with King Charles II. of England, a large number of Parsees, as they now called themselves, made haste to place themselves under British protection. They bought a part of Malabar-hill in Bombay and built thereon a Fire-temple and a Dohkma or mysterious Tower of Silence for the reception of their dead. Here was lighted on the new altar the Sacred Fire,

which they maintain was kindled by their great Fire-priest Zarathustra himself, from a burning house struck by lightning over three thousand years ago.

The strange manners and customs of the Parsees of to-day prove beyond all doubt that they still believe in Magic, Witchcraft and Astrology.

On rising in the morning an orthodox Parsee turns his face to the Sun and says his prayers. He then rubs *mirang*, cow urine, upon his face, hands and feet, chanting an incantation against evil spirits for which this liquid is considered a specific. He then bathes in pure water, prays before the household Fire; takes his breakfast, and repairs to his business.

On the birth of a Parsee child a Magian and a Fire-priest who is always an astrologer, are



AN ANCIENT PERSIAN FIRE-TEMPLE.

(In which the Sacred Flame kindled by the rays of the sun was preserved incessantly burning, and attended night and day by the officiating Magi.)

called in to predict the future life of the babe. The Magian, dressed in a strange robe of many colors, a pointed cap with jingling bells, and armed with a long broom made of beresma twigs

(which is thought to have the power of putting evil spirits to flight) enters the chamber of the Parsee mother and babe and setting the end of his broom on fire dances around, exorcising the evil spirits; finally he flourishes his fire-brand over the mother and child and in all the corners of the room. This done, the Fire-priest



ANCIENT ROCK-SCULPTURE.

(Representing Triplasio Mithras, the deity of the ancient Persians.)

draws a number of squares on a blackboard; in one corner of each square he draws a curious figure of bird, beast, fish or insect each of which stands for some mental, physical, or spiritual characteristic, together with its appropriate star or planet. The Magian then proceeds by means of spells and incantations to exorcise any evil spirit that may be lurking unseen in the blackboard. Next the Fire-priest begins to count and recount the stars under whose influence the child is supposed to be born, and then with closed eyes and solemn voice he predicts the future life of the babe. Next he prepares a horoscope or birth-paper and hands it to the father. Then placing the babe on his knees he waves over it the sacred Flame, sprinkles it with holy water, fills its ears and nostrils with sea-salt to keep out the evil spirits, and finally returns the screaming infant to its mother's arms.

When a Parsee boy reaches his fourteenth year he undergoes the last and peculiar rite which makes him a Fire-worshiper.

First of all he is exorcised of any evil spirits that may be lurking in his body. This is accomplished by the Magian, who beats and

thumps him, then covers him over with a long veil and brushes him with his magical broom. He is then blindfolded and escorted by all his male relatives to a cell adjoining the Fire-temple; here the bandage is removed and he is left alone for a time in utter darkness, doubt, fear, and uncertainty. After a while he hears footsteps approaching, a hand is laid on his arm, and a stern voice warns him of the temptations to wrong-doing which may beset his youth and manhood, and the shame and suffering which will follow if he yields. Then suddenly the inner door of the temple is thrown open, and the lad is welcomed with open arms and smiling faces by the Fire-priests and relatives, and placed face to face with the sacred Fire. A new sacred thread is now cast about his neck, a robe of fine linen is put on his person, and a new girdle is bound round his waist. After which he repeats his vows and partakes of the soma juice, or wine, which admits him as a member of the Parsee religion.

When a Parsee is about to die he is taken to the ground floor of the house, washed in consecrated water, anointed with holy oil, and placed on an oblong stone. Small earthen lamps lighted from the sacred Fire are placed around his stony bed, and the Fire-priests stand near and chant a doleful dirge. The most extraordinary part of it all is, that the moment life becomes extinct, the house-dog is brought in and taken up to him. If the dog lick his master's face and hands, it is considered a most fortunate omen of the departed spirit's ready admittance into Paradise. The uneducated and ignorant Parsees believe that every dog has an angel-spirit residing in some star whence it issues to conduct the souls of the righteous dead into heaven.

Next morning a number of priests robed in pure white carry the body on an open bier to the Dohkma or Tower of silence. This curious national tomb is a huge round tower situated in some remote or lonely spot and surrounded by great branching trees; it is open to the sky and reaches far down into the depths of the earth; and is furnished with a number of iron-grated floors. When they reach the Tower of Silence, the relatives and friends stand praying while the Fire-priests place the body on a long slide or a kind of see-saw plank held down by ropes.

This done, the ropes are loosened, the plank rebounds and the lifeless form slips on to one of the iron-grated floors of this strange tomb, and is left for the birds of the air. For their offices toward the dead the Parsees look upon all birds as peculiarly sacred.

But this strange mode of sepulture exposes the Parsee to no end of insults from both the Hindoos and Mohammedans who take every opportunity to jeer at them, calling out: "Kaw Kaw Kakhana! dinner for crows!"

I was so fortunate as to have an opportunity while residing in Bombay of visiting a Fire-temple. The edifice was a small circular building, its very small iron-barred windows placed up almost under the octagonal roof, its arched iron door always locked and guarded the moment the service was over. The interior was beautiful; the floor of white marble, the ceiling deep blue on which were painted the sun, moon, and stars in burnished gold. In the centre of the temple stood a stone altar on which burned a clear bright fire. A number of priests clad in pure white surrounded this altar, some chanting and passing their sacred threads through their fingers, while others fed the flame with all kinds of fragrant woods, precious gums, oil and wax. The congregation of men, women and children stood in a circle, and with hands folded and eyes closed murmured responses to the chants.

The Parsees hold Light and Fire so sacred that they will never blow out or extinguish the one or the other, but let a lamp die out by removing the oil. The more devout will not even put out a fire.

I was once present at the house of a Parsee merchant when their evening service took place, and to my great surprise it was the simple act of lighting their evening lamp. Just at sunset the doors and windows are closed and the family assemble around the large hearth lamp. The mother repairs to an inner chamber, lights her taper at a sacred light kept ever burning in most Parsee houses, mingles her breath with it by lightly blowing on it, then returns to the

family room and lights each one of the seven wicks of the hearth lamp, while the family stand around and with hands crossed on their breasts murmur their evening prayer.

Not the education but the marriage of their children is the first consideration of Parsee parents; and the majority of their marriages are celebrated when the children are very young. An astrologer consults the positions of the stars and decides accordingly on the most auspicious day. On the day appointed, the bridegroom, escorted by all his relatives, magnificently dressed, proceeds to the bride's house. At the threshold the mother of the bride meets him and scatters, as emblems of plenty, rice, fruits and flowers at his feet.

When all are assembled in the hall of the house, the young couple appear and seat themselves on chairs facing each other, the bride being veiled from head to feet. The Fire-priests stand on either side. The moment they begin the chant they tie the right hands of the pair together with a silken cord and, waving the sacred Fire around them, pronounce them man and wife. The bride is then unveiled, and the ceremony is concluded by the husband and wife trying to throw each upon the other a few grains of rice; the one who gets the start is looked upon as having secured the right to rule the household.

Within the last thirty years the Parsees as a people have made wonderful progress in building schools and in securing all the advantages of a liberal European education for their sons and daughters. Colleges for the study of the ancient sacred books of the Persians have been very recently established for the Fire-priests, and some of the present priesthood are intelligent and well-informed men. There is a prospect that in course of time this small remnant of a great people will recover their old national love of purity and truth, forsake the idolatrous and superstitious conceptions of their religion, and strive like their great Fire-priest Zarathustra to worship the true God "in spirit and truth."

THE SAMNITE AND PUNIC WARS.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

41. What legend is related of Marcus Curtius?

42. In the three Samnite wars what was the real point at issue between the Romans and their opponents?

43. In what war was a decisive battle fought at the foot of Mount Vesuvius?

44. In what battle was the Roman army made to pass under the yoke?

45. What Samnite leader was put to death at the triumph of his Roman victor?

46. What Hellenic king attempted to subdue the Romans?

47. What Censor constructed a military road one hundred and twenty miles in length, and what was it called?

48. In what important respect was Carthage superior to Rome at the beginning of the Punic Wars?

49. What was the primary object of the first Punic War?

50. What king, fearing that the Romans would overcome the Carthaginians, made an alliance with the former which lasted fifty years?

51. What noted Roman leader is said to have been barbarously put to death by the Carthaginians?

52. What Carthaginian general held the Romans at bay in Sicily for five years?

53. When was the Temple of Janus closed for the second time, and why?

54. What noted general crossed the Alps and wintered in Capua?

55. What Roman leader wrested Spain from the Carthaginians?

56. What was the important result of the second Macedonian War?

57. What Censor is said to have declared that kings are naturally carnivorous animals?

58. In what Roman town did the son of a famous Macedonian king earn a living as a clerk?

59. What was the cause of the third Punic War?

60. From what battle does the historian Polybius date the complete establishment of the universal supremacy of Rome?

ANSWERS: THE BEGINNINGS OF ROME.

1. The Italians, the Iapygians and the Etruscans.

2. That of the first four centuries.

3. In 753 B. C. by Romulus.

4. Tarpeia was the daughter of Tarpeius to whom Romulus intrusted the defence of the Capitoline Hill in the Sabine war. She treacherously betrayed the hill to the Sabines.

5. Numa Pompilius, Tullus Hostilius and Ancus Martius. Numa is said to have reigned forty-three years during which no war or disturbance occurred.

6. He who afterwards became the fifth king of Rome, Lucius Tarquinius Priscus.

7. The Senate.

8. 200.

9. To Numa Pompilius.

10. Servius Tullius.

11. The reform of the constitution and the alliance with the Latins.

12. Five.

13. To Tarquinius Superbus.

14. The expulsion of Tarquin.

15. Lucius Brutus and Tarquinius Collatinus. The latter soon resigned and was succeeded by Publius Valerius.

16. The three wars for the restoration of Tarquin.

17. For his defence of the Sublician bridge during the second Tarquinian war.

18. The battle of Lake Regillus.

19. The Etruscan.

20. A Dictator.



MOTHER GOOSE.

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

NOT the French Mother Goose, of whom we shall speak in a succeeding chapter, but our own American Mother Goose.

By rights she should be called Grandmother Goose, but "of that," as the crab in the fairy tale said after shaking off one of his legs and while he was waiting for another to grow, "of that, more anon." It is difficult to imagine a nursery without a Mother Goose inhabiting it, but English nurseries know her not, or at best as a visitor from America, not as one who belongs there. Yet the children in the English nursery know as much about the well-merited punishment administered to the piper's son, the astounding egotism of Jack Horner, the sad end of the Gotham sages, the perfectly managed domestic economy of the Spratt household, the unpleasant companion of Miss Muffet, the singular adventures of Dr. Foster of Gloucester and the extraordinary elopement of the dish and spoon as do their American cousins. But it is one thing to learn these delightful histories from books called *Nursery Rhymes*, and quite another to have them directly from the lips of Mother Goose herself, as one may say; and here is where American children have the advantage of English children.

Mother Goose was not only an American woman, but a Bostonian into the bargain. At what time the Goose family came to America is unknown. The name was originally Vertigoose, afterwards changed to Vergoose, and finally shortened to Goose. But the first change was long before the Goose family came to Boston. Boston was a little village but thirty years old when we first hear of them as landholders within

its borders. Nearly half the land on Washington street between West and Winter streets belonged to them, and so did a large piece of land on Essex, Rowe and Bedford streets. At that time all that part of Boston was open field or pasture-land, and the Vergoose family before that date probably lived in the vicinity of Hanover street or Copp's Hill. Isaac Vergoose himself, the husband of Mother Goose, owned a house and lot on the land which is now the corner of Washington street and Temple Place.

That the family were wealthy, for that period, we are assured; but only one of them achieved anything like fame, and that was Mother Goose herself. But for her the Vergoose family might

AUTOGRAPH OF MOTHER GOOSE'S HUSBAND.

have lived and died and been gathered to their fathers in the Old Granary Burying Ground without leaving anything but their tombstones to posterity. The cackling of a sacred goose in the temple of Juno is said to have once saved the Capitol of Rome from the Gauls, and so it is that the cackling of this venerated Boston Goose has preserved the memory of this worthy family to this day.

It would be pleasant to know something about the childhood of Mother Goose, but of that we are not told in any chronicle. We do not even know where Elizabeth Foster was born, in what part of Boston she dwelt, or when she married Mr. Vergoose and thus unwittingly conferred

everlasting lustre upon his hitherto respectable but not famous name. Very probably he thought he was bestowing a great favor upon the young Boston girl when he asked her to be his wife and bear his name; he the scion of a wealthy Colonial family still in friendly relations with its somewhat aristocratic kin in Bristol, England, and she, we are quite sure, descended from no such grand ancestry. But we can only *imagine* his state of mind, for history is as silent on this point as it is on every other connected with Mother Goose till 1715.

Of one thing however we are sure; that she outlived him although the date of his death is nowhere found in any register. So we grope our way in the dark as regards the maiden and married life of Mother Goose till the year 1715 is reached. Then we read in the record of marriages in the City Registrar's office that in "1715, June 8, was married by Rev. Cotton Mather, Thomas Fleet to Elizabeth Goose."

Of Elizabeth we hear little except that she was the eldest daughter of Mother Goose. Of Thomas Fleet, her husband, we hear much more. He was born in England and was a journeyman printer in Bristol. It was there that he first knew of the American Vergoose family through its Bristol relations. During the reign of Queen Anne a certain clergyman of the English Church, Dr. Sacheverell, having incurred the displeasure of the dominant political party was tried for treason before the House of Lords. The affair created great excitement throughout England, even leading to riotous proceedings in some cases. In some of these young Fleet mingled so conspicuously that he afterwards thought it prudent to forsake England for America. Accordingly he packed up his belongings and reached Boston in 1712. Whether he brought with him letters of introduction from the Bristol Vergoosees to their American cousins is uncertain; he may very likely have done so, for we know that he very soon became acquainted with the honorable Colonial family of Vergoose with such pleasant results that the dignified Cotton Mather was called upon to unite him in marriage to one of its daughters.

His first child was a son whose advent was no doubt a delight to its parents, while to his Grandmother Goose it was a joy unspeakable.

But not unsingable, fortunately for posterity. Mrs. Fleet's own presence in the nursery was barely tolerated by the enthusiastic grandmother who spent her whole time there or in wandering about the house with her grandchild in her arms. It is not improbable that it was when thus employed she first sung that now deathless ditty:

"Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander!
Up stairs,
Down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber."

Doubtless all this Thomas Fleet would not have objected to; but this was not all — fortunately for us, and for him, as it eventually turned out. Partly to amuse the infant, and more to express her unbounded joy over the fact of its existence, she was continually singing nonsensical songs and rhymes which she had learned in the days of her own youth. Probably this could have been borne had she been a fine singer. But this was exactly what she was not, and she was therefore a thorn in the side of her son-in-law Thomas. What Elizabeth thought we are not told, but quite possibly her feelings were tempered with filial affection and gratitude. Such was not the case with her husband, however, who exhausted every means known to him to induce Mother Goose to stop singing. He ridiculed her in public and in private and with very little effect in either case. He told her that she destroyed the comfort of the whole neighborhood, which was true enough, for the grandmother's voice was heard for a long distance and Fleet was not the only person who wished she might become suddenly dumb. To his expostulations and to those of the neighbors, she only laughed and sang the louder.

At last it occurred to Thomas one day when the sound of his mother-in-law's voice followed him all the way down to his printing house in Pudding Lane, that he might collect these songs and quaint rhymes which Grandmother Goose was so persistently singing, print them and perhaps turn a few nimble sixpences in that way. With this thought in mind, he listened afterwards with more patience to the not very melodious strains that continually sounded in his ears and wrote them down from day to day till he had

exhausted the list of the ditties which his mother-in-law knew. To these he added such as he could collect from other sources and soon after published them in book-form with the title: *Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children*. On the title page was a rude drawing of a goose with a very long neck and wide open mouth and at the bottom of the page the words: "Printed by T. Fleet, at his printing-house, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers."*

In all probability Mother Goose had no suspicion of her son-in-law's intention until the book appeared with its derisive title. What she thought when she saw herself thus publicly made sport of we can only guess.*

John Fleet Eliot, the great-great grandson of Elizabeth (Foster) Goose, writes in 1873 to the *N. E. Historic and Genealogical Register*: "Mother Goose was a plain, honest and industrious woman, of no literary culture, but who devoted herself wholly to her household duties and could never have dreamed of the world-wide renown she was destined to attain."

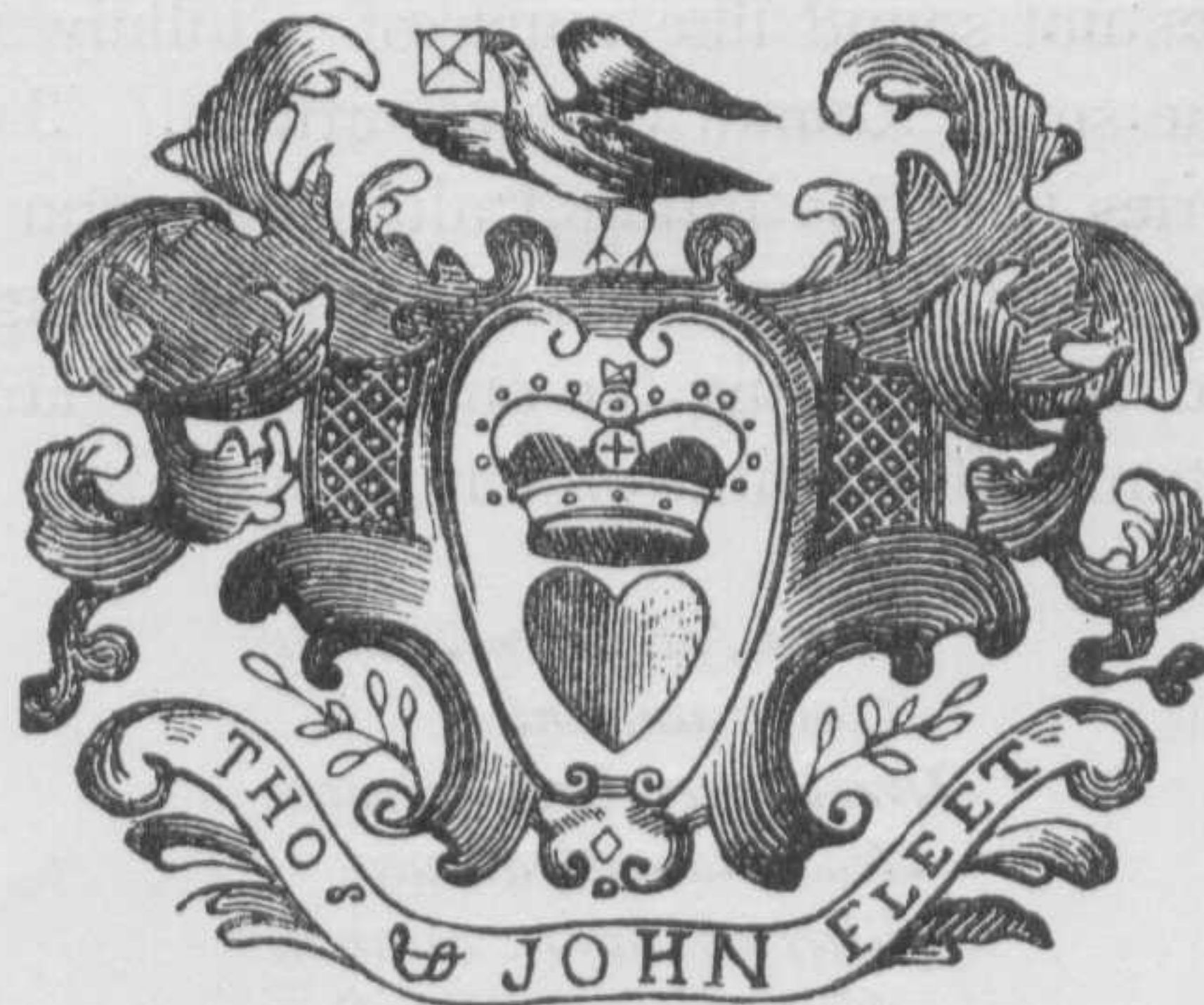
But at last Thomas Fleet had had his revenge; a profitable revenge since it brought him coppers in plenty, but I fancy it was not so sweet a revenge as he had hoped it would be. After the first few moments of angry surprise Mother Goose resumed her wonted good nature, took the heir of the Pudding Lane Printing-House once more in her arms and sang on as calmly as if nothing had happened. But for all that something *had* happened. Thomas Fleet, with the double purpose of ridiculing his mother-in-law and at the same time making a profitable matter of it, had immortalized her. What other books he may have published few persons care

*This point has been much disputed. According to an ancient account-book preserved among the Hancock Papers in the library of the N. E. Historic and Genealogical Society Daniel Henchman, a colonial bookseller, published in 1719 a volume of *Verses for Children* which by some has been supposed to be identical with Fleet's book. Also, although it is certain that Fleet in 1712 had a printing-house on Pudding Lane, we find a statement in Windsor's *Memorial History of Boston* which tends to discredit the title-page of the traditionary "first edition" of *Songs for the Nursery*:

"In 1713, he [Fleet] moved his business to a spacious and handsome house in Cornhill where he erected the sign of the *Heart and Crown*. The house served as a home for his family, offices for his book and newspaper printing and for an auction room where, when the labors of his busy day were ended he sold books, household goods, wearing apparel and whatever else was looked for at a country auction. He died in July, 1758, aged 73 years."

to know; but this one has gone wherever the English language is spoken. We can forgive him his half-malicious joke at the expense of his worthy mother-in-law, who took such excellent care of his boy quite as easily as she did.

From that day to this the nonsense-jingles between the covers of Thomas Fleet's publication have formed the stock of nursery song and recital. Each ditty is a story complete in itself, and children remember it, as they do not the more abstract and beautiful lullaby. Generally the child is as profound an adept in Mother Goose's works as the nurse or the mother, and



SIGN OF FLEET THE PRINTER, PUBLISHER OF FIRST EDITION OF MOTHER GOOSE.

sings "Hey diddle diddle" to itself with complete satisfaction, and entertains itself at solitary play by shouting forth

"Peter, Peter,
Pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her!
He shut her in a pumpkin-shell
And there he kept her very well!"

Very few of the Mother Goose ditties can be called lullabies; there are "Rock-a-by-baby, on the tree-top" and "Bye O Baby Bunting." Generally our lullaby consists of variations upon the one stanza, "Bye-O-baby-bye;" and old hymns and common melodies are sung instead of the true sleep-songs. Other nations than the English-speaking races more frequently sing genuine cradle-songs to their nurslings.

As to the babies themselves, however much those of various nationalities may differ in certain respects, in one important matter they are all alike—they all appreciate a noise that has some approach to measure.

The small Laplander nestled among his furs falls asleep to the monotonous drone of a lullaby as quickly as an American baby would do. The dusky little South Sea Islander is soothed by the jingling of pieces of metal as readily as his whiter-skinned cousin by similar nursery music. When great Cæsar was not great Cæsar at all, but only a very small and discontented Cæsar in the nurse's lap it is more than likely that he gave a willing ear to the nurse's song :

*"Lalla, lalla, lalla,
Aut dormi, aut lacta."*

It does not sound like much of a lullaby to us, but the small Roman was not critical. Twelve centuries later the infant Italian was often sung to sleep with a cradle-song representing the Virgin Mary hushing the child Jesus. Here is one stanza of the nine which compose it :

*"Dormi, fili, dormi ! mater
Cantat unigenito :
Dormi puer, dormi ! pater
Nato clamat parvulo :
Millies tibi laudes canimus
Mille, mille, millies."*

George Wither, the friend of Milton, wrote a beautiful "Rocking Hymn" the first stanza of which is as follows :

"Sweet baby, sleep : what ails my dear ;
What ails my darling thus to cry ?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb forbear to weep ;
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep."

An exceedingly popular Spanish lullaby is the following :

"The Baby Child of Mary,
Now cradle he has none ;
His father is a carpenter,
And he shall make him one.

The lady good St. Anna,
The lord St. Joachim,
They rock the baby's cradle,
That sleep may come to Him.

Then sleep thou too, my baby,
My little heart so dear ;
The Virgin is beside thee,
The Son of God so near."

Of the many German lullabies none is more popular than the famous one beginning :

"Sleep, baby, sleep ;
Your father tends the sheep ;
Your mother shakes the branches small,
Whence happy dreams in showers fall :
Sleep, baby, sleep."

Here is the opening stanza of a very ancient Danish cradle hymn : Sleep sweetly, little child ; lie quiet and still ; as sweetly as the bird in the wood, as the flowers in the meadow. God the Father hath said, 'Angels stand on watch where mine, the little ones, are in bed.' "

A French lullaby sung by the mothers of La Bresse, not far from Lyons, to their babies, begins :

*"Le poupon voudrait bien dormir ;
Le souin-souin ne veut pas venir.
Souin-souin, vené, vené, vené,
Souin-souin, vené, vené donc !"*

The Finland peasants sing thus to theirs : "Sleep, little field-bird ; sleep sweetly, pretty redbreast. God will wake thee when it is time. Sleep is at the door, and says to me, 'Is not there a sweet child here who fain would sleep ? a young child wrapped in swaddling clothes, a fair child resting beneath his woollen coverlet ?'"

The Italians call lullabies *ninna-nanna*. Here is one which is sung in Logudoro, the middle province of the island of Sardinia :

"Oh ! ninna and anninia !
Sleep, baby boy ;
Oh ! ninna and anninia !
God give thee joy.
Oh ! ninna and anninia !
Sweet joy be thine ;
Oh ! ninna and anninia !
Sleep, brother mine.

Sleep, and do not cry,
Pretty, pretty one,
Apple of mine eye,
Danger there is none ;
Sleep, for I am by,
Mother's darling son.

Oh ! ninna and anninia !
Sleep, baby boy ;
Oh ! ninna and anninia !
God give thee joy.

Oh ! ninna and anninia !
 Sweet joy be thine ;
 On ! ninna and anninia !
 Sleep, brother mine."

A very beautiful lullaby is one which the Roumanian mothers sing :

"Sleep, my daughter, sleep an hour ;
 Mother's darling gilliflower.
 Mother rocks thee, standing near,
 She will wash thee in the clear
 Waters that from fountains run,
 To protect thee from the sun.

Sleep, my darling, sleep an hour ;
 Grow thou as the gilliflower.
 As a teardrop* be thou white,
 As a willow tall and slight ;
 Gentle as the ringdoves are,
 And be lovely as a star !"

The history of lullabies and cradle songs is a long one and every nation has numberless *ninna-nanna*. Those I have selected are perhaps as characteristic as any and will serve to give some idea of their general character. The greater number of lullabies are the invention of the common people like the rhymes in Mother Goose, but now and then a cradle song written by some

* The Roumanian name for the lily of the valley.

true poet has become popularized among these folk songs of the nursery. Not long ago a young poet* died in New York City poor and alone, who never had babies of his own to climb about him or to watch while their mother lulled them to rest, but he loved to look at children and one day he wrote one of the most beautiful of modern cradle songs :

"Sleep, baby, sleep.
 God gave thee smiles to keep,
 And merry eyes will wait
 Thy coming to the gate
 When thou shalt be a man
 With all the world to scan.

Sleep, baby, sleep.
 God gave thee fields to reap
 When harvest time is here,
 With sunshine and good cheer.
 But first, as thou shalt know,
 He gave thee much to sow.
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep.
 God gave thee tears to weep,
 But not for now, not now ;
 Thy sorrow will not bow
 In days to come, and flee ;
 It will abide with thee,
 Sleep, baby, sleep."

* James Berry Bensel.

A FAMILY OF PRECIOUS STONES.

("Diamond Dust.")

BY SUSAN POWER.

ON one of those beautiful San Francisco days that are the bloom of the season, with a warmth of June and October blended in the air, and a wind snow-cool and with crape acacias, heliotrope and English violets blossoming their hearts away, two friends and I went, as one of them said, to kill time with stones.

But the stones were sapphires, topaz, garnet, cat's-eye and peridot, with other names with which only experts are familiar. They were the collection of a dealer who makes a specialty of unset gems. Two of the party had seen many of the famous jewels of the continent, had priced

rose-coral and pearls at Naples, seen the exquisite Etruscan ornaments embossed with feathering of hoar frost in yellow Roman gold, which the famous Catellanis, the artist-jewellers of Rome, despaired of imitating till they found old goldsmiths among the Abruzzi who knew the art as handed down from the times before Herculaneum. They had seen the princess Lize Troubetskoi wearing her wonderful turquoises and Hungarian opals at an embassy ball, and the Queen Margherita with her collar of daisies all in pearls, and in her ears two of the great pearls which Cortez sent to Europe and which

have never been out of kings' treasuries since — pearls notable not so much for their size, though nearly an inch long, as for their soft moony light. They had seen the Baroness or Miss Burdett-Coutts as she was then, wearing her great sapphires at a London party by way of special compliment to the friend who gave it; and one of the Hope ladies in rose-white Venetian velvet with lace of price and very few jewels beside the celebrated blue diamond which is one of the rarest gems in the world; and the Princess Alexandra with her Indian sapphires and brilliants, when her white satin dress bodice and skirt in shirrings and little puffs seemed to have every puff caught with a spark of light and she literally sowed light at each motion as she walked. They had visited the plain large shops in Amsterdam where the finest South American gold work is sold along with the largest and most superb diamonds unset. They had bought in Brittany antique ornaments of doves and eagles with wings outspread, crosses and orbs and holy hearts all set with small stones in subdued harmonious colors in the choicest taste — such ornaments as came from the oratories of noble ladies pillaged in the revolution; and they had gone with the crowd to see the Indian jewels the Prince of Wales brought home.

But I had infected these friends with my own interest in American precious stones early in our journey, and we had seen all that was curious and attainable on our way. At Manitou, while the rest went cañon-hunting, breaking their backs climbing up to the rocks Gog and Magog, or down to Colorado Springs to see the town, as if towns were a rarity, we spent hours in the cabin where the young Philadelphia student keeps his specimens, where by dint of handling and gazing we came to be rather indifferent to agates as large as one's fist, and amethyst quartz the size of half a cauliflower, jasper, serpentine, onyx, chalcedony, aventurine and azurine. Certain it is there are beautiful stones to be found among the mountains, and we were told mysteriously of a spot on the flanks of Pike's Peak where onyx and garnets lay like pebbles on the beach. But then we were also told no one could possibly find the way there without a guide, and the hardships of the way were such that one must long for specimens very much to venture

there at all. At Santa Fé we had seen the beautiful barbarous workmanship of native Mexican goldsmiths, and the two-thousand-dollar bracelet of gold filigree, with the national Mexican emblems, the eagle and cactus, delicately and richly carved on the filigree ground, lizards and lilies and quaint symbols appearing among the scrolls, as masks, flowers and fauns peer out of old arabesques, the whole studded with native rubies, emeralds, pearls, opals and turquoises, till it was a toy for a princess to covet.

Of course at Fort Wallace we had bought the native turquoise of the Indians, which is not true turquoise but a pretty blue-green stone whose real name is the *chalchuitl*, of which much use was made in the time of the Montezumas who I believe held it a sacred stone. In Arizona, the jewellers have small faceted globes of the finest crystal, so soft and pleasant to the eye with their cool lustre that one can fancy them becoming very popular for low-priced ornaments when known, together with smoky topaz, white cornelian, and tolerable amethysts from the Colorado River Country. These stones will be used in time for those artistic ornaments in which the value depends not so much on the cost of the gems as in the taste of the design, like those earrings and necklaces of the Hill-tribes of India which the wealthy English buy for the excellence of their pattern, the stones of which might be picked from the bed of almost any brook. The Utah mines yield plenty of cornelians, agates and garnets, topaz, hyacinth and carbuncle — that is, all these stones are found by miners while prospecting. I do not mean that there is any mining for gems in the country.

And now I will not try to tell you what we saw that afternoon, so much as what we learned. It is hard and tantalizing to see with the eyes of another, but you can learn some curious things about these most precious wonders of the earth against the time you see them yourselves. I would advise you to see every rare and pleasant thing you can, to know all you can about them, and delight in them as much as if you could pay two thousand dollars for a dozen pebbles any time you chose. You will not covet rare things any more for knowing them well. Rather, the knowledge will give you many of the pleasures

of possession, and quiet the craving for everything out of reach common in rude natures.

You know that diamonds are pure carbon, fused by intense heat and pressure, and probably crystalized by electric force. The diamond belongs to the imperial order and has no relatives. But the family of precious stones next it in value, the sapphire, the ruby, the emerald and the true topaz, are similar in shape, having a six-sided crystal, and are much alike in composition, being nearly pure alumina, with just enough metallic rust in them to give their beautiful color. The pure crystals, whether of alumina, quartz or what not, are always clear like glass, and it is the trace of some other substance which gives their lovely tint. Alumina is a white velvety powder that is the principal substance in clay of the fields, in the china clay of which Sevres and Dresden wares are made, in the soil that makes your pot plants grow, and is ninety-eight parts out of a hundred in the red ruby of Ceylon.

As to how the gems were made, we only know that the alumina was melted by the fires which formed the world and shot into crystals as you may see an alum or salt solution by watching long enough; and that these pure crystals were bedded in the volcanic rocks, which in turn were crumbled by air, ground by glaciers and washed by torrents into the sand and boulders of riverbeds; and that the rubies and sapphires being too hard to wear out, have survived the cliffs in which they lay. The finest of all the stones named come from Borneo, and the coasts neighboring it, which Sir John Herschel calls "a perfect rookery of volcanoes." I don't doubt the volcanoes are making rubies in their depths now.

These stones as I said are one and the same, having the like shape, substance and brilliance, so that the sapphire is a blue ruby, or the ruby a red sapphire, and the topaz a yellow ruby, as you please. There is no more difference between them than there is in bits of red, green or blue glass. But there is wonderful difference in the shades of color in the same stone as we found, for there were rubies, pale pink, violet-rose, blackish and vivid blood red; and I do not know anything in more excellent art than the large Indian clasp for which these varied rubies had been gathered to suit the whim of a rich

California woman who had taste as well as money. You have read of sapphire skies which I never could reconcile with the sapphires usually worn which are very deep blue, a most dismal hue for any sky, but sapphires differ, from milky blue and lively tints shading to azure, to the indigo variety; and the sapphires found among the volcanic districts of Central France have a greenish turquoise tint extremely brilliant. I have heard of a Hungarian countess who has a jeweled bodice set with sapphires in every shade, with pink Bohemian garnets, in effect like the richest dead embroidery.

But among the rare stones of the world perhaps none are finer than the star-sapphires or asterias, dim blue stones into which you look and see a six-pointed star playing in light like a reflection imprisoned there. In crystallizing, the atoms arranged themselves thinly along these lines and the light strikes them with a difference. So in the Ceylon gem, the cat's-eye, the light reflects from fibres of asbestos within the stone that seem floating in a long streak like the lustre of the feline eye. These stones are supposed by ignorant nations to have magical powers, and a French traveller in Africa often commanded the deepest reverence from the natives by showing them the star-sapphire of his ring. The great magician who had a star imprisoned and floating in his ring was not a personage to be lightly interfered with. The wife of a New York merchant has a very fine stone of this kind which is classed with the gems of princes. A high-class ruby or sapphire like this is valued at three times the price a diamond of the same size would command. A perfect ruby is the finest of gems. A perfect emerald, free from flaws, is literally the rarest. A London dealer who handled precious stones all his life said that he had never seen but one perfect emerald.

Both sapphires and ruby crystals are found in the mica limestones of New York and New Jersey, but they are not transparent and cannot be used for jewelry, though they are of fine color and would make beautiful necklaces like the Swiss beryls. The blue sapphire and the red ruby are found in the same beds, and where you find them gold is not far distant.

The traditions of these stones are curious and

beautiful, befitting the gems. The Oriental or true ruby is the carbuncle of the Bible and of the ancients, who fabled that it served to give light to certain great serpents or dragons who when their eyes were feeble with age carried these magical rubies in their teeth, only dropping them when it was necessary to eat or drink. The carbuncle was believed to shine brilliantly in darkness and to shine through vestments with undiminished fire. The Brahmin traditions speak of the abode of the gods lighted by enormous emeralds and rubies and one of the titles of the king of Burmah is "Lord of Rubies." Pliny relates that a tomb at Cyprus bore a lion carved with eyes of emeralds so bright they frightened away the fish in the sea. Nero wore an eyeglass of emerald which was supposed good for the sight, and it is said that lapidaries who cut emeralds have good eyesight because the hue of the stone refreshes the eye. The Orientals believe that wearing an emerald imparts courage and averts disaster. It was ground down and taken as a medicine in doses of six grains as a cure for various disorders. At the conquest of Peru the Spaniards captured hundred-weights of emeralds, and one dedicated to the goddess Esmeralda was the size of an ostrich egg. Cortez gave his bride a large emerald carved like a rose, which roused the queen's envy and lost him the court favor.

The beryl and aqua marine, that stone "green as the sea," are paler emeralds, varying in tint like the olive tinges of a wave, from the presence of oxide of iron instead of the oxide of chromium which colors the emerald. They are of soothing colors, and the aqua marine is much prized because it does not lose brilliancy by gaslight, when sapphires sometimes look dark and rubies black as jet. These stones are found in parts of New England, near Holyoke and Williamstown, and Haddam, Conn., as well as in Vermont and Maine. Beryl is found in such masses that it can be wrought into large pieces — cups, vases and columns. The Duke of Devonshire thinks highly of his emerald which weighs nine ounces, but a beryl found in this country

in 1851 weighed seventy-eight pounds. The Roman emperors and Venetian princes had goblets and flagons carved out of precious crystals, and how they would have valued such material as this!

The ancients believed that wine drank from an amethyst cup lost the power to intoxicate. Perhaps that is the significance of the beautiful antique Venice flagon of amethyst with jewelled handle and foot, set with rubies and pearls, which is in the collection of Mrs. Auguste Belmont of New York. It stands, I should think, ten inches high, with sharply-curved lip and setting of old filigree silver, which with the wicked rubies flashing like serpent's eyes on the beaded brim, looks decidedly magical and savors of unholy art. But this substance is the amethyst quartz, or occidental amethyst, found in Ceylon, Arabia, and in Carthagen, Spain, which probably furnished the block from which this vase was cut, as we are told its amethyst was most beautiful, its purple reflections vying with the Oriental amethyst. The latter or true amethyst is a rare gem of superb lustre and warm violet color, the sacred stone worn in the signet ring of bishops and archbishops. Next to the emerald the hue of this jewel is most refreshing to the eye, but the color in gems of value is quite different from the common amethyst rings as you may imagine. A single Oriental amethyst in the crown jewels of France was valued at fifteen hundred dollars in our money; and as the finest diamond in America was lately offered for sale by a private owner at five thousand dollars you may judge of the comparative worth of the two stones. The finest amethysts to-day are engraved or carved, and worn as flat square rings, without diamonds.

The true topaz is another stone almost as rare as the perfect emerald, for the smoky topaz and the Montana topaz often seen are gems of the quartz family, not the alumina, or corundum, to which all the true stones of which I have spoken belong. Jewellers speak of the sapphire, ruby, emerald, amethyst and topaz as princely stones, ranking next the sovereign diamond.

LITERARY ALBUMS.

(Ways To Do Things.)

BY JEAN S. EMMONS.

MY children are having a happy time over their "Literary Album," and perhaps others may like to be told about making one. It was first thought of in our family last winter by reading a letter from a lady who wrote :

"I want you to realize what came to me to-day — rue planted in Anne Hathaway's garden, ivy from Kenilworth and Leicester's Tower, a spray from Warwick Castle, a sprig from Rugby schoolgrounds! What good times are in store for us making our Literary Albums!"

She is a literary woman, with foreign correspondents, and therefore is fortunate in opportunities for making a collection of such treasures. But, now that so many people travel in our own country, or go abroad, it is a very common thing to pluck a sprig or blossom when visiting the home or burial-place of some distinguished person, whether author or not. And any friend thus travelling would readily secure and press some little thing for a token, if asked. We had been favored in this way, as we took an interest in such things and were fond of such keepsakes; therefore, on reading the letter, my young people thought they would take the same method to put their souvenirs into a pretty shape for preservation.

Some friends in Europe had sent pressed flowers and leaves from several places, and the journeys of others about home had taken them to some noted spots, so that the small hoard now to be made use of had a few choice and highly-valued things.

The album was to be a partnership affair, and it was hoped that its contents would be increasing, so a good-sized book was bought, a scrap-book about ten by twelve, as being more useful in the long run, though a small one where there could be a whole page for a single specimen might look prettier. We had a good one in plain but handsome binding with white leaves, and its cost was one dollar. Mucilage was used

to secure the leaves or flowers, by just touching a little here and there, being careful that it should not show; and where there was a hard stem a tiny strip of paper was gummed across it. It was very dainty work to arrange them so as to have an artistic look.

One page was devoted to several ivy leaves; a small cluster from Abbotsford occupied the most conspicuous place; then came one leaf from Heidelberg Castle; and then one from the grave of Agassiz, and then one from Sunnyside; arranged so that each showed to advantage and the difference between the kinds could easily be noted. The German one was beautifully veined with white and had dark green and light green shadings; the Agassiz was our common English ivy, and that from Sir Walter Scott's home and that from Irving's (which came from an Abbotsford slip) were very different, small, and quite unlike in shape.

There were two generous and nicely-pressed sprigs of arbor vitæ which took one page; both from graves, that of Washington Irving and that of Dr. Channing. There were so many oak leaves that two or three pages were given to them; one handsome cluster was from Oak Knoll, another from the grave of Emerson, and a solitary one from that of Frances Sargent Osgood. There was also a laurel leaf from the wreath on the casket of Emerson's funeral, and there was a jonquil from the lyre of jonquils used at the same time; these, sent by an acquaintance who was one of the great philosopher's neighbors, are highly prized.

The Longfellow memorials are many, because every visitor had brought away something, like a blood-red woodbine leaf that had fallen at his gate when he used to pass in and out so often, and a spray of the lilac blossoms he was so fond of.

There was a pimpernel from Celia Thaxter's cliff-bound island home; a walnut leaf from

Emerson's, a twig of larch from Miss Alcott's, a fall aster from Thoreau's, and sweet clover from Hawthorne's birthplace. On one place was arranged some wormwood from the Pilgrims' burial-place at Plymouth, and another piece of the same bitter herb or weed from beside old Cotton Mather's tomb.

On another were several treasures, such as could not be replaced; a scalloped leaf from Stratford-on-Avon, a willow leaf from the grave of Bonaparte at St. Helena, a leaf from the Alhambra, and a fern that had been kept in Charles Sumner's Bible, doubtless placed there by his own hand, but given away after the book had passed into other ownership.

There was box from Mount Vernon, and there was a tiny bouquet arranged by Mrs. Frémont, and there were many mementos from many places; all pretty in themselves, and having value to the lover of such things from their associations.

It was a work of time to deftly place these, with an eye to showing them off well, and giving an artistic effect. But this was not all. My children made a study of every subject, place and person with whom the souvenir was associated. I had them gain all the information they could before going on to the next page, so that they could connect an author with the locality, and also they read any description of the place, or any poem or piece of prose writing that had anything to do with it. That could be done easily with some; Longfellow's sonnet "Good-Night," though it does not mention parting at the gate, does in truth refer to the midnights when he would follow Sumner out and go with him as far as that very gate where the woodbine leaf had fluttered down on an autumn afternoon; and Irving wrote two volumes about the Alhambra, one sketch being about the same garden where this leaf was plucked.

So that much literature was read and conversed about while the book was being made up. This was the way to fix things in the young memory; and then after all the search for facts these learners would not find themselves in positions where they would have to be ashamed of their ignorance of what intelligent persons ought to know — as I have seen older ones, so that one was ashamed of and for them

The souvenirs were placed on the right-hand pages only; and near each, just below, were written the few particulars necessary, with the date when known. In some cases also a few lines, or a verse, or passage, relating to it. This had to be done in nice penmanship, with great care against mistakes, as erasures would be a blemish; one of the girls wrote a beautiful and legible hand and to her lot fell this part.

It was proposed that selections in prose or verse having to do with the home or burial-place of the author be neatly pasted on the left-hand page, as appropriate reading matter to go with the little tokens, but as there was some doubt about the wisdom of this, seeing it would rather injure the appearance, it has not yet been done. And the present suggestion under consideration is that those pages be reserved for future use in this way: that all new incidents and reminiscences which come to our knowledge, or very interesting matter not new, be carefully written there in the young penwoman's very best script, so that while one page shows the leaves and flowers, the other will furnish pleasant reading of value.

A schoolmate of one of my young people intends to make such an album, and to double, yes, treble, its value by a picture arrangement which she is fortunate enough to be able to carry out. She has a friend who is a photographer, generous with his wares, and her purpose is to paste unmounted photographs of the places on the left-hand pages. In most instances these can be obtained; Sunnyside, Abbotsford, Emerson's house, Longfellow's, Whittier's at Oak Knoll, and the majority named herein.

Where this cannot be done, one *could* have photographs of the men and women themselves; or, better yet, as so many pupils of our public schools are taught drawing, it would be highly satisfactory to be able to make a pencil sketch of Abbotsford and other places.

And in default of doing any one of the above, there remains another very useful method of utilizing that page. Make out an accurate account of the author, the place and time of birth, name in full, important dates and events, and copy it there, so that it will be of service like a hand-book for reference, a dictionary or biography on a limited scale.

THE EGYPTIANS.

(Our Asiatic Cousins.)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

THERE is no bit of water in the world comparable in interest to the great river of Egypt; nor is there any nation, save the Jews, who have had so great an influence on the human race as our second cousins the Egyptians.

The Nile, one of the longest and oldest rivers in the world, teems with historic and sacred tradition as full of instruction to the mind as is the rich and oily clay, which the waters annually bring down with them, of fertilizing power to the soil. It flows for thousands of miles with many a deep curve through that narrow strip of land called Chemi, the Black Land, by the earliest settlers, El Kœbit, the Inundated Land, by the ancient Egyptians, Mizraim, the Border Land, by the Hebrews, Missr by the Arabs, and Ægyptus or Egypt by the ancient Greeks.

The Nile has been baptized anew by every nation that has dwelt on its banks. The ancient Persian invaders called it Neela Topâlâ, or the Blue Lotus River, from the myriad of blue lotus-flowers which once covered its surface. The Egyptians called it Hapiellau, Infinite Abyss. The Israelites, during those weary years of bondage, gave it the name Karab Wahayadi, Waters of Bitterness. The Nubians called it Bhar el Ahbiad, the White Waters. The Abyssinians named it Neel Abanchi, Father of Waters; and the Arabs in a still more poetical mood called it Neela-Shem, the Blue Mother; and in very truth this river with its annual rise and overflow is indeed the father and mother of old Egypt.

The mystery of the Nile's source has been a subject of endless inquiry; even the emperor Nero sent an expedition to explore its hidden springs. But Roman energy which conquered the known world failed to penetrate the Nile's secret fountains. Mohammed, the Moslem prophet, declared that the angel Gabriel nightly filled the Nile and so increased the number of buckets in the month of May as to flood the valley of Egypt; and this is still believed by many

devout Mohammedans. *We* know that the Nile flows from the great lakes Albert and Victoria Nyanza, and that its inundation in Egypt is due to the ten-months rain poured down from the clouds on the African equator, whence the true Nile forces its way through swamp and marsh-land, stealing amid a wild tangle of jungle grass, and tall papyri, now emerging into open glades covered with the red, white, and blue lotus, and anon confined between mountain cliffs, whence at length it comes leaping and thundering down the cataracts, racing like a giant, until it reaches the valley of Egypt to flood it with verdure, fertility and perennial beauty.

Old as the river of Egypt and of great fame as were the ancient Egyptians in their day, we know little as to who they were, whence they came, and how they are related to the peoples of Europe, Asia and America.

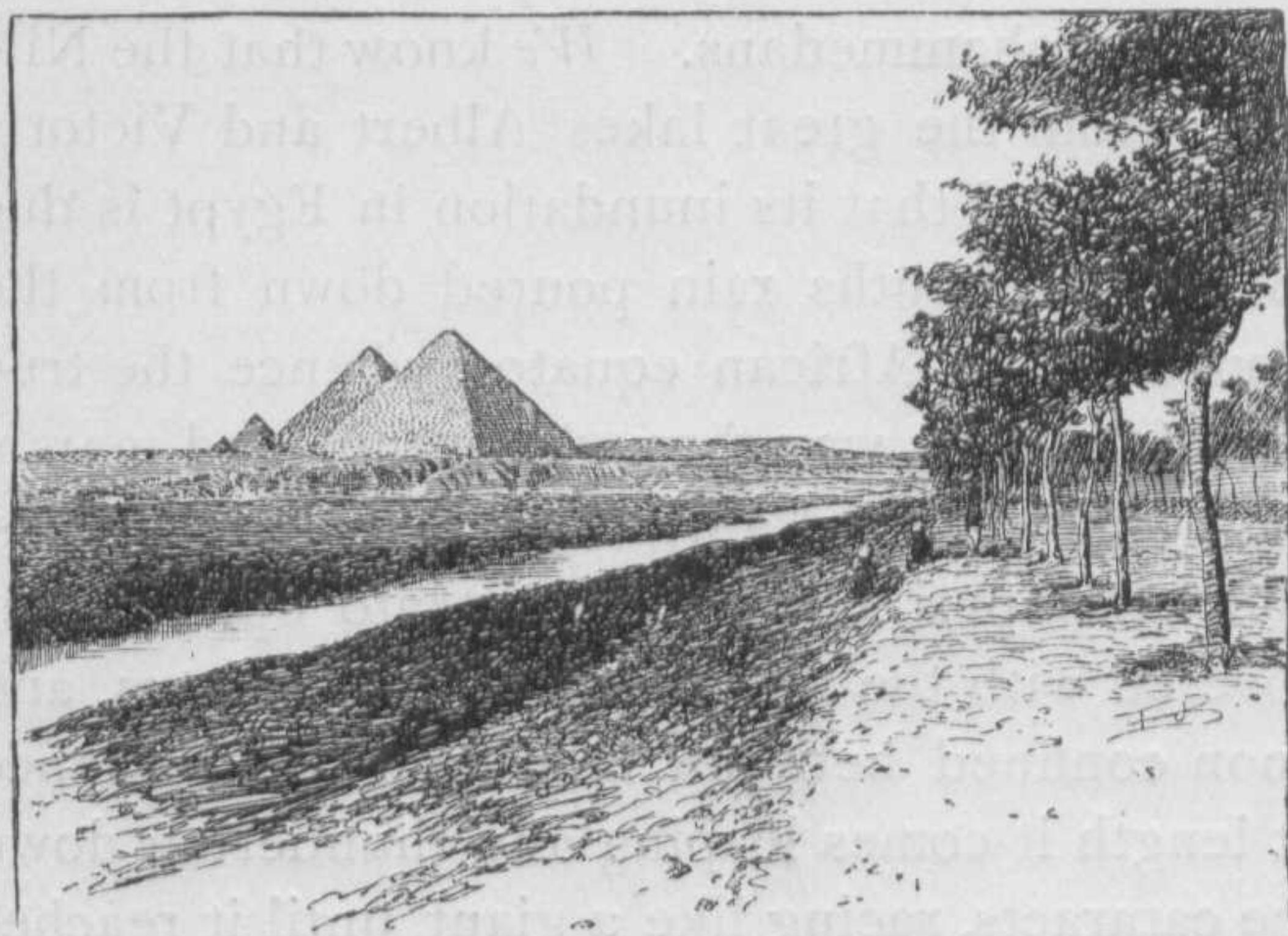
It is true that no history reaches so far back and is so trustworthy as that of ancient Egypt. It is found written in hieroglyphics on the sarcophagii and the winding-sheets of mummies over five thousand years old. Embalmed bulls, cats, hawks, beetles and crocodiles bear the same scroll and repeat the same story. On the stone monuments of Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, Soudan, Syria, Sinai may yet be seen, rudely scrawled on the everlasting rocks, mysterious records of the victories of the Pharaohs over the savage tribes of Africa. The great Rameses, the Pharaoh of the Bible, the oppressor of the Jews in Moses' time, is found and brought forth after a thousand years of oblivion in a secret pit at Thebes, and photographed, and we see him face to face, with his Bourbon nose, cruel eyes and massive jaws. The great Exploration Societies will leave little unfound that exists.

Nevertheless scholars are still undecided as to which branch of the human family the Egyptians belong.

All that can be affirmed is that a number of

the households which quitted the highlands of Central Asia—the cradle of the human race—must have crossed the deserts of Persia and Syria and settled in the beautiful valley of the Nile.

When this emigration took place it is impossible now to tell. But so far back as the time



ON THE NILE; THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.

of Menes, the founder of the Egyptian Empire, the valley of the Nile was occupied by a great number of tribes, quite distinct from the surrounding populations, which spoke more or less the same language and conformed to the same customs, laws, religious rites and ceremonies doubtless brought with them from the Asiatic fatherland.

The name Africa, from the words Afer and Afrit, the black or evil genii of Semitic mythology, was applied by the ancients only to the country south of Cape Bon. The rest of the Dark Continent was called Lybia from certain Aryan tribes which emigrated thither at a very remote period.

The other settlers of Africa are the descendants of Phut, the grandson of Ham, and are purely Turanian—that is to say non-Aryan; such as the Amalzigh of Morocco, the Kabyles of Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli, the Tiboos—those strange peoples found in the district between Fezzan and Egypt—the jet black Tuâriks in the Sahara, the Berbers, the Ethiopians, Nubians, Samaulees, with all the still more savage Troglodytes, or the Root-eaters, Twig, Seed, Locust, Elephant and Fish Eaters, as they are still called.

Until lately all these tribes were supposed to

be closely related to the highly-civilized, polished and learned Egyptian of classic history. But scientific research in the language and physiognomies of the ancient Egyptians (and comparison of these with the modern Copts who still preserve many of the characteristics of their ancestors) finds that the Egyptians closely resemble the Semitic and Aryan,* rather than the Negro type of the human family; while their language show unmistakable evidence of Semitic influence.

Menes, the Egyptian Charlemagne, seems to have been the first to inspire the peoples dwelling in the valley of the Nile with a sentiment of nationality. He founded Memphis or rather Manofre, the Abode of the Good, that wonderful city of the Pharaohs, now lying prostrate in the dust. It was well known to the Greeks of the Homeric age, as also was Thebes or Tapai, the Head, the No Ammon of Bible history with its gorgeous palaces, temples, tombs, and long avenues of symbolic sphinxes—“the hundred-gated city.”

The ancient Egyptian empire consisted of three fixed departments: the King, the Army, and the Priesthood.

The moment king and queen were crowned they were enshrined in the minds of their subjects as deities; the state umbrellas typical of their divine offices were borne over their heads by princes of the highest rank; the ostrich feather fans, symbolic of Truth and Justice, were carried on the right and left of the royal couple by high priests. Their daily life was a routine of religious and civil duties, often full of loveliness, devotion and self-sacrifice. Their own strict observance of the customs and obligations of the royal race was enforced by the high priests; hence the awe and reverence they inspired in their subjects, who adored them as perfect and just beings when living, and feared them as avenging spirits when dead.

No army in the ancient world was more severely disciplined than that of Egypt. The Egyptian soldier was at once a warrior and a farmer. After his morning drill in boxing, wrestling,

* Scholars are by no means agreed on this point. The learned Doctor Brugsch in his great work on the Egyptians affirms that in language as well as in race the ancient Egyptians are related partly to the Aryan, and partly to the Semitic races.

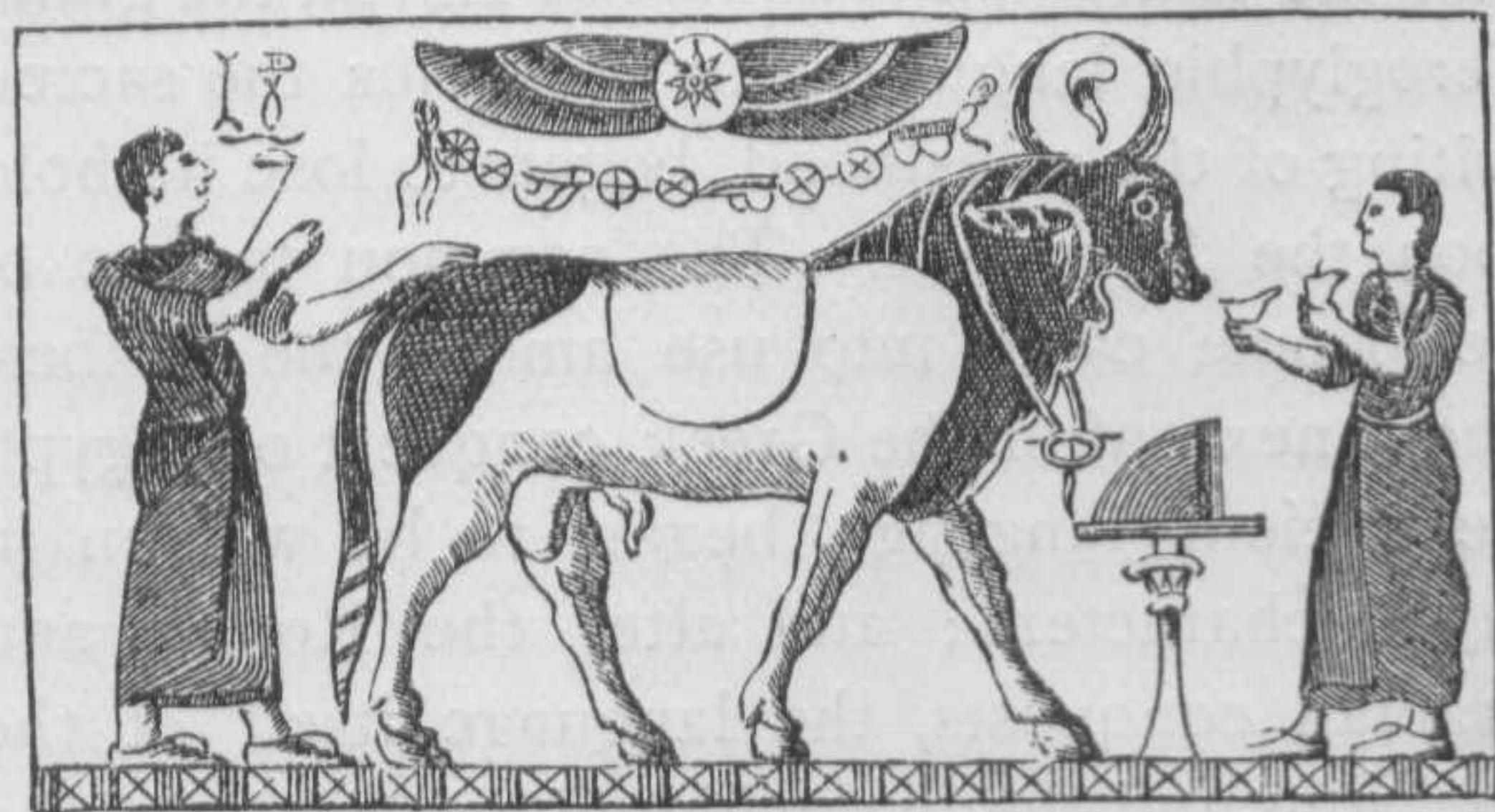
fighting and racing, he tilled the plot of land apportioned to him by the state wherewith to support himself and his family. From century to century the son followed the profession of his father. The power of this custom is seen to this day among the modern Copts, and it is evident that no other practice has survived so many thousands of years.

But the most awe-inspiring body in the state was that of the priesthood, those wise men of Egypt who said to Solon the greatest of Grecian lawgivers, "You Greeks are but children." They were the backbone of Old Egypt; the force which for a time fostered national virtue, intelligence, justice and truth. They were the historians, poets, lawmakers, chroniclers of sacred events, the architects, engineers, engravers, and the embalmers of the dead. They taught the arts and sciences of their day; directed the building of temples, palaces and pyramids, executed the wonderful paintings on glass and pottery, the enamelling on gold, silver and copper, they were the overseers of the linen and other manufacturies, and even superintended the quarries between the cataracts of the Nile. They filled all those posts in the army, navy and royal household which required the knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic. Every officer in the army was attended by a young priest-scribe with a papyrus roll in his hand and a reed pen behind his ear. It was the priests who measured the waters of the Nile, who foretold good harvests or famine, laid down specific rules for agriculture, medicine, geometry, astrology and astronomy. They superscribed the winding-sheets of the embalmed king and "established him for eternity," and the record bore the name and year of the reigning high priest. They too summoned each soul after death to appear before the priesthood-tribunal; a tribunal which claimed the absolute power of admitting a soul into paradise or dooming it to eternal punishment.

This priestly ceremony was the Egyptian "trial of the dead." When the corpse was brought back embalmed from the temple it was placed in a sarcophagus of wood or stone, then into a sledge, and drawn by oxen to the sacred lake, followed by friends and relatives wailing, beating their breasts and throwing dust upon their heads. On the right bank of the lake sat the judges of

the dead, in their white robes with crooks and mitred hats. All around gathered a great and eager multitude. A canoe with the dread ferryman floated on the water. Sacred scribes, ready to record on the breast of the dead the final verdict, sat in grim silence behind the austere judges.

At a signal, a dread silence fell upon the multitude. The weeping friends and relatives pressed nearer with beating hearts. The face of the dead was disclosed. The chief judge arose and read with trumpet-like voice certain words from the "Book of the Dead." Then every act, public or private, of the dead man's life was laid bare; every deed discussed, every sin and every virtue examined by that august tribunal. The verdict was pronounced. If guilty it was heard amid the shrieks of the friends and relatives and the body was denied sepulture among the righteous dead and cast out with scorn into eternal condemnation. If not guilty, a pair of scales were held up by the chief judge, and the worth of the soul was weighed against an ostrich feather of more or less perfection. At sight of the scales the friends broke forth into exulting shouts and the crowd chanted praises of the righteous dead. Then the scribes wrapped the body in its resurrection-robes, inscribed on its breast the symbols of truth and



THE APIS OR SACRED BULL OF EGYPT, WITH PRIESTS OFFERING SACRIFICE. (From the *Mensa Isiaca*.)

purity, and below these the significant words, "*I have not shortened the measure.*"* Amid pæans of joy the sarcophagus was laid in the canoe, the silent ferryman plied his oar, and at length the body was committed to the tomb of the just to await its resurrection.

* As Egypt was a wheat-growing country, a full measure of wheat symbolized the idea of a perfectly just and righteous man; hence the words, "*I have not shortened the measure,*" was inscribed at death on the body of every good man.

The family vault of the Egyptian was his picture-gallery; thus the portraits, manners and customs of this singular people have been preserved intact through centuries. These strange pictures have a mournful pathos in their present desolation and decay. Equally strange and suggestive was their hieroglyphic or picture-writing; every picture represented an idea, a symbol and a sound; for example, the ostrich feather stood for the idea of truth, for the symbol of justice, and for the sound of the vowel "i." The hawk typified penetration. On the breast of the mummy it symbolized immortality, and it served for the word *bai*, soul. In every family vault and on the breast of every mummy, the symbol of immortality is seen in the form of a hawk.

The ox and beetle received the highest honors. Apis, the black bull of Egypt, showed marks, spots and colors on his person which were regarded as messages from the deity. The birth of a black calf with a white mark on his forehead, a crescent on his right side, white rings round his eyes and a tail tipped off with white—like the finding of a white elephant in Siam—was welcomed as a special blessing from Heaven. It was installed with great pomp as an oracle in the temple at Memphis; and the man in whose flock it was found was enriched for life.

Seven hundred years B. C. and immediately after the Ethiopian conquest of Egypt, the grand hieroglyphic language, for centuries the sacred writing of the priesthood, began to lose its hold upon the Egyptians. The common tongue of the people came into use among the scribes. Then, next, after the Greek conquest of Egypt, the ancient language began to be written in Greek characters; and after the Roman and Arabian conquests, the language itself of the Pharaohs and the pyramid-builders ceased to be spoken, and now it is heard only as is the Latin, in the services of the Coptic Christian church.

From being the first power, from being the university of the whole world, the name of the modern Copt is now hardly heard out of the city of Cairo, and the land itself is the scene of endless strife, rapine, murder and death; and the Christian Copts, descendants of those converted in the early Apostolic days by St. Mark, branded as criminals, oppressed with heavy taxation, and compelled to wear a distinctive dress,

one by one prefer to change their religion rather than adopt a dress which marks them as one of a subjugated race, until now they comprise less than one fourteenth of the whole population of Egypt; and every year by marriage or by conversion to Mohammedanism they are being absorbed into the Moslem peoples of Egypt.

Among the better classes of the Copts boys only are sent to school, where the Arabic language is taught. The girls are taught at home and only such duties as will fit them to do the ordinary housework.* Reading, writing, arithmetic, the accomplishments of dancing, singing and playing on musical instruments are never taught save to the actresses and dancing girls of Egypt. These are divided into two classes called the *Almeh* and the *Ghawazie*. The former are without doubt the representatives of the priestesses of ancient Egypt. A winding-cloth around the mummy of Rameses III. bore record that it was the gift of "The Lady Songstress of Amen Ra, King of the Gods, Tait-aat-Maut, daughter of the First Prophet of Amen, Piankhi." The *Almeh* must have a good knowledge of the Arabic language, of the rules of poetry and music, and be able to compose and sing, in a sweet melodious voice, impromptu verses at marriage and funeral ceremonies. The *Ghawazie*, on the other hand, seems to belong to the Asiatic gypsy race. They have not the same pains bestowed on their education. They are seen in the streets of large cities, acting and dancing for the entertainment of the people generally, either in open air or in tents.

Women, among the ancient Egyptians, were treated with the highest respect. They joined their husbands in ruling the state, in sacrificing to the gods, and were often united at death in the same tomb; whereas to-day a girl among the Copts is regarded as a mere chattel. She is bought, sold, or given in marriage with no right of choice or refusal.

At the age of eighteen the parents of a young Copt man invite some friend to report on the character, charms and possessions of a certain maiden. Astrology is then called in, and the horoscope of each being propitious, various cere-

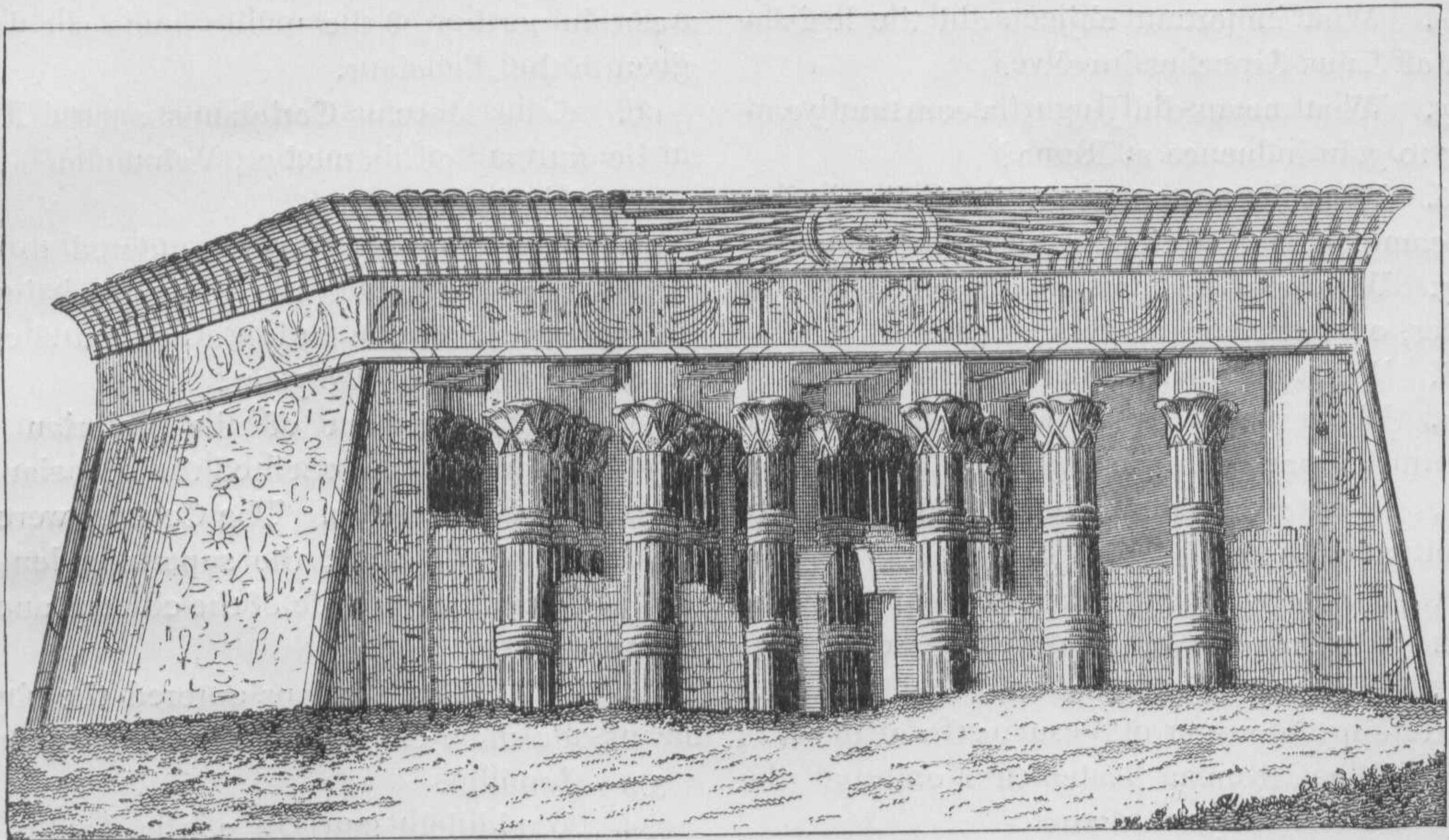
* There are now a few girls' schools in Egypt, and that they receive the support of one of the wives of the Khedive is a most hopeful sign.

monies trivial in themselves, but held vital to a true betrothal, take place.

The first rite is to send to the maiden a small Coptic cake made of honey and flour. If this be accepted, the young man bears in person presents called "Sugary Wooing." Having reached the threshold, he leaps off his horse and treads on her door steps seven times. The maiden's mother, who has been looking out for him, now appears and blindfolds him, then slips on his finger an enchanted ring, into his hand a charmed purse containing no less than six

ridiculous ceremonies; one is to slap her seven times on the back to expel all evil spirits. Next morning, covered with talismans, jewels, and veiled from head to foot, she is conducted in procession to her future home. Here the bridegroom, gorgeously attired and also veiled, receives her at the threshold which has previously been sprinkled with the blood of a lamb.

The young couple then stand side by side. The priest chants a hymn, then removing their veils he crowns them with gilt crowns, symbolizing the dignity of the married state. He next



THE TEMPLE OF ESNAÏ, THE ANCIENT LATOPOLIS, IN UPPER EGYPT.

(Converted by the Arabs into an hovel for cattle. This Temple forms an oblong square, closed on three sides, but open in front. The columns, fluted like those in the Indian Temples, have capitals ornamented with palm leaves, and are supposed to have given the Greeks the first idea of the Corinthian Order.)

magical talismans, against the evil eye, skin diseases, early death and poverty, and one of the talismans is to obliterate all his wrong doing, so at the last to defeat by magic the judge of the quick and the dead.

The happy possessor of these talismans is now conducted into the home and partakes of a meal with the family, where he meets for the first time his future wife, who is seated by his side closely veiled. She is not allowed to speak to him, but they are permitted to interchange a pinch of salt.

On the evening of the wedding a Coptic priest exorcises the young maiden by means of various

exchanges their rings, perfumes them with incense, and finally concludes with prayers and admonitions to be as loving and faithful as Abraham and his wife Sarai. At this moment a pair of doves, to whose wings little bells are attached, are let loose to fly about the room, and then are caught amid much laughter and enclosed in a ball of candied sugar; the first is to typify their search for a true mate, and the second of their union. At the close of the feast that follows, the ball is opened, the birds are set free with injunctions from all present to bear to the man and wife on all occasions of strife the olive branch of peace and good-will.

FROM FALL OF THE GRACCHI TO POMPEY'S DEATH.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

61. What Spanish town furnished a surname to a famous Roman Consul?
62. What caused the first Servile War?
63. What was the most important act in the life of Tiberius Gracchus?
64. What important objects did the legislation of Caius Gracchus involve?
65. What means did Jugurtha constantly employ to gain influence at Rome?
66. What important event in Sicily during the campaigns of Marius against the Cimbri?
67. Who was the most noted leader of the nobles, or patricians, at this period?
68. What occasioned the first Civil War?
69. What noted leader was once forced to hide in the marshes near the river Liris?
70. What event stimulated the Athenians to revolt from Rome?
71. For whom was the Dictatorship revived?
72. What was the design of the *Leges Corneliae*?
73. What noted insurrectionist had his headquarters in the crater of Vesuvius for a time?
74. What Roman leader first entered the Holy of Holies at Jerusalem?
75. What great king took poison to prevent his capture by the Romans, but this not proving fatal caused one of his soldiers to kill him?
76. What conspiracy was defeated by Cicero?
77. Mention the principal event in each of the eight campaigns of Cæsar in Gaul.
78. What signal defeat did the Roman arms sustain in 53 B. C.?
79. What was the most important result of the battle of Pharsalia?
80. What famous leader commanded at Utica? How did he die?
23. In 494 B. C. the Plebeians withdrew to a hill near the junction of the Arno and the Tiber to found a new town.
24. Menenius Agrippa.
25. Spurius Cassius. This law declared that a certain portion of the public lands should be given to the Plebeians.
26. Caius Marcius Coriolanus, spared Rome at the entreaty of his mother, Volumnia.
27. Cincinnatus.
28. The Æquian army surrendered to Cincinnatus, passed under the yoke consisting of two upright spears supporting a horizontal one.
29. A little over two years.
30. The enactment of the Valerian and Horatian laws which benefited the Plebeians.
31. The Censorship. The Censors were the financiers of the state, the superintendents of the public and private life of the citizens and the census-takers.
32. Veii. The Romans entered the city by means of a mine constructed by their leader.
33. Camillus.
34. A midnight surprise of the Capitol was discovered by the cackling of sacred geese kept in the temple of Juno.
35. Marcus Manlius, thrown from the Tarpeian Rock by the decree of the Patricians.
36. A Lex was an *established* law, a Rogation simply a *proposed* one.
37. To give the Plebeians a share in the political power, to relieve them from their financial troubles and to remove from the Patricians the exclusive right to the public lands.
38. The Pubilian Laws which gave further power to the Plebeians.
39. The long struggle between the Patricians and the Plebeians.
40. The admission of the Plebeians to the Senate and that all Roman citizens were equal in the eye of the law to rights and duties.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

21. An assembly of Patricians and Plebeians.
22. As illegal.



CHARLES PERRAULT.

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

THE iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy," writes the delightful old physician, Sir Thomas Browne, in a famous passage which I trust you all know; and it often happens that the deeds in a man's life which seem to him the most important are exactly the ones that posterity deems least worthy of its attention. It has happened over and over again in the annals of literature that some piece of labored writing respecting which the author has been unduly proud has failed to pass the terrible winnowing of time, while some literary trifle, the sport of his leisure hours, is all that preserves his name in another age. But for one little work upon which he placed but slight value it is more than probable that the great Frenchman, Perrault, would be a name to us of this century and nothing more.

Charles Perrault was born at Paris, January 12, 1628, and was the youngest child of Pierre Perrault, an eminent Parisian barrister of that period. The Perraults seem to have taken an active share in the education of their children and in his *memoirs* the son writes in regard to this:

"My mother taught me to read, after which I was sent to the College de Beauvais at the age of eight years and a half. My father took the trouble to make me repeat my lessons in the evening, and obliged me to tell him in Latin the substance of these lessons."

A rather trying ordeal for so young a lad. He seems in his schooldays to have been fond of making verses and even more fond of argumentative philosophy. We are told of him that vacation seemed to him just so much time lost;

but about this point I am somewhat doubtful. A quarrel with his master resulted in his leaving college but he continued his studies, and with a friend of his own age read continually.

In 1651 he went with two of his friends to Orleans to procure licenses to practice law, fearing the stricter requirements of the law-schools at Paris. Although it was late at night when they arrived the notion seized them that they must be examined that evening. Accordingly they managed to arouse those learned Doctors of the Law who hastily put on their law-gowns over their night-clothes and went into the amphitheatre. A solitary candle flickered on a stand in the great apartment and furnished but a feeble defence against the gloom and shadows of the place. The three doctors seem to have cared more for their fees than for the honor of their profession, and the replies of the young men to the questions put them were approved of although they seem often to have been very wide of the mark. While the examination was going on the valet of the would-be advocates was counting out the amount of the fees, a proceeding which no doubt stimulated the examiners to pronounce a favorable verdict.

In 1654 Pierre Perrault became receiver-general at Paris and made Charles his clerk. Nine years later the younger Perrault became the secretary of Colbert, the Prime Minister of Louis XIV. In the exercise of this office he exerted no little influence upon the mind of Colbert and secondarily upon Louis himself. Perrault was chosen by Colbert Secretary of the French Academy, then numbering but a few men of letters, and through Perrault's influence the

Academy of Sciences was established. He was rapidly advanced in the favor of Colbert and being appointed Comptroller-General of the royal buildings he was enabled to procure for his older brother Claude the honor of furnishing the designs for the completion of the Louvre. Among the competing architects were Poussin and Bernini, whose chief work is the famous colonnade of St. Peter at Rome; but the skill and diplomacy of Colbert and Perrault triumphed and to Claude Perrault was committed the important work, the completion of which marks an important era in French architecture. The influence of the younger Perrault was also strong enough to procure for Claude the construction of the Observatory of Paris and the completion of the decorations of La Place du Tröni. Many of the adornments of the park at Versailles are the work of Claude Perrault whose genius, however, might have languished in obscurity but for the power of his brother Charles, his junior by many years. To Charles Perrault, too, is due the admission of the public to the gardens of the palace of the Tuileries. Even the enlightened Colbert thought they should be kept sacred to the use of royalty, but Perrault felt differently. He was a man of wide sympathies and considered as well as understood something of what was needed by those beneath him in rank and station.

"I am persuaded," he said very simply, but at the same time very beautifully, "that the gardens of kings are so large and spacious only that *all* their children may be able to walk in them."

His feeling in the matter was so strong that he overcame Colbert's opposition, and the king's garden became the garden of the king's people. Colbert perhaps never fully understood his secretary's anxiety on this point and doubtless Perrault's contemporaries considered it an idle if not an unwise proceeding; but it seems to us of this later day to be verily one of those actions of the just which

"Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

In 1671 Perrault was formally admitted to membership in the French Academy and he contributed materially to the brilliancy and prosperity of that body, into which he intro-

duced from time to time many needful reforms in its management and customs.

The death of Colbert in 1683 closed Perrault's official career and he retired to private life and for a time devoted himself to the education of his sons. The leisure which he may have vainly coveted in his public life was now given to literary pursuits and he produced about this period his *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, *Siècle de Louis le Grande*, *Histoire des Hommes Illustres des Siècle de Louis XIV*, *Apologie des Femmes* and several lesser works.

The publication of the first two of these resulted in a prolonged literary war between Perrault and his fellow academician, Despréaux, in which the advantage of learning seems to have been on the side of the latter, but in wit and good-nature Perrault was decidedly the superior of his antagonist. How little real enmity Perrault felt in the matter is shown in the general good temper of his replies. After a long period, so long indeed that the two adversaries had almost forgotten the original point at issue and their friends were heartily weary of the dispute a reconciliation was effected greatly to the relief of the literary mind of the period. The dust of this conflict has settled undisturbed for two centuries and the works which occasioned it lie unread and unopened on library shelves. Despréaux is noted for little else than his part in this long-past quarrel and Perrault, instead of being remembered for the works he labored so hard to defend, is honored now for very different reasons. As the author of the *Hommes Illustres* or the *Parallèles* he is interesting only to the literary antiquarian; as the author of the immortal *Contes des Fées*, or *Fairy Tales*, his memory should be dear to every child who has trembled over the impending fate of *Red Riding Hood*, laughed over the adventures of the redoubtable *Puss in Boots*, or followed with breathless interest the story of *Cinderella* from the chimney corner to the trying on of the slipper.

It must not be understood that Perrault was the inventor of these famous tales, which in various forms had existed from earliest times, as we have already had occasion to notice in the case of *Cinderella*. But to him is due the glory of giving to these popular legends and nursery tales permanent form. From the vague

and variable folk-tales which they had been till his time, they became at his touch the real, living stories which we know. Three of these fairy tales, *Peaud'fue*, *Les Souhairs Ridicules*, and the story of Griselidis were written in verse and these are the least meritorious. One of these, *Les Souhairs Ridicules*, or *The Ridiculous Wishes*, contains a moral the application of which is well worth heeding at all times. Briefly its events are as follows :

"A wood-cutter, tired of his painful life, was one day complaining that cruel heaven had never granted one of his desires, when Jupiter appeared to him and promised to gratify his first three wishes whatever they might be. The delighted man hastened to communicate this good news to his wife, and they agreed that he must not be hasty, but defer his first wish until the morrow. However, seated before a good fire, enjoying the sweets of repose, he thoughtlessly wished for an ell of sausage to accompany the wine he was drinking. Scarcely was the wish expressed when his wife perceived an immensely long sausage meandering towards her from the chimney corner. Vexed with her husband's stupidity, she commenced a violent tirade against him: 'When you might obtain an empire, gold, pearls, rubies and diamonds, is it a *sausage* that you should desire?'

"The husband, though meekly confessing his wrong, was on the verge of wishing himself a *widower*. At last, exasperated by the continued scolding of his wife, he cried: 'Would to heaven, abominable creature, the sausage were hung at the end of thy nose!'

"This prayer was answered. The sausage immediately attached itself to the nose of the irritated wife. This ornament did not add to her beauty, but, hanging before her mouth, it prevented her from speaking with ease, an advantage so great that for a happy moment the husband thought of wishing nothing further. 'I might,' thought he, 'with one leap, become a king; but then, how the queen would look on the throne with a nose an ell long! I must let her decide whether she will be a queen with the horrible nose she now has, or remain a woodman's wife with the one she formerly had.'

"Of course she chose the latter. So the poor man did not become a grand potentate, nor fill his purse with gold, too happy to employ his only remaining wish in restoring his wife to her former state."

The prose tales, *La Belle au Bois Dormant*, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, *La Barbe-Bleu*, *Le Chat Botté*, *Les Feés*, *Cendrillon*, *Riquet à la Houppe*, and *Le Petit Poucet* are told in a style which is a model for careless grace and felicity. They were written by him with little thought that they would constitute his greatest claim to remembrance; but such as they are, the amusement of

his lighter hours, these delightful little romances are immortal. One of these prose tales, *Les Feés*, may possibly be new to some readers, at least in the manner in which Perrault tells it.

"There was once a widow who had two daughters; the elder resembled her so much in disposition and looks that whoever saw her saw the mother. They were both so disagreeable and proud that no one could live with them. The younger, who was the real portrait of her father as to gentleness and goodness was, besides, one of the most beautiful girls that one could see. As one naturally likes what resembles himself (*loves his like*) this mother was exceedingly fond of her elder daughter, and at the same time had a great aversion to the younger and made her eat in the kitchen and work incessantly.

"Among other things, this poor child was obliged to go twice a day, a full half league from the house to get a large pitcher of water. One day when she was at the fountain there came to her a poor woman who begged her for a drink of water.

"'Yes, indeed, my good mother,' said this fair maid; and immediately rinsing her pitcher, she filled it at the clearest part of the fountain and presented it to her, supporting the pitcher that she might drink more easily.

"The good woman, having drunk, said to her: 'You are so handsome, so good and so obliging that I must make you a gift;' for she was a fairy who had taken the form of a poor village woman, in order to see how far the civility of this young girl would go. 'This is my gift to you,' continued the fairy; 'with each word you speak there will come from your mouth a flower, or a precious stone.'

"When the beautiful girl reached home, her mother scolded her for returning so late from the spring.

"'I ask your pardon, my mother,' said the poor girl, 'for having delayed so long'; upon saying these words there came from her mouth two roses, two pearls and two great diamonds.

"What do I see!' said her mother in astonishment; 'I think pearls and diamonds are coming from her mouth. How is this, my daughter?' (This was the first time that she had called her her daughter.) The poor child related all that had happened to her, the words being accompanied by a shower of diamonds.

"'Truly,' said the mother, 'I must send my *daughter* there. Here, Fanchon, see what comes from the mouth of your sister when she speaks; wouldn't you be very glad to have the same gift? You have only to go to the spring for water and when a poor woman asks you for a drink give her some very civilly.'

"'It would be fine to see me going to the spring,' replied the rude girl.

"'You *must* go,' replied the mother, 'and immediately, too.'

"Fanchon went, taking with her the finest silver flask in the house, but grumbling all the way. She had no sooner reached the spring than she saw emerging from the woods a lady magnificently clothed, who came to her and asked for a drink. It was the same fairy that had

appeared to her sister, but who had assumed the manner and the garb of a princess in order to see how far the incivility of this girl would extend.

"Have I come here," said the proud creature, "to give you a drink! I have brought a silver flask expressly to give Madam a drink, have I? I think so indeed! Well! drink from it if you wish."

"You are not very civil," replied the fairy, without becoming angry. "Since you are so disobliging, this is my gift to you; every time that you speak, a serpent or a toad will come from your mouth."

"As soon as her mother perceived her, she cried out: Well! my daughter!"

"Well! my mother!" replied the surly one, throwing out two vipers and two toads.

"O heavens!" exclaimed her mother, "what do I see there? It is her sister who is the cause of it. She shall pay for it;" and she ran to beat her but the poor child fled and took refuge in a neighboring forest.

"The king's son, who was returning from the chase, met her and seeing how beautiful she was, asked her what she was doing there all alone and why she was weeping.

"Alas! sir, my mother has driven me from my home."

"The king's son, who saw five or six pearls and as many diamonds issuing from her mouth, begged her to tell him the cause of it. Then she related to him her whole adventure. The prince fell in love with her; and, considering that such a gift was worth more than the dowry that any other could bring him, he took her to the palace of his father, where he married her.

"As for her sister, she made herself so detested, that her own mother sent her away, and the unhappy girl after

wandering about without finding any one who would receive her, went to die in the corner of a wood."

Perrault died May 16, 1703, regretted by the nation at large. During his life he was the object of much enmity, but even his bitterest opponents never considered him other than an upright, honest man. He must have been a rare man of which an adversary could write thus:

"He possessed all the qualities which form the good and honest man: he was full of piety, probity and virtue; he was refined, modest, obliging, faithful to all the duties demanded by natural and acquired ties; and, in an important post under one of the greatest ministers which France has ever had and who honored him with his confidence, he never used his favor for his private fortune but always employed it for his friends."

It is pleasant to know that this writer to whom we owe so many delightful hours in childhood was a man in every respect so far above reproach in all the relations of life. Of another great Frenchman, his contemporary, to whom we likewise owe a debt of gratitude, we shall hear a vastly different story. But in the *writer* Perrault we can honor the *man* as well.

THE TWO NYMPHS.

(A Fable.)

BY JOEL BENTON.

TWO nymphs who in the woods reside,
And pass by turns from place to place,
Had once a question to decide
And chose a fox to judge the case.

One of the nymphs "Good Luck" we call,
"Ill Luck" stands for the other's name;
And when events of fate befall
One has the praise and one the blame.

Now each was vain and thought that she
Had, without doubt, the fairest face,
So bringing to the fox their plea,
He played the judge with tact and grace.

For, said the fox, "I cannot tell
Your separate charms until I know
How well you walk — indeed, how well
You forward step and backward go."

And so they ran the country round,
Now they were there, and now were here;
The wily fox looked most profound —
(Here fell a smile and there a tear.)

Facing "Good Luck" he said at last:
"When you *arrive* your charms we know;"
Then with his eyes on "Ill Luck" cast
Said: "Yours are greatest *when you go*!"

THE PHŒNICIANS, THE RUDDY-SKINNED MEN.

(Our Asiatic Cousins.)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

WE come now to a remarkable branch of our Asiatic kindred, the Semitic races — the Phœnicians, Jews and Arabs.

Emerging thousands of years ago from the prehistoric darkness, these three peoples, each in turn, became the greatest of historic races. They are closely related to one another, being no less than first-cousins. They share common laws, customs, manners, languages, and noble treasures of legend, song, and tradition.

It is true that the race-relations of the Phœnicians have been a subject of debate among ethnological scholars. In the tenth chapter of Genesis, Sidon, the first-born of Canaan, is classed with the Hamitic or Turanian races; but late research into the language of the races shows a close connection between the Phœnicians, Jews, and Arabs. We are driven to accept the Biblical narrative as being arranged not on an ethnical, but on a geographical distribution of the races; for beyond that one statement there is no difficulty in tracing the close relationship of the three.

The first to appear on the scene is the Phœnician,* a naval and commercial people.

Second, came the Jews, a people so grand and spiritual that it would be impossible to realize in their early simple patriarchal life the glorious future, the higher intellectual and spiritual existence opened to the human race in the life and death of Jesus the Messiah of the Jews.

Third, arrived the Arab, the most warlike of the three, who under his leader Mohammed overran Arabia, Egypt, Syria, Babylonia, Persia, India, and Spain, and thundered at the gates of Europe to be hurled back with equal ardor and impetuosity by Mediæval heroes and saints.

In the dawn of history, when the blue and sun-

lit waters of the Mediterranean Sea lay silent, when no ships floated on its surface, when no cities animated the solitudes of its tideless shores, when no living creature save beasts and wild birds inhabited its coasts, a keen, thrifty, industrious tribe of Semitic people, the young and adventurous descendants of a still earlier colony, had settled the plains near the Persian Gulf, calling themselves Khe'na'an, dwellers-of-the-plain. Thence, driven hard by fresh hordes of nomadic tribes, they came across the mountains of Lebanon and took possession of that narrow strip of land, shut off by itself, between those mountains and the Mediterranean Sea.

Under the tread of this tribe of ruddy-skinned men that desolate shore awoke to activity and beauty. They sowed fields, cultivated fruits, built dwellings. But their highway was not on land. No region could contain them. Having invented the fishing-line and the net, they hollowed out the trunks of trees into canoes; the next step was to build ships with keels out of the great cedars of Lebanon and to sheathe them with copper which they had discovered in the Lebanon mountains.* From those summits, they no sooner saw the fair and lovely island of Cyprus than they sailed across and took possession of it, as well as of Crete. Here they found pitch, timber, copper, and hemp, in fact every requisite for ship-building. Thenceforward they were a restless people, but wandering shepherds, and tillers of the soil no longer; rather fishermen, pirates, traders, manufacturers and merchant-princes.

The discovery of a tiny shell-fish, the *Purpura Murex*, which, when crushed gives out a viscid juice of a dark reddish blue color, proved a source of wealth to these settlers on the Mediterranean.

* The name Phœnician was given to this race by the Greeks; not, as it has been often stated, from the Greek word *Phœnix*, a land of palms, applied to Syria and its inhabitants, but from the Greek word *Phoinos*, Blood-Red Men, owing to the rich dark complexion of the race.

* Xenophon in his *Œconomics*, speaks of going down to Corinth to see the big Phœnician ships just as we should speak of visiting a shipyard; remarking on the extreme neatness and tidiness of the internal arrangements — every thing was stowed away in the smallest possible space and ready to hand.

They trained divers, and even pointer-dogs, to collect this shell-fish. They built factories wherever the precious creature abounded, and when they had perfected the "Tyrian dyes," they got wool from the wandering shepherd tribes, manufactured it into stuffs and dyed them in deep purples. With these rich new goods they sailed along the coast of Egypt and Africa, landing and encamping to sell to the natives, or to exchange for such native products as took their fancy.

On one of these trading voyages, wrecked off the sandy coast of Africa, they accidentally made another surprising discovery—the process of glass-making. On their return home they set about manufacturing glass, which they soon contrived to color by means of their dyes; glass beads, bottles, bangles and vases were added to their stock of merchandise. Becoming more adventurous they quitted the land-locked waters of the Mediterranean and sailed out through those ancient pillars of Hercules, which they named after two giants of Phœnician mythology, Calpe and Alipe—one of these names being still preserved, but Anglicized into "Apes' Hill." Here they beheld—an awful sight to these primitive sailors—the rushing of the mighty Atlantic tides into that narrow opening. Steering to the left they went to Morocco for ivory and gold-dust; on the right they came on through the foaming waters to the British Isles. Here they landed, pitched their goatskin tents, displayed their merchandise of purple stuffs, toys, colored glass trinkets, and ornaments in gold, silver, copper and ivory. They lighted huge fires, to attract our half-naked, woad-painted savage ancestors. What sights did not these bravest and earliest of civilizers witness among the ancient dwellers of Northern Europe! The life, the manners, the customs, the religious rites, the amusements of those strange peoples! What comparisons did they not draw between the huts of Britain and Gaul and their own magnificent cities of Tyre and Sidon; between Egypt and its great river, its pyramids and obelisks, its tropic heats, and the ice, snow, frost, keen winds and desolate wastes of the North!

They opened a brisk trade in tin with the Damnonii and the Cassiterides, the savage inhabitants of stormy Cornwall. Thence they

visited the ice-creeks of the Baltic Sea and procured from the gatherers in the mud along its banks, that precious thing, "amber," then in great demand for ear and finger rings, talismanic charms, necklaces, cups, goblets, and lockets. They even penetrated to the China seas and exchanged their purples and metals for the gayer fabrics of the Celestial Empire.

All this we know; but the exact date of these astonishing voyages we have as yet no means of ascertaining.

The bronze vessels in Nimrod's palace were of Phœnician manufacture. The pearls mentioned in the Book of Job were brought from the Persian Gulf by the same adventurous people. The frankincense burned in profusion on the Assyrian altars, the camphor, the honey, beeswax, and cinnamon used by the Jews from the time of the Exodus, the sandal wood, the spices of Malabar and Ceylon, the nutmegs of Malacca, the muslins and shawls of Hindostan, the cloth-of-gold from Benares, India-lacca, raw cotton, ebony, peacock feathers and elephant tusks (which even in the Hebrew tongue preserve to this day their Aryan names) were bought from one part of the world and sold to the other by these early ruddy-skinned seafarers. They brought to the luxurious kings of India and to the pleasure-loving Greeks, the palm and grape wines of Syria in decanters of exquisitely painted glass.

Agadir, now Cadiz, in Spain, was long a flourishing colony of the Phœnicians, and close by was Tartessus, the Tarshish of Holy Scripture, rich in iron, tin, lead and silver. The Phœnician settlement of Tarshish is mentioned by Ezekiel, and the prophet Isaiah speaks of it as one of the finest colonies of Tyre and Sidon.

On land the Phœnician caravans traversed the deserts, with camels for ships and the Bedouins for pilots. We find their merchants everywhere; in Persepolis, Babylon, Memphis, Palmyra on the confines of the great desert, in Petra in Arabia, and even at Gerrah, that curious old city on the rainless shores of the Persian Gulf, built of rock salt and kept in repair by the application of salt and water. Malta and Sardinia were their great naval stations. So the Phœnician cities, Tyre and Sidon, became the centre of all the industry and commerce of the world.

Even before the siege of Troy, nearly five hundred years before Homer, Joshua 1444 B. C. speaks of the great Sidon as one of the most powerful cities of his day.

Thus we see that narrow tract, that bare belt of sand, smaller than the smallest of New England States, varying in breadth from one to twenty miles, and about one hundred and fifty in length, converted into a fruitful garden, terraced upon the hills, and laid out in vineyards, orchards and plantations, and sending out a race of powerful civilizers.

The early Greek poets, especially Nonus, sang the praises of Tyre, in glowing verse :

"The gleaming terraced hills, the treasure-laden temples, the marble palaces, the beautiful nut-brown Phœnician maidens, the ruddy-skinned stalwart youths, the splendor of the air and sky, the liquid azure of the sea, the rich verdant land, the forest of masts, the sailor furrowing the waters, the plowman the soil, the lowing of ten thousand cattle, and the singing of innumerable birds as if in response to the low deep hymnals of the ever-murmuring sea."

What a contrast does Tyre now present to the traveller who visits the spot !

So far we have looked at these ruddy-skinned Asiatic cousins, travellers and traders, as inventors of arts and luxuries, as ministers of taste and comfort. But learning and human intercourse owe them a debt. Although it is uncertain whether or not they invented the letters of the alphabet, there is no doubt that they first arranged a series of phonetic sounds in some such order as we now possess and use them.

Wherever a factory was established for the purposes of trade — on the shores of the Grecian Archipelago, in Greece itself, on the marshy borders of the Black Sea, in Italy, Spain, Sicily, on the Arabian and African coasts — it was found convenient to employ the natives on the spot as agents, clerks, accountants, and bankers.

The Phœnician merchantmen therefore took with them scribes so that those whom they employed could be instructed in their business methods. Thus it was that the ancient Greeks received from the Phœnicians the first rudiments of education, the Greeks in their turn becoming the schoolmasters of Rome. The Jews, the Arabs, and every European nation became in turn debtors to the Phœnician phonetic system,

and so it was that it came about that the Aryan nations of Europe adopted Semitic letters instead of the Sanskrit alphabet proper to their branch of human language.

It was nature perhaps that first forced the little phonetic sounds "alpha," "beta," "gamma," upon our remote ancestors; but how wonderful that the power of these tiny sounds should have survived the greatness and glory of their ruddy-skinned utterers !

Whirled along in the breathless gathering up of treasures from all parts of the earth, the Phœnicians failed to provide for the defense of their country; and gradually, too, the majority gave themselves up to the pleasures and excitements created by their unparalleled success and wealth — the rich banquets, the song, the dance and the strange religious rites and festivals of their peculiar idols.

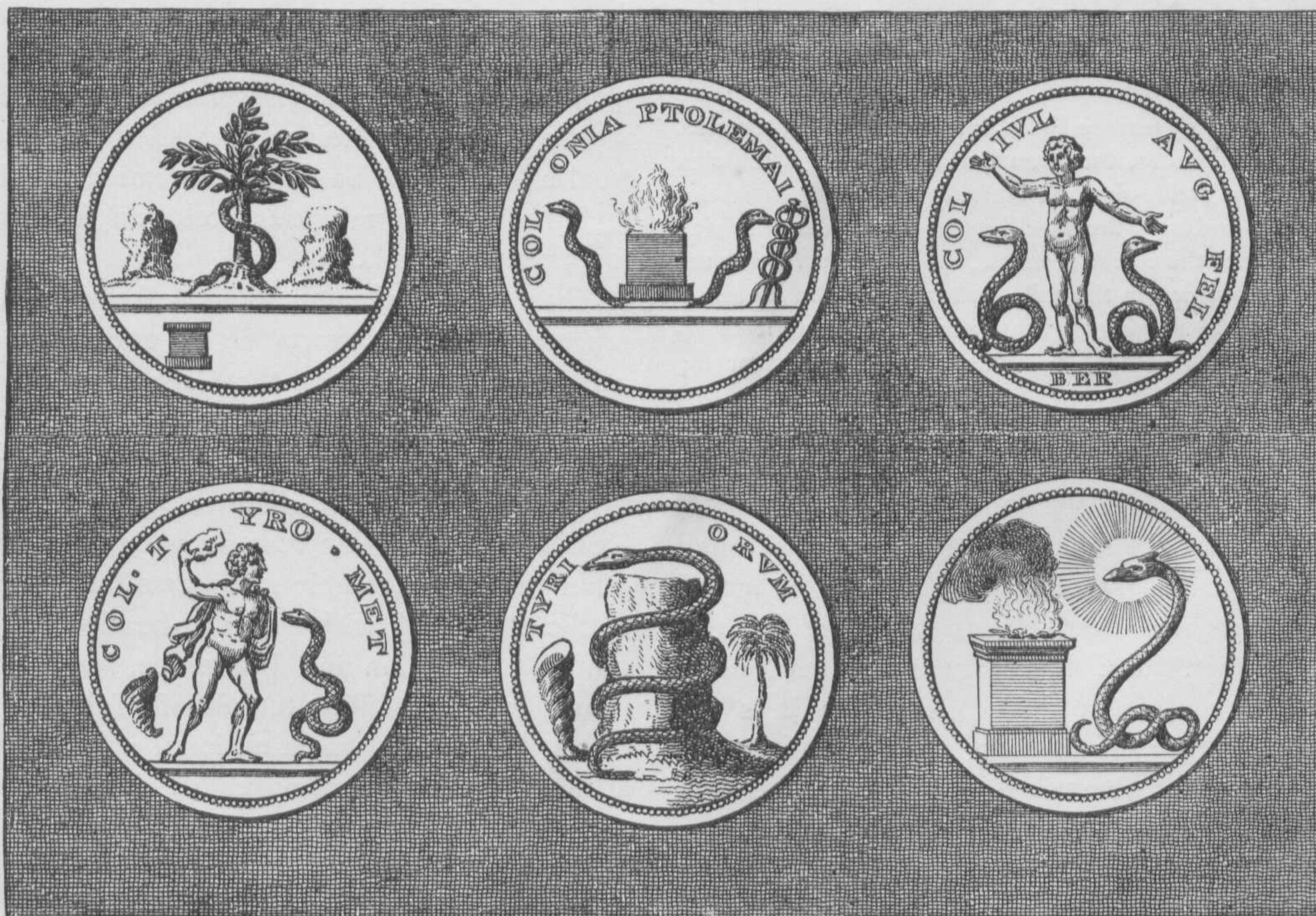
Their chief god was called Melkarth, and was represented in the form of an enormous conical emerald, called by the Greeks the Tyrian Hercules, which always stood in the middle of the altar, while near was another object of worship — the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil with the serpent twining round it. In another part of the temple stood an altar dedicated to the Fire God, with a double-headed serpent, symbol of Wisdom and Ignorance, issuing forth from beneath it. The temple of Melkarth, like that at Jerusalem, was a national sanctuary and attracted yearly pilgrimages of devout Phœnicians with costly offerings from all parts of the world.

But, now, in their unguarded harbors there appeared a formidable being, the astute, clever, unscrupulous Greek. Having acquired the art of ship-building, the Greeks proceeded to supplant their benefactors. An irresistible spirit urged them to great deeds of conquest and prowess, as well as to great accomplishments in the arts and sciences — greater than were ever dreamed of by the Phœnicians. On land, at the same period, there appeared their own first-cousins, the Ibrhi, the Hebrews, or Men from beyond the Euphrates. These invaded and desolated Phœnicia under the command of their young and spirited leader, Joshua. The wars and devastations of the Egyptians and the Babylonians followed. Finally when Necho and

Nebuchadnezzar disputed the sovereignty of the Syrian empire, the Phœnicians chose the losing side, and in the contest the cities of Tyre and Sidon were almost demolished and the Persians forced them to surrender into their service their noble fleets.

Again, in the famous Macedonian war, instead of hailing the all-conquering Greek as a deliverer, they made the mistake of siding with their oppressors the Persians, sending their wives and children for safety to Carthage, the greatest and

the savages of the coast; she had secured the allegiance of many brave negro tribes, and long before the introduction of camel caravans in this part of Africa negro slaves bore on their shoulders, across the desert, ivory and other merchandise of Carthage to far Timbuctoo, a human caravan, often death-doomed as is shown by the innumerable bones and skulls which to this day mark that ancient route; tons of gold-dust were brought back by these caravans, from the Niger, and the Carthaginians wrought this



COINS BEARING THE SYMBOLS OF PHŒNICIAN RITES.

most formidable of their colonies. Once more Tyre and Sidon were almost levelled with the dust.

Nevertheless the Phœnicians still clung to their idea of commercial prosperity, and though growing weak in their native East, they turned their eyes to their grand new city, Carthage, in the West; there she stood, their stronghold, on the green slopes of the Atlas range — the beautiful young daughter of her tottering old parents Tyre and Sidon. She was mistress of Africa. She had reduced, by the traffic of her purple cloth, beads, amber and other glittering gewgaws,

yellow dust into wondrous ornaments, statues of gods and heroes, and glittering obelisks and spires to crown the city.

To be sure, the Carthaginians encountered the enemies which had brought ruin on Tyre and Sidon. Generation after generation Sicily was the battle-field of the rival nations. Still Carthage held her own and plumed herself on her greatness, prosperity, and ascendancy. And when in 236 B. C. she lost her finest possessions, Sardinia and Corsica, the great leader of the Carthaginian commonwealth, Hamilcar, at once founded in Spain a new Carthage and secured

for his beloved nation a population of millions of men ready to do her slightest bidding. Once more Carthage felt secure. Again she could laugh to scorn her rivals and boast that no man could wash his hands in salt water without her permission.

Alas! for this young Phœnicia. Already a new face was at her door, and a new foe peering around her walled and battlemented cities. Rome the city of outlaws, runaway thieves, robbers, and murderers, had risen from her seven hills, rapid and mysterious, and was gliding abroad like a nightmare over land and sea. Rome was the evil genius of the new Phœnician commonwealth. The Roman nation was an army; and divinity was the crown Rome awarded to her defenders by land or sea.

She attacked the ruddy-skinned men in a fleet of ships built after the Carthaginian model, but on which were placed curious machines of destruction. The sight of this armament sent the navies of the Phœnician commonwealth into loud laughter. But when the Romans approached, these machines grappled the Carthaginian ships so as to form a gangway, over which the Roman soldiers poured and fought like wild beasts, hand to hand; and though the Carthaginians are immortalized in history on account of the three wars sustained against Rome, each characterized by an imperishable name, Regulus, Hannibal, and Scipio the younger—still Carthage fell. She rose again—but as a great Roman city.

Meanwhile Tyre and Sidon gave place to the famous El Skanderish, or Alexandria, the Hellenic capital of Egypt; and although Tyre down to the sixth century A. D. furnished the purple robes to the Popes of Rome, the finishing stroke was given her by Hassan the leader of the Arabs and Turks A. D. 647. Then fell utterly Tyre and Sidon; and with them fell again their beautiful daughter Carthage, prostrate in the dust never to rise. Even the secret of that famous old purple dye was lost; and the Popes of Rome

changed the color of their pontifical robes to scarlet.

The "Ruddy-Skinned Men" had accomplished their destiny. They had ploughed the seas and brought up the treasures from their depths. They had opened the spacious workshops of the world, they had set up looms of precious stuffs, vats of wondrous rainbow dyes, distilleries of aromatic amber-colored wines. They had quarried the earth for marbles, riddled her with mines for the precious metals, they had fixed the anvil and forge, and fired the furnaces for smelting gold, silver, iron, copper, bronze and for fusing glass. They had adjusted themselves to the divine work of preparing the way for their first-cousins the Ibrhi or Men from beyond the Euphrates; and they had placed in the hands of humanity the greatest of their gifts—the Alpha and Omega of the Greek alphabet.

To-day, Sidon, now called Saïda, the mother of all the seaports in the world, is reduced to a miserable condition; the vast city of the dead is the only remaining vestige of her ancient splendor.

Tyre the "Rock" of the ancient world, is a place for the spreading of fishermen's nets in the midst of the sea. Berytus, now Beirut, or Beyrout, has a motley population: the Druses with their strange belief in a living man-god, the Maronites, that curious sect living in Mount Lebanon—Greeks, Turks, Arabs, Jews and Ethiopians, all differing in thought, feeling, religion, manners, customs, dress and nationality.

The old harbors of Syria, which played so important a part in the history of ancient civilization, are now nearly filled up save that of Beyrout, the ancient Berothah of the Phœnicians. Even the ruins of Carthage are buried in the dust, and it might be totally unknown, but for the crumbling arches of a grand aqueduct which serve to guide the footstep of some interested traveller to the spot where once stood the great republican city of the Phœnicians.

HOW TO WRITE RAPIDLY.

(Ways To Do Things.)

BY AUNT MARGERY.

IN the November WIDE AWAKE, I read an article entitled "Ways To Do Things," in which is described the method adopted by two young ladies to abbreviate their handwriting and thus more quickly prepare their compositions and essays. The subject interested me, and especially the little people who gather around my library table in the long winter evenings. Most of them are already familiar with the elementary principles of M. de Fontaine's condensed-hand, which like phonography is based on the writing of words as they are pronounced, not spelled, and the omission of all silent and unnecessary letters; and they have asked me to write and tell other young folks how much simpler and easier to learn this system is than that of Mr. Ritchie's.

In the first place, every letter in the alphabet represents some common word that sounds like it, so that frequently three or four words can be easily written together, as for instance: "*tlb*, it will be;" "*umv*, you may have;" "*cug*, can you go;" "*yle*, why will he;" "*wtstbdon*, what is to be done." I might as well add the list here, so that others can try it and enjoy the same amusement as ourselves. The letter-words are as follows:

A A	O oh.
B be	P up.
C can, con, com, come.	Q qual, quent, quence.
D do.	R are, or.
E he, the.	S is, his.
F for, fore, full.	T it, to.
G go, ing.	U you.
H who, whom.	V of, have.
I I, eye.	W we, with.
J advantage.	X extra, extraordinary.
K could, kingdom.	Y why, your.
L will.	Z as, has.
M me, my, may.	& and.
N in, en, an.	

The soft *c* is written like *s* as in *desnsy*, and the hard *c* as in *ache*, is used thus, *ak*. The

full vowels are generally written; the short vowels are omitted. *G* at the end of a word means *ing*. The endings *fore* and *full* are represented by a simple *f* as in "*wrf*, wherefore," "*fthf*, faithful." *Con* and *com* at the beginning of a word are represented by *c*, as *ctan*, "*cptnt*, competent," "*cfr*, confer," "*cntrry*, contrary." Income is written *nc*, "in consequence, *ncsq*."

In De Fontaine's condensed long-hand, the punctuation marks are used to signify certain syllables, and are very useful for prefixes and suffixes. Thus a comma before a syllable means *enter*, *intri*, *intro*, as in "*,mx*, *,tn*, *,ds*; intermix, entertain, introduce." The apostrophe ' expresses the prefix *dis* as in "*'trb*, disturb"; "*'*, disinter." *Oi* or *oy* is a quotation mark", as "*b*", *v's*, *n'z*, boy, voice, noise." A semicolon is *st*, as "*e*; east," "*;m* stem," "*m*; must," "*r*; rest." The colon is *str*, as "*e*: Easter," "*f*: faster," "*sq*: sequester," "*:njr*, stranger." Two periods indicate the sound of *shall* or *cial* as "*i..bwu*, I shall be with you," "*so..* social," "*fa.* facial." Two commas indicate the prefix, or suffix, *ment*, as "*,,l*, mental," "*sd,,* sediment." The left-hand parenthesis represents *th*, *the*, *they*, or *think*: "*o(*, oath," "*(ss*, this is," (*mnzmht*, the man has my hat.) The opposite parenthesis signifies the sound of *shn* as in "*o)*, ocean," "*n)*, notion," "*cd)*, condition," "*ssp)*, suspicion." The hyphen becomes *thr* as in "*o-*, other," and also stands for *there* or *they are* as in "*bf-* before there," "*-tb*, they are to be," "*-nn(ls*, they are none the less." Two hyphens represent *shr* or *zhr* as "*m--*, measure," "*im--ul*, I am sure you will."

Some of the figures are also made to play an important part in the work of abbreviation. 2, for instance, takes the place of *pr* and occurs in hundreds of words as "*2m*, prim," "*22*, proper," "*2s2*, prosper." 4, is *able* or *ible* as in "*ps4*, possible," "*ncsol4*, inconsolable," "*ru4*, are you able," "*4tv*, able to have." 8, is the synonym

of *ality* or *ility*, as “*r8*, reality,” “*ut8*, utility.” 7, signifies *under* or *understand*, as “*I7urgg*, I understand you are going;” “*wtsy 7g v(sbj)*, what is your understanding of the subject?”

These examples will demonstrate the facility with which we have learned to write three or four times faster than we could with the ordinary hand and with quite as much satisfaction as if we had spent months in the acquisition of phonography. We have found it useful in making notes of our studies, and enjoy not a little pleasure as well as profit in winning prizes from one another in the contests of skill; that is to see who shall write most rapidly. Robbie who is seventeen has written seventy words in a minute, and Edith who is only sixteen has written seventy-five. A girl is always ten years older and smarter than a boy of the same age. That's one of my contentions.

Following the example of your article on this subject, I give you an illustration of our system by quoting a few of the lines first written above.

“N(Nvmbr nmbr vwidawak I rd an artcl ntitld waz td (gs n chs dscrbd (m(d adptd b zyng ldz t abrvyat - hndrtg & (s mr qkl zpr - cps)s & esaz. (sbj ,std m vr mch & esp (ltl ppl h g- arnd m libry t4 (ez lg -tur evngs. M; v(m r alrd fmlyr w(el,,ry znspls v Mr. d Fntans cdnsd lghd ch lik fngfr s ba; on(ritg v wds z-zonnsd, nt spld &(om) v -l silnt & unssr ltrs & (v askd m trit &tl o- yng fks mch smplr & ezr tlrn (s sstm s (n (tv Mr. Rchz “wa td (ngs.”

You will observe that these abbreviations are only an enlargement of the system of business-symbols that are used by merchants and others, when they write *dr. cr. pkge, mnfr, dlvr, C. O. D.* and other phrases and words that occupy two or three pages in Webster's Dictionary.

A BALL OF TWINE.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

BY M. J. TILGHMAN.

WE all know how often when we want a string it is difficult to find a piece.

Let me tell you how to make the very pretty house for a ball of twine which I saw the other day; I said to myself that if I found time I would make at least a dozen of them during the year to be ready as Christmas-presents for friends.

First you must choose two colors of satin ribbon which will contrast well together and get three fourths of a yard of each in No. 9. You will also need six little brass bells, and one yard of fine yellow silk cord; also a tiny pair of scissors, not over an inch and a half long; and of course you will want the ball of twine itself — of some pleasant color and sufficiently strong to tie up small bundles.

Now you must cut each piece of ribbon into six lengths; three to be five inches long, and three to be four inches long; twelve pieces in all. Take your six five-inch pieces and sew

them together, alternating the colors of course, which will give you a dainty little striped satin bag.

Hem this bag around the bottom, run your yellow silk cord into the hem, cut off just enough cord to go round, have the ends so that it cannot slip out, draw it up as tightly as you can and then tie it in a bow-knot. This is the door of the house, by which Mr. Twine may go in and come out.

Now take your six four-inch pieces, and sew them along the top of your bag, taking care to put your seam on the outside of the bag — that is to say, lay the satin sides of the ribbon upon the inside of your bag. You do this because these pieces are to turn over and hang down round the outside of your bag and you want the satin surface to show. After sewing, turn them over, and about a quarter of an inch from the top of the bag run a line of sewing; this will hide your seam and make a casing in which to run the

remainder of your yellow silk cord. Turn in the other ends of your four-inch pieces so as to make a point, and sew a little bell on each point.

Now run your silk cord through your scissors, and knot it about two inches from them, so that they can open, yet not get away, but always be handy at Mr. Twine's front door, and not keep you looking for the scissors after you find the string. Next, put the two ends of the cord through your casing, and sew them together; pull about three inches through and tie so as to

make a loop by which to hang the gay little house. Draw the cord as tightly as you can and tie it in a hard knot on the other side, so as to leave no place for Mr. Twine to jump out after he is in.

Now take the ball, find the inside-end so that it will pull easily, untie the cord at the bottom of your bag and pop Mr. Twine into his house, which ought to be quite a tight fit. Draw up your bag again and tie tightly, leaving a bit of the twine hanging out so that you can pull it whenever you need "a piece of string."

THE MIXED STONES.

(*"Diamond Dust."*)

BY SUSAN POWER.

THE costly stones, the diamond, the sapphire and its family, are not more interesting than the mixed stones, agates, garnets, turquoise and tourmaline. These are more familiar than the fire-gems; we know more of how they are made, their price places them within reach; as they are found in this country we know them in their rough state and in their haunts. We gather agates and cornelians on the beach at Mount Desert, or Lake Superior. Massachusetts has beryls, agates, hyacinth, cornelians and garnets; they lie about Mount Tom and Holyoke, Greylock and the gold mines near Newburyport. New England is of volcanic formation, and its volcanoes near the coast had hardly done smoking before the country was discovered. Where there has been volcanic work you find the trap rock, the granite, and gneiss, and in their crevices the quartz crystals and the mica sheets; and where you find the mica, precious metals are apt to follow. The miners in a rude camp on the Rio Grande showed us bits of glistening mica from the flanks of Mount Ouray as the most convincing sign of the presence of gold. Where there are iron mines you find garnets. About copper mines the turquoise and malachite are found. Where there is manganese, look for tourmalines and amethyst quartz.

Connecticut has beryls and agates near Had-dam, and in the Farmington River region; New York has them about Greenfield, near Saratoga, and at Trenton Falls; you find them at Orange Summit, Vermont, and in the valleys of the White Mountains, and the marble quarries. Maine has store of tourmalines, amethysts and garnets. New Jersey is rich in rare stones of more or less value in the arts. I think if you would get the reports of the State geologist for your own State and look up the record of your own county and township, you might be surprised to find what treasures existed undreamed of near you. Young people often complain of country life, or life in small towns, as being dull, when they have not taken the slightest pains to find out what objects of life-long interest are around them. If quarries, beaches, cliffs or old mines exist near you, do not be satisfied till you have explored them for all of curiosity they may hold.

Would you not like to have been one of those Maine boys, students of the Town Academy who coming home from a walk over the quiet hills near their home happened upon the tourmaline mine? It was just about dusk, but there was light enough to show bits of bright crystal scattered among the roots of a tree. The boys gathered what they could while the light lasted, and

marked the place, to return next day. But that night the first fall of snow came and hid the spot. Next spring however they found it again, and took out tourmalines by the bushel before they had done. But the sadness of the story is, however, that though the tourmalines were splendid enough to bring the Russian minister and a noted European geologist on from Washington to visit the mine, not one of those American boys knew the value of the stones sufficiently to profit by them a quarter as much as they ought, or to preserve the mine from being despoiled in a vandal way by curiosity-hunters who cared as much for the crystals as for so much glass. Here was one of the most curious of minerals and most interesting in a scientific view, wasted as far as any real good to its finders was concerned; for the huge crystals, more perfect than any before discovered, were sold for a trifle of their value, and sent to European cabinets, while hundreds of beautiful specimens were broken in rude efforts to chip them from the rock. It makes one vexed to think how such treasure was thrown away for want of a little practical knowledge of a not uncommon sort.

After the crystals of nearly pure alumina, the corundums or most precious stones, come those in which there is larger per cent of other materials. The Oriental topaz is the last of the true corundums, being nearly all alumina with just enough of the oxide of iron to give its coloring of beautiful golden yellow, like solvent sunshine. This topaz, this sunlight-stone, was the chrysolite of the ancients, which you want to remember in reading Browning's poems where it is mentioned several times. When you read the line

"The west had grown one perfect chrysolite,"

you naturally wish to know whether the west looked yellow, red, or apple green, as people do not have chrysolites in their table drawers for comparison everywhere. See how much that bit of knowledge adds to the comprehension of a fine poem which else would be a vague splendor. So in the Bible it is of service to remember that where rubies are spoken of it means all manner of red stones, which the ancients called by that name; but when carbuncles are mentioned, it means the true and precious ruby alone.

The chrysoberyl, or cymophane, is a very brilliant gem of a greenish color, sometimes lively as the emerald, often yellowish green or bluish. When opalescent or semi-transparent, with a floating ray within, it is the cat's-eye, which is held such a lucky gem that a handsome one for a ring stone sells for a hundred dollars. The yellow chrysoberyl is as lustrous as a yellow diamond and was once in high fashion. A jeweller tells me that very fine stones of this sort which fifteen years ago would bring sixty dollars can now be bought for ten. The way, he says, to secure a collection of good stones at low price is to buy fine specimens when out of fashion, and keep them till their use revives again. Really good stones are rarely out of wearing long. Chrysoberyls, fine ones, are found at Haddam, Conn., Greenfield, N. Y., and Orange Summit, Vt.

The spinel ruby is a crystal little more than three fourths of which is alumina, the rest chiefly magnesia, colored with oxide of chromium. It is wholly different in composition from the true ruby, but is a beautiful stone, varying from vivid poppy-red and lively garnet to purplish pink and bluish white. The balas-ruby, the rubicelle and almandine are varieties of the same gem, differing only in color, and all are sold as rubies although worth much less than the Oriental ruby. The sapphirine is a pale blue spinel, and there is a green spinel from the Ural Mountains, while dark spinels are found in the United States both North and South.

The Oriental turquoise is a highly fashionable and beautiful stone, of rarity enough, when of fine color and large size, to merit setting in diamonds. Russian and French ladies are very fond of these ornaments, and two or three sets of famous turquoises have given their wearers a Continental reputation. The composition, half alumina with much phosphoric acid and copper, which renders the turquoise sensitive to change adds to the sentiment with which it is regarded. It will change from fine blue to a sickly tint; if laid near musk, camphor, attar of rose or other scents it loses color entirely and it is said to vary in hue with the health of the wearer. This I am inclined to think true, as water or damp affects it, and if so, why not the state of the perspiration of the body nearest it? The French

turquoise found in Languedoc is fine in color but is merely fossil ivory colored by phosphate of iron. The turquoise of New Mexico is not a true turquoise, but specimens of very pretty color are found which might be used for inlaying framework, like those wonderful windows of a London artist's house, which have windowpanes of Mexican onyx, and sills of costly stone, or for a change in those cabinet knobs of agate, lapis and beryl which he designed for his wife's rooms.

The quartz crystals are a large family, not so large in price as of much beauty, and the art employed in carving and setting them commands a high price. We think very little of rock crystal, but it is really lovely with its cool polish and soft lustre, far more agreeable to the eye than the sparkle of cut glass. The Venetian chandeliers, sconces and flagons of rock crystal are more valuable than the same things in solid silver, and are found only in houses of great luxury. All nations of artistic instincts value this material. The East Indian crystal is made into cups, goblets and vases of exquisite thinness engraved with much beauty. The Chinese delight in crystal, though they prefer it in heavy plain articles of perfect polish. In the Middle Ages it was believed that crystal goblets would betray poisons by growing dim or breaking, and in days when these compliments of death were freely administered such cups were highly valued. The Emperor Nero had two magnificent crystal cups engraved with subjects from the *Iliad* which cost enormously. At the revolt which caused his downfall, he destroyed them both so that no other lips should ever drink from them. Among the treasures of the French crown at the time of the revolution were a great number of crystal goblets, vases, urns and salvers, polished like bubbles, or superbly engraved, and the collection was valued at more than a million francs. The East Indian brooches of crystal set with small colored stones are beautiful forms of inexpensive ornament.

Many of our best known stones are quartz crystals differently colored by nature. The sky-blue water-sapphire is quartz colored blue by iron and alumina. With a trace of iron and alumina quartz becomes the Montana topaz; colored rose by iron and manganese it is the

Brazilian ruby. With oxide of manganese it is the beautiful violet of the common amethyst found in France, Hungary, Ceylon, America — the finest of all coming from Carthage in Spain. Darkened by a bituminous trace it is the smoky topaz we all admire. With much oxide of iron it is the brown-red hyacinth.

The iris is a lovely old-fashioned stone, seen only in antique jewels, once a favorite of the Empress Josephine who had a celebrated parure of iris. It is a very limpid quartz, crystallized with myriads of invisible flaws which in the light glitter and flame with all the tints of the rainbow, like a more vivid opal.

With the iris we leave the crystallized stones and glance at those which have been deposited from strong solutions without heat or evaporation. The finest of these is the opal, which is a resinous quartz, with many fissures filled with air and moisture which reflect all the colors of other gems. Ceylon, Hungary, Mexico and Honduras furnish the finest opals, and they are found in various parts of this country. The ancients believed this stone to possess all the virtues of the amethyst, ruby and emerald, and the modern belief that the opal is unlucky arose after the fashionable world went wild over Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Anne of Geierstein*. The fact that the fire opal loses color when exposed to water and regains it by heat was used with the novelist's skill to produce a supernatural effect, and ever since the opal has had the reputation of being unlucky for its wearer. Still it is esteemed of high rank, as it is very beautiful and the only precious stone which defies imitation. It is said that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been refused for the great opal at Vienna, and one thousand dollars is not an uncommon price for a fine stone.

The peridot is a stone used in antique jewelry which has lately come again into fashion and favor for its brilliance and lively tint of a yellowish green, which often causes it to be taken for the chrysolite or topaz. Jewelers often call it a variety of topaz which is incorrect, as it differs materially in composition from that gem. It is as much a favorite for a ring-stone as the amethyst was a few years ago, and shares popularity with the cat's-eye. But few of its wearers however are aware of its celebrity as the only

stone literally of celestial descent, the only one yet found fallen from space in aërolites or meteoric stones.

The tourmaline, as I have said, is more curious in a scientific way than as ornament. It is one of the handsomest of specimens for a cabinet however, in its perfect crystals, which frequently are six inches long and thicker than a man's thumb, while in color they are green outside, and rosy red as you look into them lengthwise.

The agate you know in its varieties: the clouded agate, where the gelatinous silica of which it was formed settled in waves of different tints; the moss agate, where it settled in fibres which in other sorts look like stars, snow-crystals, landscapes and fortifications. Cornelian is an agate of fine grain, heliotrope is a lucid agate of lively leek-green spotted with red, and takes its name from its use for glasses to view the sun. The onyx, in its varieties of sard and sardonyx, is a tinted agate, and all these can be stained and the color deepened or changed just as the Swiss beryl beads are, which are liked so well in necklaces, and which are nearly all artificially colored.

The garnets, green, yellow, pink, clear red and jet black, have almost disappeared from society, though I can remember a time when a set of deep garnets, or carbuncles as the finest are called, mounted with pearls was among the ornaments of every dressy woman. I dare say you can even now rummage from forgotten hoards the garnet necklaces of small beads in many strands like the coral beads of later date worn by little girls. I have a partiality to fine garnets. Their rich, cheerful glow relieves a white hand or a dark dress pleasingly, and their color recalls the belief of the ancients that the garnet caught its fire from the sun. The carbuncle was Margaret Fuller's favorite stone, and no unfit emblem of her ardent spirit. It is a pleasing superstition to think as the world formerly did, that precious stones impart their own qualities to the wearer. At least we find in different stones qualities which reflect those, whether in the capricious sensitive opal, the nervous turquoise, or the brave invincible garnet, fabled source of fire. The world has not learned half the secrets of gems, and when science understands their formation, we shall know better than we now do how the world itself was made.



PROTECTED.

Kitty in the Rain

H. R. Hudson.

MY kitty would not wet her fur,
Or paws, if she could choose;
So she shall have a gossamer,
And she shall have gum shoes.

And she shall have a parasol —
Ho, kitty'll be quite vain!
And then she will not care at all
How often it may rain.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

81. In what important respect did the final triumph of Cæsar over his opponents differ from those of Marius and Sulla?

82. As Pontifex Maximus what important act did he perform?

83. What is meant by the Lupercal in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* when Antony says:

"You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown."

84. In the same play where is allusion made to Cæsar's attacks of epilepsy?

85. Which conspirator first attacked Cæsar?

86. What was done to rouse public indignation against the conspirators?

87. What serious mistake of the populace is related in the play referred to above?

88. What noted man became at this time the bitterest enemy of Antony?

89. What was the first act of the Triumvirs?

90. At what place was Brutus defeated?

91. Mention two allusions by Shakespeare to the death of Portia.

92. What noted personage is referred to in these lines, and where are they to be found?

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne
Burn'd on the water."

93. What naval commander several times defeated Octavian?

94. When did the Triumvirate become a Duumvirate?

95. How did Antony forfeit the support of the Roman world?

96. What naval battle decided Antony's fate?

97. In what strange manner is a certain famous woman said to have died rather than be taken to Rome as one of Octavian's captives?

98. When was the temple of Janus closed for the third time?

99. What title hitherto unknown was conferred upon Octavian?

100. What social forces had by this time practically made a Republic an impossibility?

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

41. In 362 B. C. a chasm opened in the Roman Forum which the augurs declared could only be filled by casting into it whatever Rome held dearest. Marcus Curtius, asserting that Rome esteemed nothing so much as her brave citizens, mounted his horse and leaped into the gulf and the earth closed above him.

42. For the supremacy of Italy.

43. The first Samnite War.

44. At the battle of the Caudine Forks in the Second Samnite War.

45. Caius Pontius.

46. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus.

47. Appius Claudius, for whom the road was named the Via Appia.

48. As a naval power.

49. The possession of Sicily.

50. Hiero of Syracuse.

51. Regulus.

52. Hamilcar Barca.

53. In the year 235 B. C., because Rome was then at peace for the first time since Numa.

54. Hannibal.

55. Scipio Africanus.

56. The withdrawal of the Macedonian forces from Greece and the consequent freedom of that country under the protection of Rome.

57. Cato.

58. Perseus, dying a state prisoner at Alba on the Fucine lake, his son remained there a clerk.

59. The decree of the Senate that Carthage must be destroyed, its inhabitants to erect another city ten miles from the coast.

60. The battle of Pydna, 168 B. C., which closed the Third Macedonian War.



THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

THERE is something very attractive to most people in the thought of literary companionship extending over a long period of years, or for a lifetime even, and the names thus linked together have a double claim upon our remembrance. Who ever thinks of Beaumont without Fletcher, of Erckmann apart from Châtrian, of William Howitt and not at the same time of Mary Howitt his wife?

It is thus we think of Jacob Ludwig Karl Grimm and of Wilhelm Karl Grimm his brother. It is not easy, so intimately were they associated in their life-work, to always think of them as two men with separate and distinct individualities; it is rather of one delightful personality that we speak when we name "the brothers Grimm."

There was but a year's difference in their ages, Wilhelm having been born in Hanau, Germany, in 1784, and Jacob a year later, in 1785. Their father was *amtmann* or bailiff of the district, but removed to Steinau when Jacob was about ten years old and, dying soon after, left his family comparatively poor.

When very young Jacob was noted for his precocity. He read with ease when his mates were still involved in the mysteries of the alphabet. The death of his father might have put an end to the education of the brothers but for the kindness of their aunt, Henrietta Philippina Zimmer, who lived at the Electoral Court at Cassel. She invited the boys to Cassel and under her care they prepared for the university at the Lyceum in Cassel. A taste for drawing seems to have been common with the brothers at this time — a taste shared also by a younger

brother Emil, who afterwards became a professor of the art. After leaving the Lyceum the brothers studied at the University of Marbourg together and here they came under the instruction of the learned jurist Savigny, whose influence had a marked effect upon them, and it was during this period that they received the first impulse towards linguistic study to which their lives thereafter were largely devoted.

In the winter of 1805 Savigny, who was then in Paris, sent for Jacob Grimm to assist him in his work there. So complimentary an invitation was not to be put by, but Frau Grimm's anxiety about her son's safety was so great that while he was on his way to Paris she could not sleep but was constantly getting up from bed to notice the weather fearing, like the loving German mother that she was, that he might freeze to death in the diligence, or meet with some accident. She did not live long enough to enjoy the fame her sons afterwards attained but died in 1808 while Jacob was still a clerk in the War Department with the wretched salary of one hundred thalers a year.

In July, however, of that year he became the librarian of the King of Westphalia, an office which brought him a handsome salary and leisure to pursue his studies. It must have been a quiet place, this royal library of Westphalia, for no one but the king could take books from it, and his majesty seldom availed himself of his privilege. Here for five years Jacob lived and studied, much of the time with his brother Wilhelm, until the restoration of the Hessian government put an end to the kingdom of Westphalia. A year or two later he was appointed

second librarian in the Electoral library at Cassel and to his great delight a place was also found for Wilhelm in the same library, and here they remained till 1829.

The thirteen years which they spent here were full of hard work for both, but it was labor into



WILHELM KARL GRIMM.

which they put their whole souls, and work which none could do as well as they. While Jacob was custodian of the Westphalian library he and his brother had published several books together as well as separately, mainly in the department of legendary tales and ballads. But it was in 1812 that they published the volumes which have made their names familiar to every German child and to countless children beside in other lands. These were the three volumes of the Children's Tales and Household Tales, the *Kinder-und Hausmärchen*. The stories in these books were gathered from the peasantry in Hesse and Hanau and written down in a style unequalled for simplicity, ease and truthfulness. Many of these tales were told them by the wife of a cow-herd in Niederzwharn, near Cassel, who seems to have been in many respects a most remarkable woman. Her memory appears to have been a perfect mine of folk-lore and she seems to have delighted in relating these tales. Say they:

"She told her stories thoughtfully, accurately and with wonderful vividness, and evidently had a delight in doing it. First she related them from beginning to end, and then, if required, repeated them more slowly, so that after some practice it was easy to write from her dictation."

Of their own part in the work, that of putting these tales into permanent form, the brothers tell us:

"Our first aim in collecting these stories has been exactness and truth. We have added nothing of our own, have embellished no incident or feature of the story, but have given its substance just as we received it. It will of course be understood that the mode of telling and carrying out particular details is due to us, but we have striven to retain everything that we knew to be characteristic, that in this respect also we might leave the collection the many-sidedness of nature."

It is the simple form in which the brothers cast these tales that has invested them with so great a charm, the homely directness which has lost nothing in its translation from the peasant dialects in which they were first heard, to the polished High German tongue.

But the Grimms had something more in mind than simply the collection of a number of curious peasant nursery tales. They believed that in the study of the history of nations the humbler spheres of life must not be disregarded. Before their day history concerned itself very little with the life of the common people. Their existence was not considered to have any bearing upon the nation's life and it is for this reason that we search in vain in the histories written previous to this century for any glimpses of the actual life of the people who form the major part of any nation. Modern history in the main is written from a different stand-point and does not disdain to show us something of the life of the yeoman as well as of that of the rulers and nobles. To this change in the manner of writing history the Grimms were most important contributors, since they were practically the first to recognize the importance of considering the humbler walks of life as an aid in the study of history.

For several years after this the brothers continued to write and publish together and among the works thus produced were *Old German Forests*, a selection of extracts from the Elder Edda, a collection of German legends, and a volume

of Irish fairy legends. But the first great work of Jacob Grimm's life was a German grammar, in four large octavo volumes which appeared at intervals from 1819 to 1837. Of this work, which was really a study of the German language, it has been said that it showed to the learned world for the first time what a language is. While this book was in progress he published a profound work on the legal antiquities of Germany which aimed to show how close a relation exists between a nation's law and its manners and customs and its archæology.

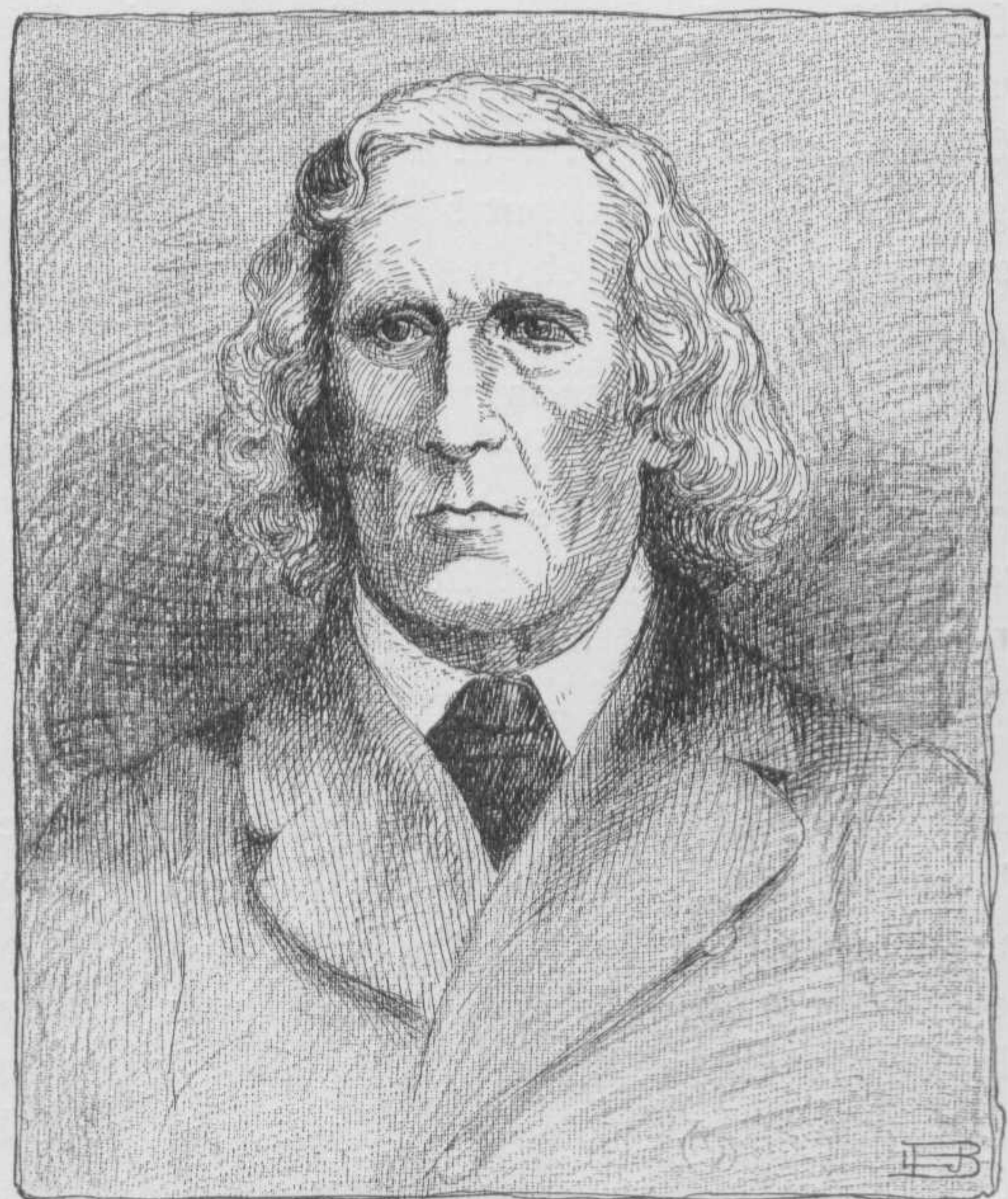
While Jacob Grimm was engaged upon themes like these, Wilhelm was equally busy although the books that he published were not of so ambitious a character as those of his brother. One of these, however, a work on the *Heroic Legends of the Germans*, was considered by Jacob to be Wilhelm's masterpiece. The same year in which this appeared, 1829, the brothers received appointments to the University of Göttingen, Jacob as professor and librarian, Wilhelm as assistant librarian. Although they regretted leaving Cassel, the change in many ways was advantageous and the salaries attached to their new positions being liberal they were not subject to pecuniary embarrassments as heretofore.

At Göttingen Jacob lectured often on comparative German grammar and some other topics and Wilhelm, whose style was not unlike his brother's, upon old German literature and the *Nibelungenlied*. Both, it is pleasant to know, were great favorites with the students at the University. The principal work produced by Jacob Grimm at Göttingen was his well-known *German Mythology* in which book he clearly demonstrated that common superstitions and beliefs are often the remains of a nation's earliest religion.

In 1837 certain political events occurred which put an end to the residence of the Grimms in Göttingen. William IV. of England, who was also King of Hanover, having died, the two kingdoms were declared distinct and the Duke of Cumberland, brother to William IV., became the new King of Hanover. The new monarch refusing to recognize the liberal constitution which his brother had given to Hanover, a protest was entered against the act by the University of Göttingen signed by seven of the pro-

fessors, among whom were the brothers Grimm. The immediate result of this was the removal from office by the king of the seven professors and the order that three of them, Dahlman and Jacob Grimm and Gervinus, should leave the kingdom within three days. The exiled professors were accompanied to the frontiers by the students in a body who resolved not to demand the lecture fees which they had paid the professors in advance.

A year later Wilhelm followed Jacob to Cassel where they began jointly to prepare their great German Lexicon, "*Deutsches Wörterbuch*," the first volume of which appeared in 1852 and the last in 1862. In 1841 the brothers were invited to Berlin as members of the Academy by the King of Prussia, Frederic William IV., and in Berlin the remainder of their lives was mainly spent. Although Wilhelm from this time published a number of minor works his principal labor was given to the great lexicon, the work upon which in the last seven years of Wilhelm's



JACOB LUDWIG KARL GRIMM.

life was shared equally with his brother. During his life in Berlin Jacob Grimm published a History of the German Language in two large volumes and a number of other works beside working diligently upon the Lexicon with his

brother. When one thinks of the amount of work achieved by these two men in the course of their lives it seems as if they could never have known an idle moment, yet Wilhelm devoted only the daytime to study and Jacob would never refuse a visitor at any time.

Nothing seems ever to have marred the harmony which existed between these two. In their early years they roomed together, studied at the same table and even dressed alike, and for a long time after they became men they had their study-chamber in common. Later they occupied study-chambers which joined. Wilhelm was intolerant of interruptions and could work only in silence, while Jacob, who if left to himself would keep at work without intermission, was able to resume his task with perfect ease after any interruption. The marriage of Wilhelm in 1825 did not disturb the intimacy of the brothers, for Jacob became one of his brother's family and Frau Grimm attended to his interests as faithfully as to those of her husband. The brothers possessed their library in common and of this library Jacob was custodian. So familiar was he with his books that he could find any one of them at night without a light, and he delighted to get up and put his hand directly upon some volume for which the others were searching in vain.

Besides their common passion for books they were equally fond of flowers. They had little opportunity to indulge this taste as their life was spent in cities, but in Wilhelm's windows primroses bloomed luxuriantly while in Jacob's were gilliflowers and heliotrope.

It was not until December, 1859, that the earthly end of this beautiful friendship came. Then the long companionship was broken by the death of Wilhelm. On the twentieth of September, 1863, nearly four years later, a short illness closed the life of Jacob, the greatest of the two brothers whose long lives were so full of noble achievement and were such eminent

examples of the value of patient industry. The character of the younger brother was the stronger of the two and to him was due the planning and original suggestion of everything which they wrote in common. He combined in himself a delicate poetic sense with the exactness and thoroughness of the scientist, while his devotion to truth was the mainspring of his life. His literary style was unlike that of any writer of his time except that of his brother, whom in originality of thought he much excelled. But the life of both was modeled upon the same plan and the attainments of Wilhelm are inferior in degree only, and not in kind to those of his brother. How complete the harmony and mutual comprehension was may be seen from the dedication of the third volume of Jacob's grammar:

"MY DEAR WILHELM:— When last winter you were so ill, I was obliged to fear that your faithful eyes might perhaps never light upon the pages now before you. I was seated at your table, in your chair, and my mind was filled with inexpressible sadness when I saw with how much order and neatness you had read and extracted from the first volumes of my work. It appeared to me then that I had written it for you alone, and that, if you were taken away from me, I could never proceed any further with its composition. God's mercy has protected us and left you with us, and it is therefore to you in all justice the present volume more especially belongs. It has been said truly, that certain books are written for posterity; but it is nevertheless even more true, that at the same time each work of the kind belongs first of all to the limited circle in which we live, and that that circle alone contains the key to its most intimate sense, which often may remain sealed to all the rest. At any rate, when you read me, you who know exactly my manner, with all its commendable qualities and its defects, I experience more satisfaction than if I were read by a hundred others, who may not comprehend me properly here and there, or to whom my work, in many a part of it, may be a matter of indifference. But as for you, I know that you peruse every portion of my book with the most impartial and most constant interest, and that not only on account of the subject itself, but also for my own sake. May you therefore be fraternally contented with that which I now dedicate to you."

THE PLEASURES OF A YOUNG NUMISMATIST.

BY MARY C. BALLARD.

A FEW years ago, there was a story in *WIDE AWAKE*,* of John Gilman, a boy who proved the truth of the adage, that "the birth-place of genius is often in the prison-house of trial." His finding of the coins in the attic developed a taste that transformed him from an idle boy to a scholar. This same boy has just graduated from the High School, and his essay on "Numismatics," was the finest paper read on Graduation Day.

This essay showed the writer's study of the languages, as he traced the derivation of the names applied to money: numismatics, from *numisma*, a coin; pecuniary from *pecus* a flock — flocks and herds being formerly used as equivalents for money, Homer estimating the value of the armor of his horses in oxen; cash, from the French *caisse*, a strong box; money from the temple of Juno Moneta, where the first stamped coins of the ancient Romans were made.

In fact all of John's studies seemed to have helped him to acquire his knowledge of coins.

In a forcible way, he brought out the usefulness of the study of coins in the different professions and pursuits. The historian found on them records of remarkable events that might otherwise have been lost to the world; Roman history, especially to-day, owed much to the confirmation of the Imperial coins, which were mostly struck to commemorate some important national event.

The statesman found on them various memoranda of the political systems of ancient nations, the coins telling of the rise and fall of monarchies and the birth of republics.

The theologian read on many of them the creed of the nations by whom they were used; even on the earliest-known coined money — that of the Asiatic Greeks — are found devices expressing their religious beliefs. The religious history of the Jewish nation finds record on the coins of Palestine; they are full of interest, from the first silver shekel paid by Abraham for the grave

of Sarah, to the last copper mite, the gift of the poor widow. With the silver denarius comes a thought that made him touch reverently a coin that might be the very one once held in the hand of the great Teacher, and used as object lesson to the Pharisees. He reads of the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews on the large bronze coin struck by the Emperor Titus. Those struck in the time of Constantine bear the labarum, with the monogram of Christ, and on the rare coin of Vetranis is the legend: "*In hoc signo victor eris.*" The Irish penny of King John, A. D. 1185, bearing the triangle on the obverse, proclaimed the doctrine of the Trinity, which was preached by St. Patrick and resulted in the conversion of Ireland to Christianity — a faith still kept in remembrance by the Irish triangular harp and the beloved shamrock. The gold ducat of 1617, issued by John George, the First Duke of Saxony, called to mind the Reformation, and Martin Luther, in whose honor it was struck. Another gold ducat bore the heads of Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon. The coins often breathed a prayer; on the elephant half-penny of 1694 were the words, "God preserve New England," and the Carolina half-penny of the same date bore the same petition. On our own dollar of to-day is declared our faith: "In God we trust."

The artist studied on coins the artistic attainments of the age; they furnished him reliable likenesses of men who lived in ancient days. The Roman bronzes preserve the faces of the Emperors more perfectly than could be done in marble or colors, showing not their own skill, but that of Greek artists, who were employed by the Romans to make the dies for their coins because they excelled in portraying individual likenesses. An Athenian drachm of the earliest date, showed the status of artistic culture in the city which bore the highest reputation for taste in art; this coin has on its face the rude figure of an owl, a bird sacred to Minerva the patron deity of Athens, and the reverse shows only

* "John's Schoolmaster," April 1882.

the blows of the hammer. The growth of art can be noted as the head of Minerva appears on the coins, at first in a rude form, as on the Athenian drachm, and finally in the magnificent head of the Athenian tetradrachm of 230 B. C. Just turn this same coin — and there is the primitive owl as ugly as ever — long usage allowing no change in the favorite device. The artist comparing the beautiful Greek and Roman coins of two thousand years ago with those of to-day, wonders if the world has stood still.

Coins interest all workers in metal, who learn that the first rude coins were formed by placing a lump of metal over a die bearing some device of religious or national faith; a wedge placed back of the metal was struck with a hammer until the metal was pressed into the die, and its surface impressed with the marks of the die — the reverse naturally taking the same form as the wedge placed at the back to hold it securely. Not until 480 or 460 B. C. were coins issued with the image of a human head in the hollow of the punch-mark; the first were coined in Syracuse, bearing probably the head of Proserpine. The first coin to bear a date or name of a living monarch, was a tetradrachm issued in the time of Alexander I. of Macedonia, 500 B. C.; it bore on the obverse one of the celebrated horses of Thrace led by a man wearing the peculiar Macedonian hat. In Greece the coiner's art did not attain sufficient skill to form a perfect reverse until the reign of Philip of Macedon. What a change in the coiner's work from the slow and laborious primitive process to the present steam-coining press, that turns out beautiful and perfect specimens with one stroke of the hammer.

In short, John's graduating essay embodied several years of out-of-school work, and its glowing style showed that it was written by an enthusiast.

Of course he had foregone many a game of base-ball, many an excursion, to gain time for the Art Museum or Public Library. He read all the available standard works on coins. W. C. Prince's work, *Coins, Medals and Seals, Ancient and Modern*, was greatly valued by him. He learned "by heart" literally, *The Coinage of the World*,* a book that gives in a popular

style, yet concise form, the history of coins from the earliest ages, a book invaluable to those who have neither the money to buy the expensive works of the old writers, nor the time to study the ponderous volumes of which this is the very essence.

An illustrated history of the United States Mint gave him information concerning the United States and Colonial coins. He read diligently all the Numismatic Manuals and Catalogues that he could lay hands upon.

The Coin Collectors' Journal helped him to much knowledge in regard to collecting coins, their rarity, their prices, and the best way of cleaning and preserving them. He found that he had done an unwise thing in using acids and scouring-brick in his first experience of cleaning coins. He now cleaned his silver coins with a soft brush and soap and warm water, sometimes giving them a final polish with prepared chalk and a chamois. He cleaned his copper coins in the same way, using powdered soapstone for polishing. His brass coins were cleansed with prepared chalk and ammonia — the white metal coins with alcohol or chalk and ammonia. He touched very carefully the old coins encrusted with the green enamel, called patina, for which he had a particular admiration.

Through these publications, with their numerous illustrations, he became familiar with rare coins which did come in his way. He acquainted himself with the selling price of every coin in his own collection, often finding a coin which he thought of little value to be high-priced.

When one is studying a subject how information will greet them whichever way they turn. When John opened the daily paper, his eye instinctively turned to the account of auction sales of coins, and he read of new discoveries of coins.

He was much elated when a Connecticut copper of 1787 was found on a New England farm, and greatly excited when on the distant island of Eubœa was found a vessel containing coins of pre-Roman times, among them seventy Athenian tetradrachms, which lessened the price of his own specimen of the coin that he had obtained with great pains and large cost. He thus learned that what was a rare coin at one time, commanding a high price, might become of little

* *Coinage of the World*. By Geo. D. Mathews.

value when by chance whole boxes of these same coins were discovered buried in the earth, often in a fine state of preservation.

The story of the New York obelisk had for him a special interest because there had been found by Commander Goringe, while excavating the ground in Alexandria, on which it stood, four hundred and forty-nine coins, dating from the fourth century before Christ all the way down to 1868. He coveted the knowledge of Mr. Feuardent, the antiquarian, who so skillfully deciphered these coins, most of them lost by visitors to the monument, only seventy-seven coins of Roman imprint bearing evidence that they were deposited there for safe keeping between A. D. 293 and 305.

John not only gained book-knowledge of coins, but he acquired much practical knowledge of collecting coins, as he constantly added to the collection that had been a legacy to him from Uncle Fred. He developed business habits in trading off his bats and balls and the motley collection of playthings that every boy must possess to be happy; all these he traded for coins, which the boys were sure to bring him for exchange — almost every household furnishing some old thrown-aside coin. He made friends with the merchants, who were pleased with his intelligence and willingly saved for him the odd foreign coins that were often brought to the stores. They furnished him with large numbers of the old United States cents, only asking him to redeem them at their face value. Often among them he found high-priced coins; once a cent of 1799, well preserved and worth ten dollars. He found too the nickel cent of 1856. Among old dimes and half-dimes, he found the dime of 1804, worth from five to ten dollars; once a dirty half-dime which, when cleaned, revealed the rare date of 1802; fine specimens of this half-dime are worth one hundred dollars. But he looked in vain for a half-dime of 1804; a coin so rare that even the cabinet of the United States Mint is without a specimen, and not many years ago one was sold in New York for four hundred dollars.

John's search for coins often led him into experiences and adventures so pleasant that he felt he tasted the very cream of enjoyment while pursuing his favorite study. In his constant collecting he often had several coins of the same

date; he thus gradually filled out whole series of coins and sent them to the numismatists for sale, always realizing fair profit for his labor. Some series were the purple cents; some bore the olive tint. He not only arranged series by dates, but his study taught him the value of the different types and varieties of the same series of coins, and the slight difference in these varieties that enhanced their value.

The early copper coins of our country gave full scope for his taste for variety. He found that in 1793 there were three types of cent, the Liberty-cap, the chain, and the wreath, and that in these types there were differences which only a student would notice, and which increased its value. There were three varieties of the half-cent of 1795; one with the Liberty-cap, the most highly prized, the Liberty-cap with no pole, and the thin planchet. Two additional stars doubled the price of the second variety of half-cents issued in 1817.

Our silver currency also afforded a large variety of types. There were two varieties of dollars in 1796; on one the date was in small, the other in large figures. In 1797, on the first variety of dollars were six stars, the second seven stars.

In 1798, on the first variety were thirteen stars, on the second fifteen stars (every star seeming to shine with joy at the growth of the States). The variety of the Standard, or Bland dollar, first issued in 1878, with eight feathers in the tail, was worth ten dollars.

In the half-dollars there were similar differences in the stars. In 1806 there were three varieties of half-dollars; the one with blunt 6, the pointed 6, and that with no stem. Some years the addition of a barbed arrow each side of the date marked the only difference in the issue. The variety of half-dollars with the lettered edge of 1836 commanded only a small premium; while those with the reeded edge, and head like that of 1837, were worth six dollars and seventy-five cents. The variety of 1866, without the motto, "In God we trust," was worth ten dollars. This same price could be obtained for the quarter-dollar of 1853 without arrows or sun on reverse.

In foreign coins were also found similar varieties, as John discovered one Christmas, when he received as a gift from his father, a five-franc

piece of 1851. As he already had one of that date, he thought it strange that his father should value it highly enough to give to him for a Christmas gift; but he soon discovered it was one of those rare coins where the lock of hair is curled forward on the forehead of Prince Louis Napoleon, whose image it bears. There were only twenty-three of these coins issued, when Napoleon had the mould altered, being offended with the stray lock of hair. John's father had obtained the coin for his son through a friend in Paris, by paying for it one hundred and thirteen francs.

These slight differences taught John the habit of close observation, for on them depended the value of the coin. Perhaps one of the pleasantest results of John's work in coins was that it brought father and son together in such a happy way — the father entering into the spirit of the collecting with almost the same zest as the boy. The two seemed to be of like mind; what red-letter hours they spent together! John anticipated his father's wishes in so many ways as to relieve him of considerable care, and he always was at hand whenever his father needed help in writing or copying; and in return to what rare good times did the father treat the boy! taking him to the United States Mint, to the city Museums, to all auction sales of coins, and promising to take him some day to Europe, where nearly all of the principal cities have valuable numismatic collections.

Being so much with his father, John often met his father's friends, who, appreciating the boy's intelligent interest in coins procured for him many foreign specimens.

In this way there came to him from Siam some of the recently coined flat money, with a pagoda on one side, and on the other the elephant, the sacred animal of Siam; there came in the same package some of the former style of bullet-shaped coins, made of seven oval pieces of silver, fastened skillfully together, each piece bearing a stamp showing its value.

Another friend of his father brought him coins from Turkey, and taught him to decipher the Arabic characters, so that he found no difficulty in understanding the monogram of the Sultan, which is usually on one side, while on the other is the year or the Sultan's reign, the date from

the Hegira, and the name of the mint: the coins bore no heads of the Sultans, as the Mohammedan religion forbids the making of any likeness. These Turkish coins led him to study Marsden's work on *Oriental Coins*, and several other books recently issued by the British Museum, treating of Arabic inscriptions.

Still another gentleman brought him a skeatta, the smallest of the early British coins of A. D. 606 when, after the departure of the Roman conquerors, they commenced an independent coinage. This skeatta was of silver, and bore no inscription, and the rude profile showed little skill in art. What a change to the British coins of to-day, bearing the finely-cut head of Queen Victoria, and especially to the coin with the splendid Gothic Crown prepared in 1847, but never in active circulation; or to the last issue of gold, made from the new die, representing the Queen wearing the Imperial crown, and with her features to-day. John had also a British "siege-piece" of Charles I., made of the family plate, with hammer and anvil on the field of battle.

He had specimens of Maunday Money, which were easily distinguished from ordinary currency from having no milling on the edge. They were given in olden times as a royal bounty to the poor, on the Thursday of Holy Week, in memory of the day when Pilate gave his order for the crucifixion of our Lord. In England, the number of the "Maunds" distributed was according to the years of the monarch. The practice is still continued, but is not given in person by the sovereign, or the Lord High Almoner, as in olden time; a money-payment being received from the clerk of the Almonry office.

John obtained many coins by exchange through the magazines. In this way he even procured a very rare coin of our own country — a half-dime of 1793, struck from the private plate of Washington, bearing the head of Martha Washington who sat to the artist who designed it; it bore her features, but was emblematic of Liberty.

John knew the rarity of a coin was no test of its numismatic value; if he were to make this his standard it would change him from a numismatist into a speculator. Still he had a great longing for rare coins. If it had been in his power he would not have thought it a waste of

money to buy a United States dollar of 1804, paying seven hundred and fifty dollars, a sum not long ago paid by one who could afford it. There are only eight of these dollars known to be in existence. The British Museum has one for which was paid eight hundred dollars; there is one in the Philadelphia Mint, and a gentleman in Nashville, Ky., has one. But John was only a boy, receiving gratefully from his father's purse. Another pleasure was in the making of some coin albums.

The pages of these coin albums were not much thicker than those of an ordinary photograph album. They consisted of five sheets of heavy cardboard. The center one was a plain sheet. The next sheet contained the holes to show the coins, each hole the exact size of the coin. On this sheet, of the same thickness as the coin itself, he arranged as many coins as possible, leaving a margin and space between; marking with a pencil closely around the coins, he placed a punch of the same size over these circles—one blow of the hammer on the punch taking out the card-board. Laying this sheet of coin-holes on the third sheet he drew circles within the holes. These last circles when cut, were slightly smaller than those on the second sheet furnishing just enough margin to hold in place the coins when arranged in their places on the second sheet. Near the corners and sides of the second sheet he inserted fasteners, similar, but stronger, to those used on merchants' sample envelopes, making the holes for their insertion with a small punch; the backs of the fasteners placed on the under side of the sheet, with a small place made in the center sheet to receive them. On the center sheet he then pasted sheet number two, with a strong paste made of flour and white glue, placing them under a heavy weight until dry. On sheet number three, with the small punch, he made holes near the outer corners and sides to match those on sheet number two through which the arms of the fastener passed; these pressed down, held sheets numbers one, two, and three firmly together. On the other

side of the center sheet he placed two sheets treated in the same way. Then with strong tape he bound the five sheets securely together at the back. Thus arranged on both sides of a page, the album held a large number of coins in a small space. After one page is designed, it is but little work to make many more like it. The pages bound together, were covered like a photograph album and closed with clasps.

John had different styles of these albums. In the one for the collection of coins with duplicates, the places to receive the coins were in regular rows of two circles close together—one to show the obverse, the other the reverse of a coin; a wide space then intervened before the next row of two circles.

Another style of album was designed to show the obverse and reverse of the same coin, when there was only one specimen. These pages consisted of three sheets of card-board, bound together at the back. The center one, the same thickness as the coin, contained the holes, the exact size of the coin. On each side was placed a sheet with the holes a size smaller than those on the center sheet; on the outer corners and sides the fasteners were inserted, passing through the three sheets, and when pressed down, holding all closely together. On one side of this page was seen the obverse, on the other the reverse of a coin.

These albums were specially adapted for United States coins which are of uniform size, even the cent had only changed once in size (in 1856), from the commencement of our coinage until now. John arranged in these albums his ancient, foreign, and Colonial coins according to States; his regular series of United States coins by dates. He also catalogued every coin in his possession, with the price he paid for it, adding a note if there was anything of particular interest connected with the coin. After he had the albums he took much pleasure in showing his coins, for there was no danger of their being handled, and losing their "mint lustre"—a beauty highly prized by him.

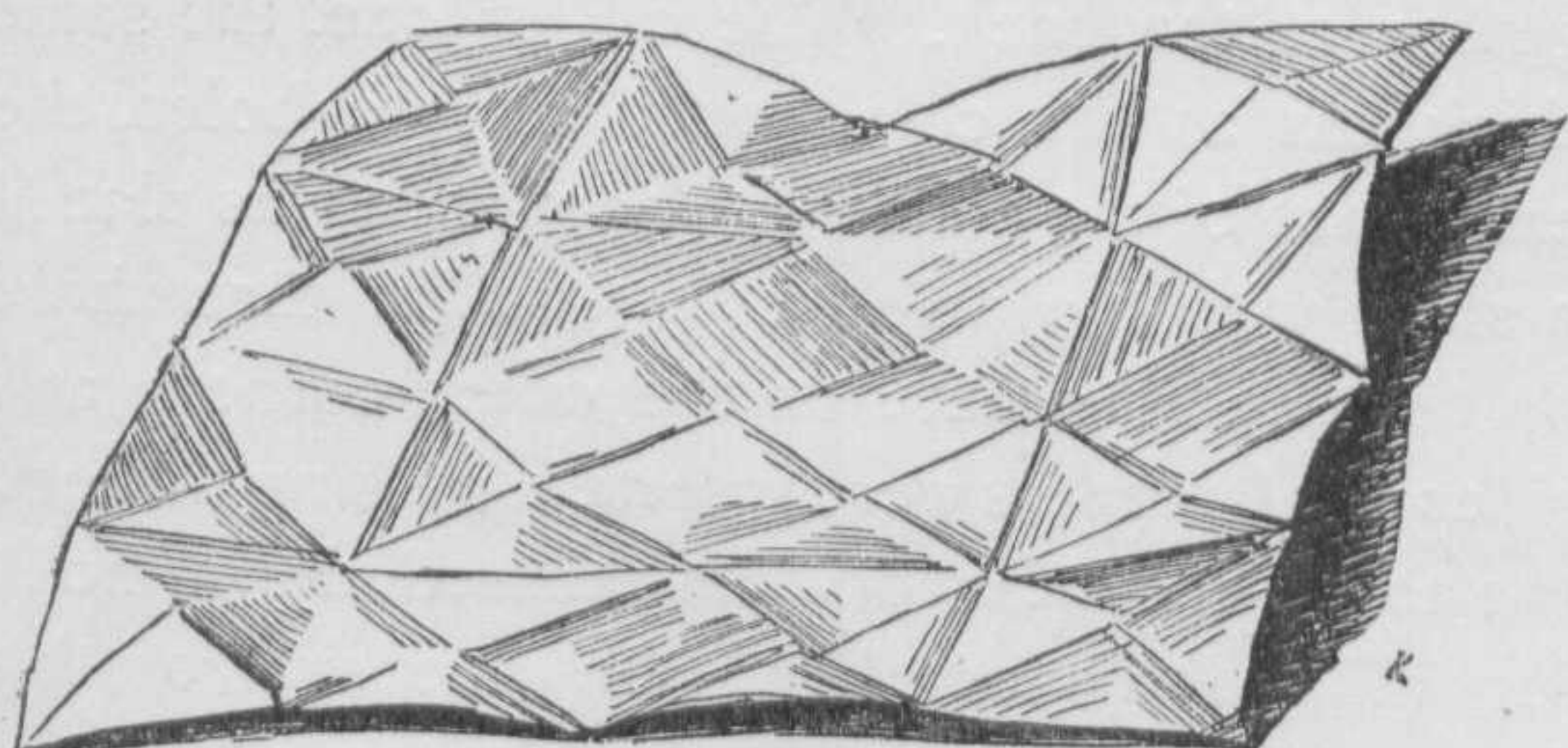
HOW TO MAKE A PAPER BOAT.

(Ways To Do Things.)

BY JOHN LAMBERT, JR.

THE boat I am going to describe is not the old-fashioned affair descended from a paper cocked-hat which had a curious thing sticking up in the middle; but a beautiful, graceful pleasure-boat, with a seat at either end, and a comfortable cock-pit between and each seat has a folding back to protect the occupants from wind and weather and to afford a nestling-place for them. This boat, if a few pebbles are put in the cock-pit, will float beautifully in a bathtub or other convenient sheet of water.

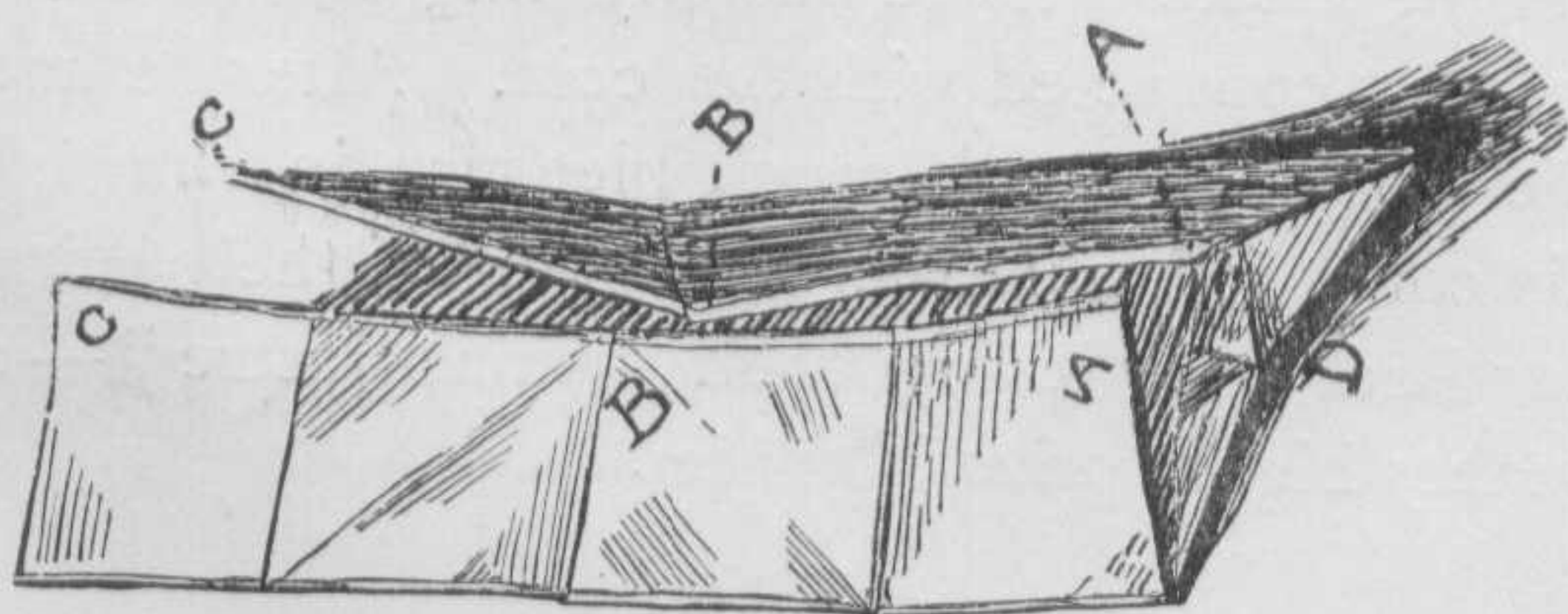
Then a great advantage it has over other paper

*(Fig. 1.)* AFTER FOLDING AND UNFOLDING.

boats is that in the course of its construction it goes through so many pleasing changes.

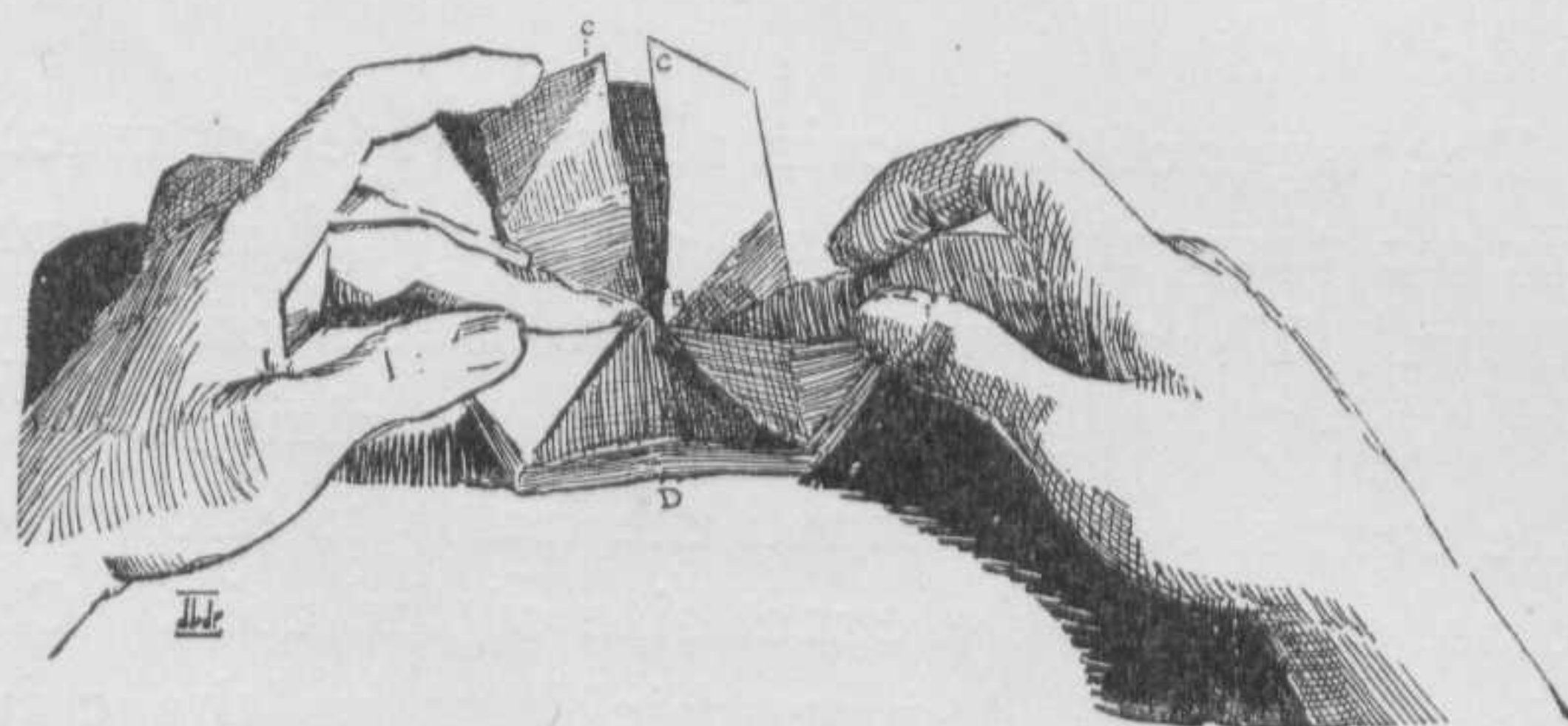
At first it is a catamaran very like a real one; with its two hulls joined together and with bows and sterns alike. The catamaran floats well, too, upon water, and is a very useful vessel.

Next the paper folds into a square box like a French cook's cap; such as one sees often in our cities on the heads of cooks as they stick

*(Fig. 2.)* THE SECOND FOLDING.

them out of hotel kitchen windows to breathe fresh air and see the passers-by.

This cook's cap, in its turn, is made into a "looking-glass." I don't think you would know

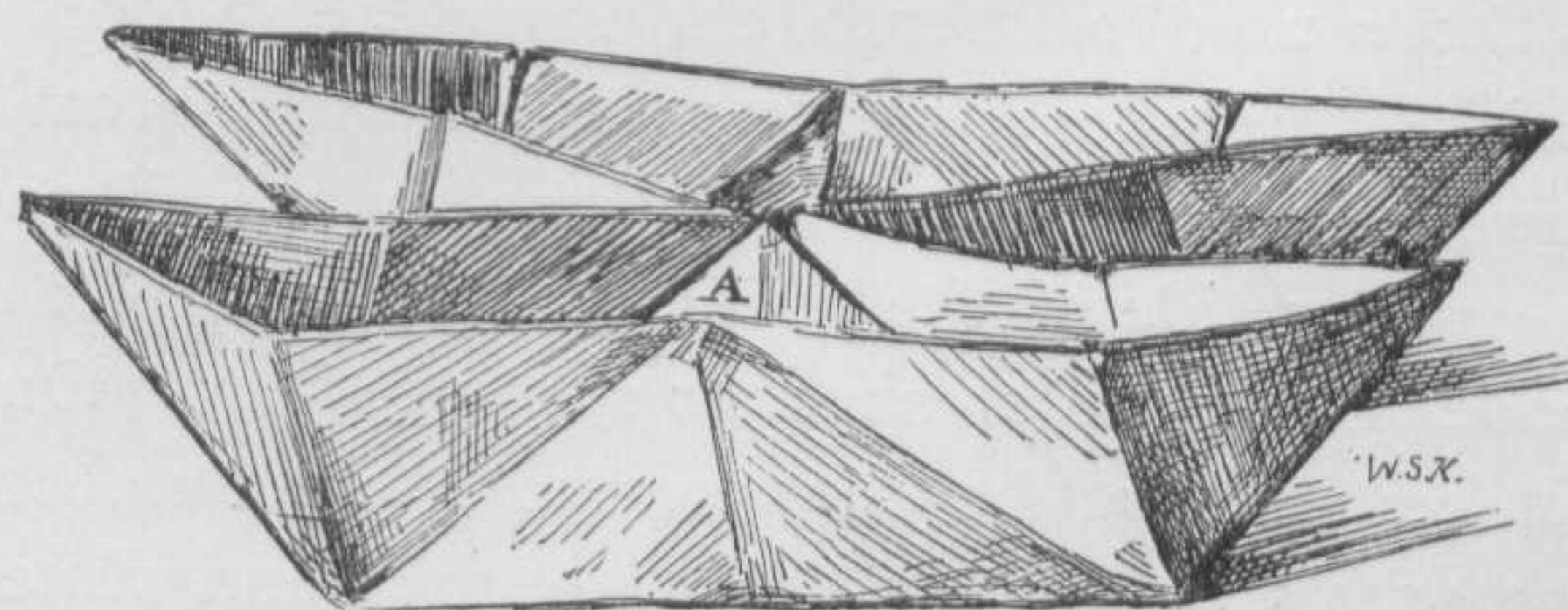
*(Fig. 3.)* ONE HULL OF THE CATAMARAN.

it to be a looking-glass if I did not tell you so — but what does that matter? The mirror has a frame and is altogether a very pretty, even if not a useful, thing.

Lastly the looking-glass is bent over, and pulled out into the looked-for boat.

Now to make the boat: In the first place get a piece of paper of medium stiffness — writing-paper does very well — and tear or cut it square.

The way to do this is to fold it diagonally, and then to cut along the edge folded over.

*(Fig. 4.)* THE CATAMARAN.

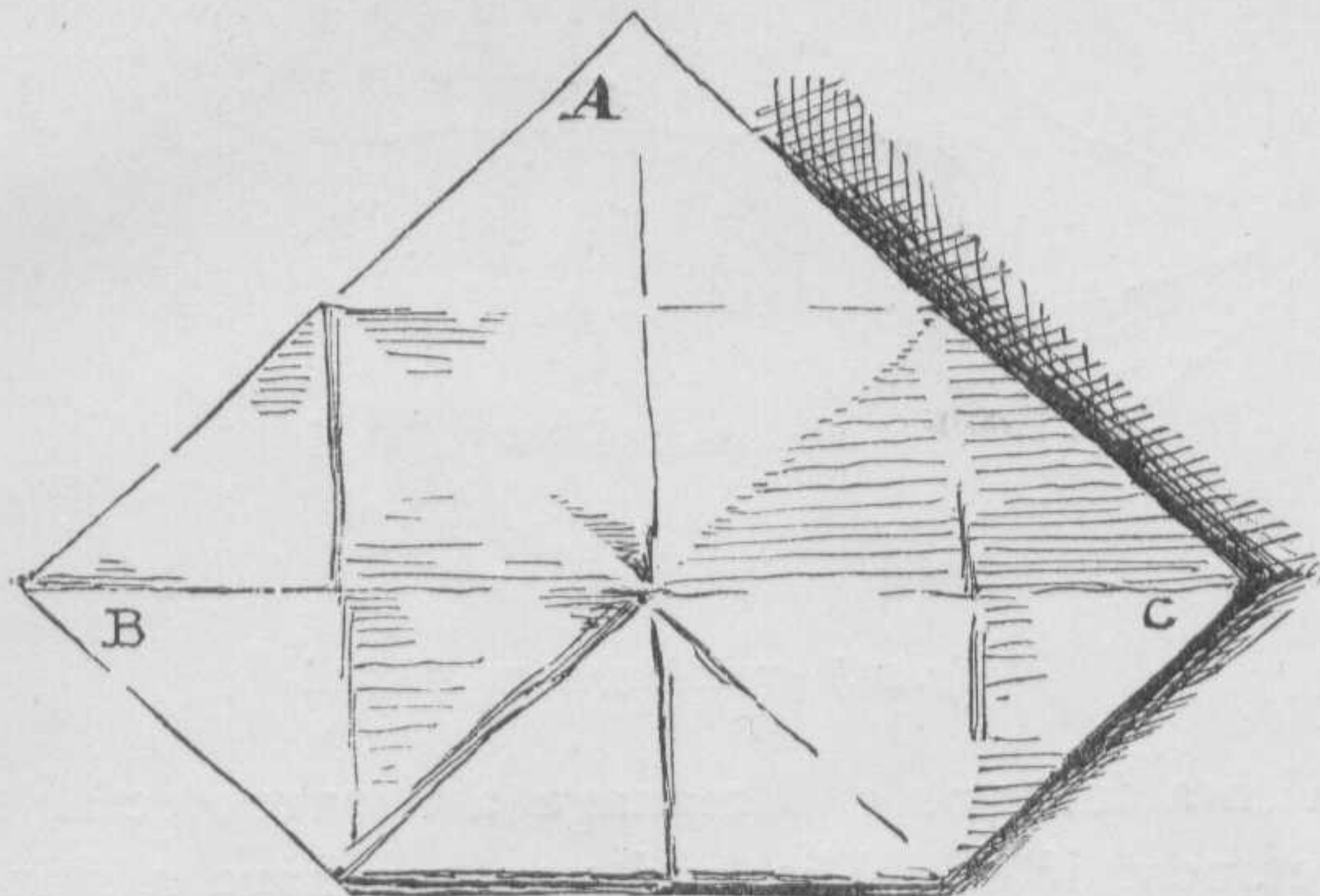
A convenient size is about eight inches square.

In making this boat, do everything neatly and accurately, and crease the folds carefully.

Having the square piece of paper find its centre, by folding it diagonally; unfold it, and then fold diagonally again.

This done, fold all four corners of the square paper to the centre, exactly, making a square half as large as the former one; crease the edges, then turn over the paper and fold again

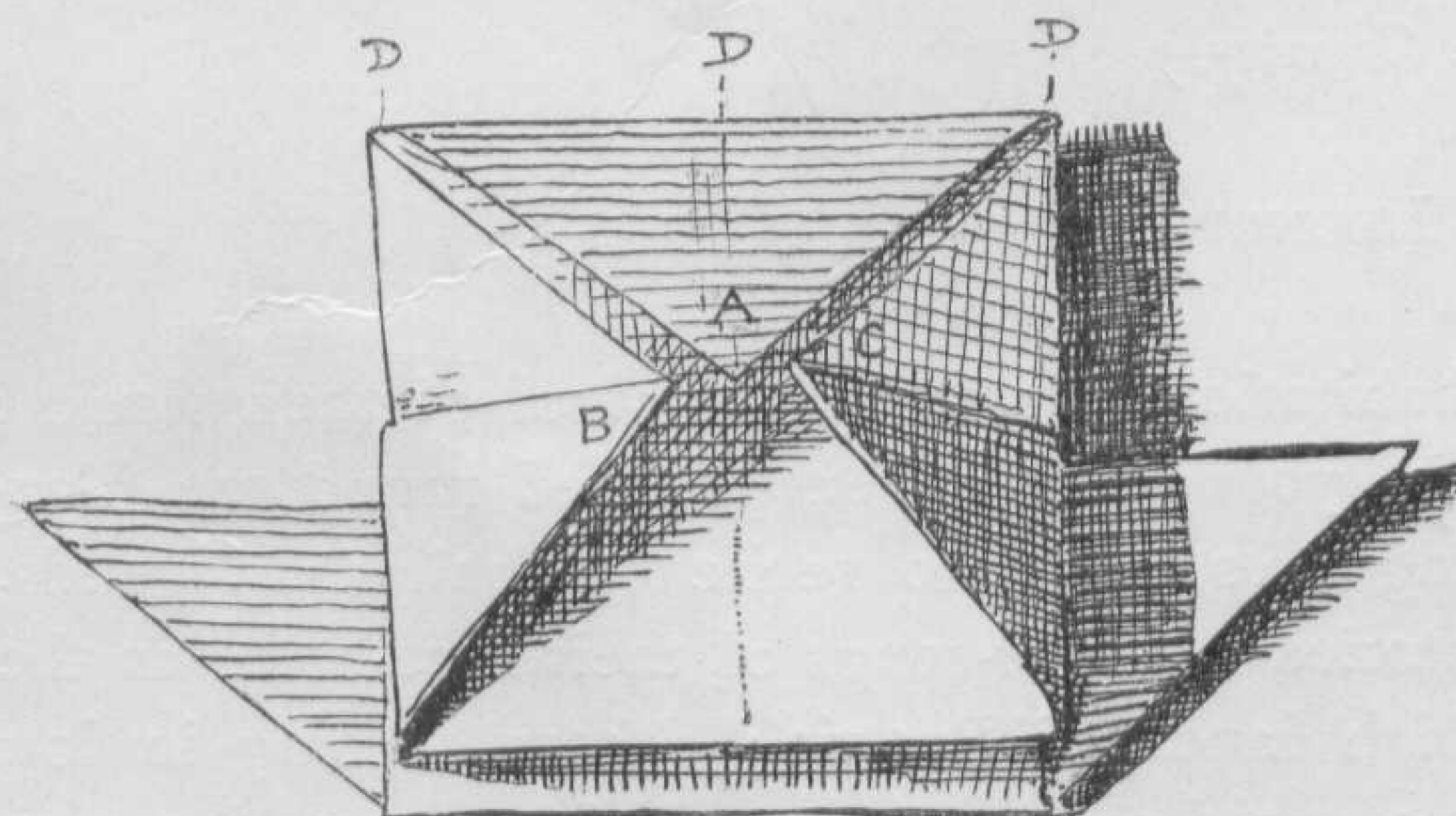
in the same way. Then turn once more for the third time and fold again; and you will have



(Fig. 5.) FIRST TRANSFORMATION OF CATAMARAN.

folded the corners to the centre three times and have a square one eighth the size of the original paper.

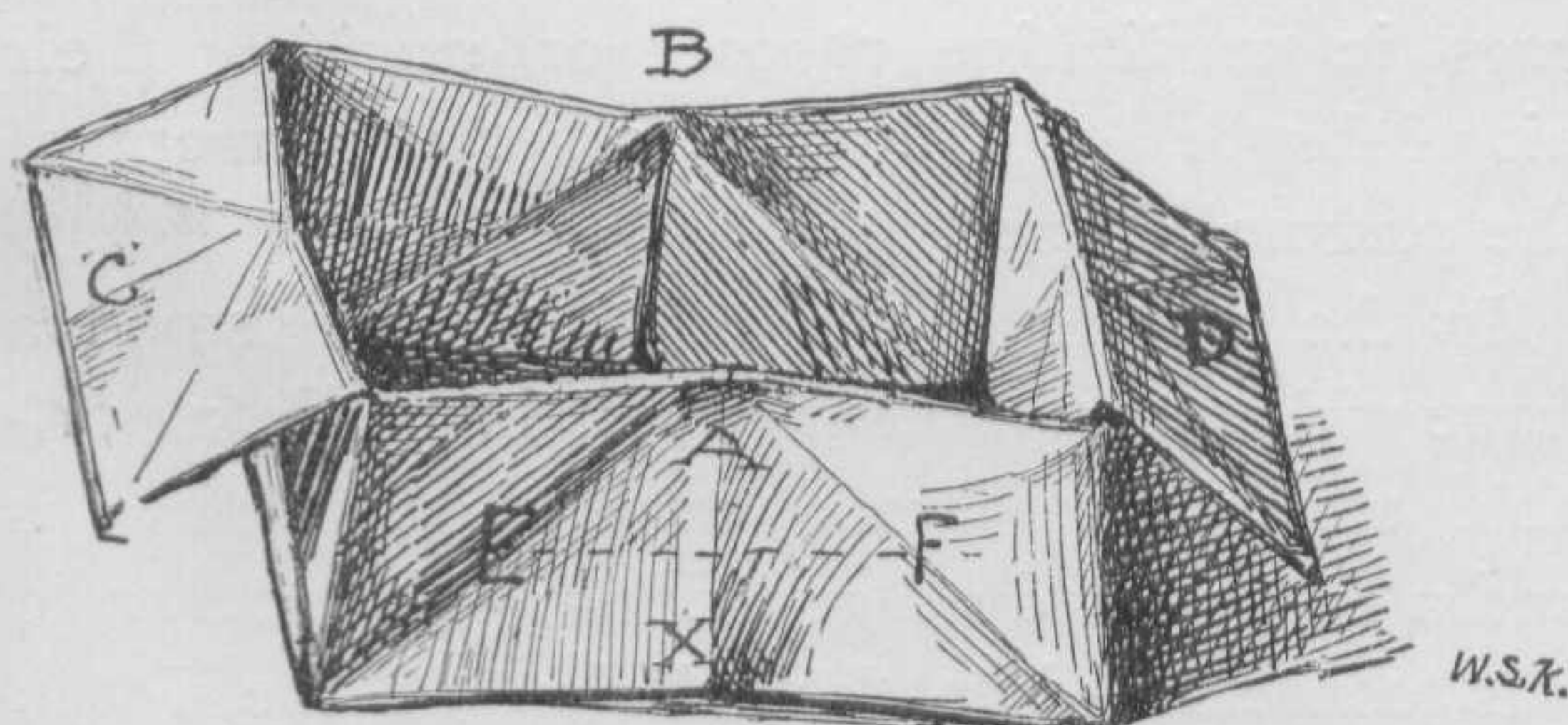
All this has been done to make the after-folding easy.



(Fig. 6.) SECOND TRANSFORMATION OF CATAMARAN.

If you will now unfold the paper you will find it looks like a checker board as in *fig. 1*.

Next take the paper with the four corners folded to the centre as at first and fold two of its sides down to the middle, as in *fig. 2*.



(Fig. 7.) THE FRENCH COOK'S CAP

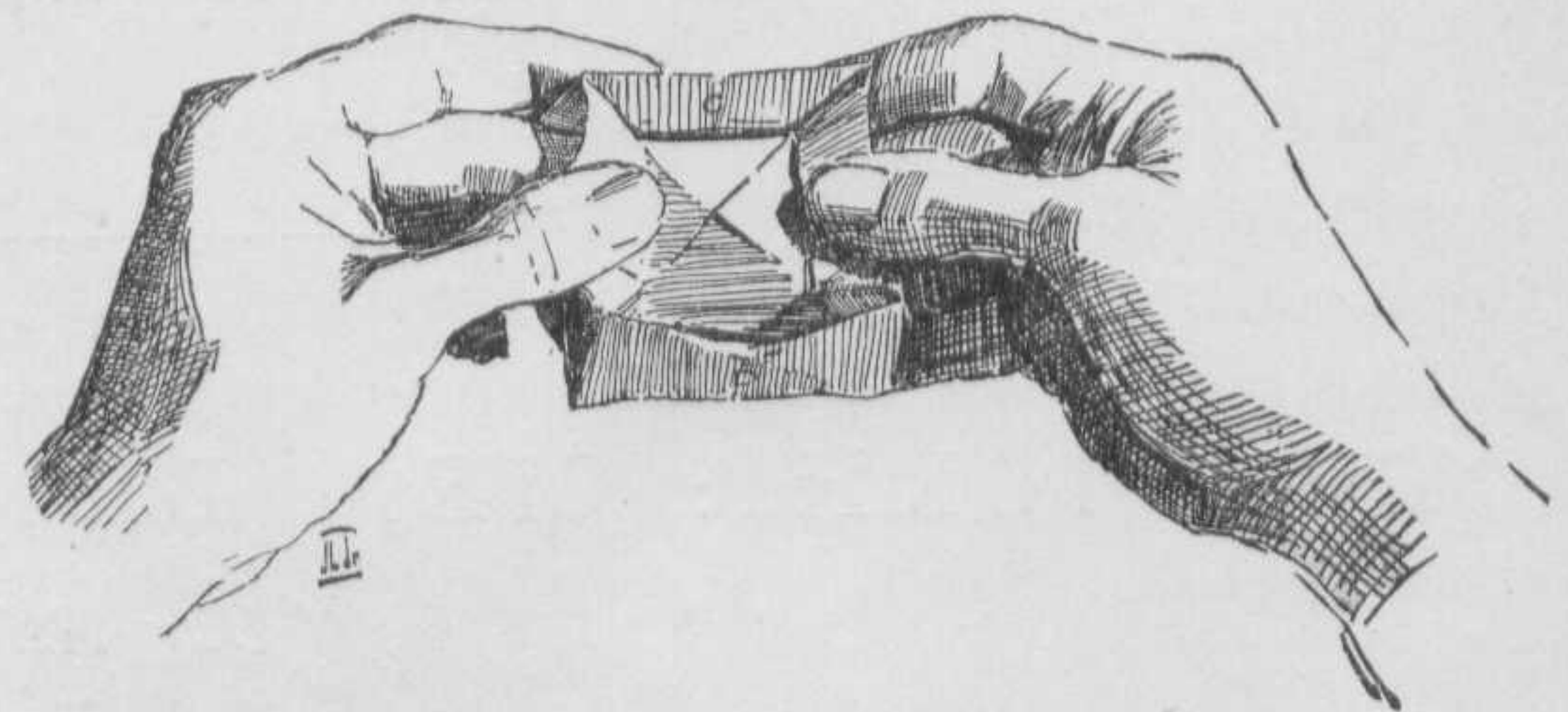
Now press with middle fingers the sides at *B. B.* to centre. Pull corners *A. A.* out with

thumbs as in *fig. 3*, and fold side *D.* while the corners are outstretched, to centre. You will now find one of the hulls of the catamaran made.

Do the same at the other end of the paper *C. C.* and you will find that the two hulls only need folding together, side to side, to make the catamaran of which there is a sketch in *fig. 4*.

When you have sufficiently admired the catamaran, if you look you will find a corner of the paper at *A. fig. 4* in either hull of the catamaran.

Pull this out without unfolding the rest of the catamaran and it will look like *fig. 5*, one of the



(Fig. 8.) TRANSFORMATION OF COOK'S CAP.

hulls being hidden. Fold down toward you corners *A. B.* and *C.* as in *fig. 6* and then fold the part marked *D.* in *fig. 6* down toward you.

Do this with the other hull of the catamaran and you have the French cook's cap *fig. 7*.

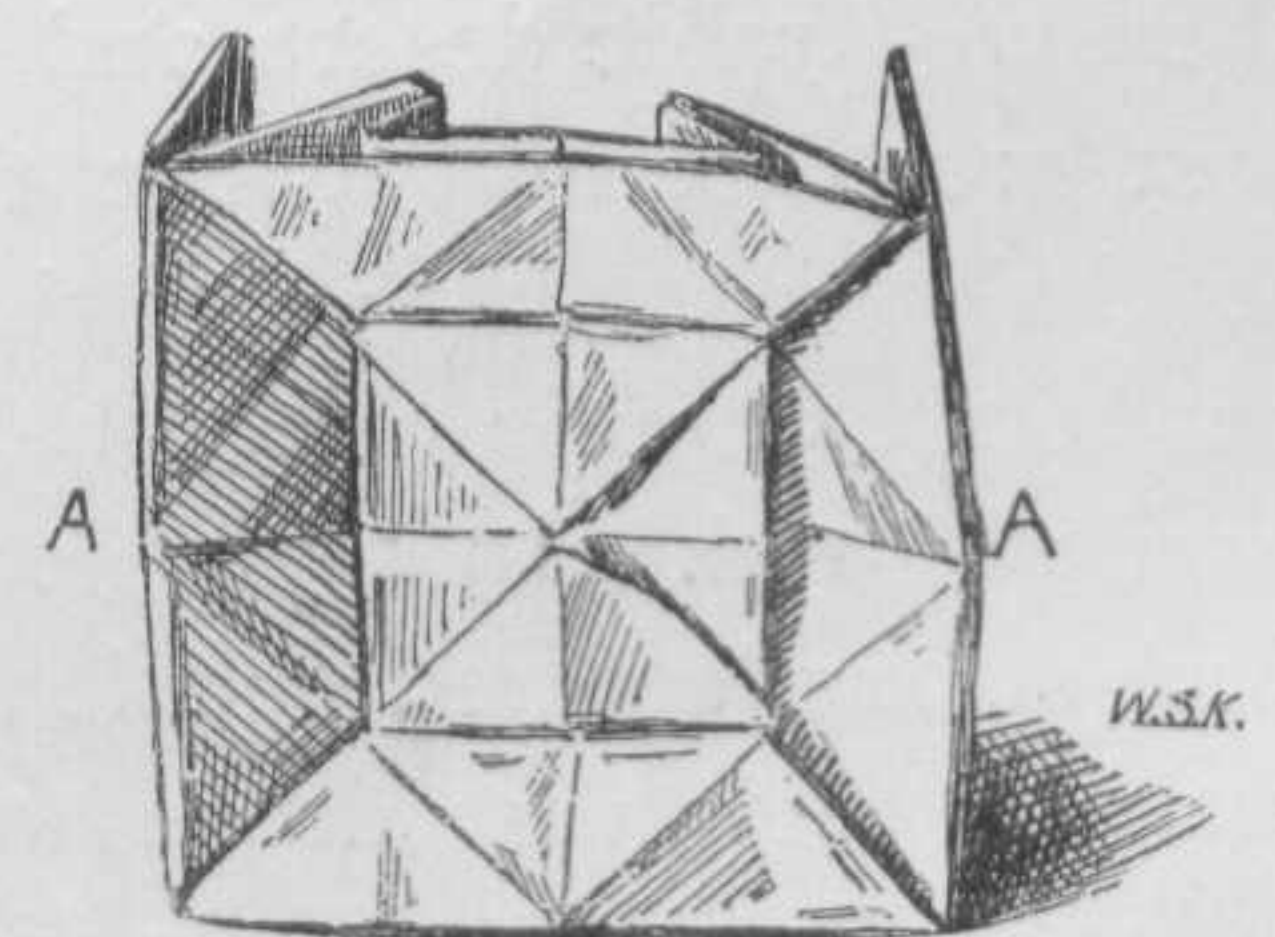
The next thing to be made is the looking-glass, *fig. 9*.

To do this, fold the point *A.* in *fig. 7* down to *X.*, creasing the side inward on the line *E. F.* Fold the opposite side *B.* in the same way.

Then, hold them with the thumbs as in *fig. 8*, and with the forefingers bend back the whole of side *C.* so that its lower edge will be at the middle of the top of the cap.

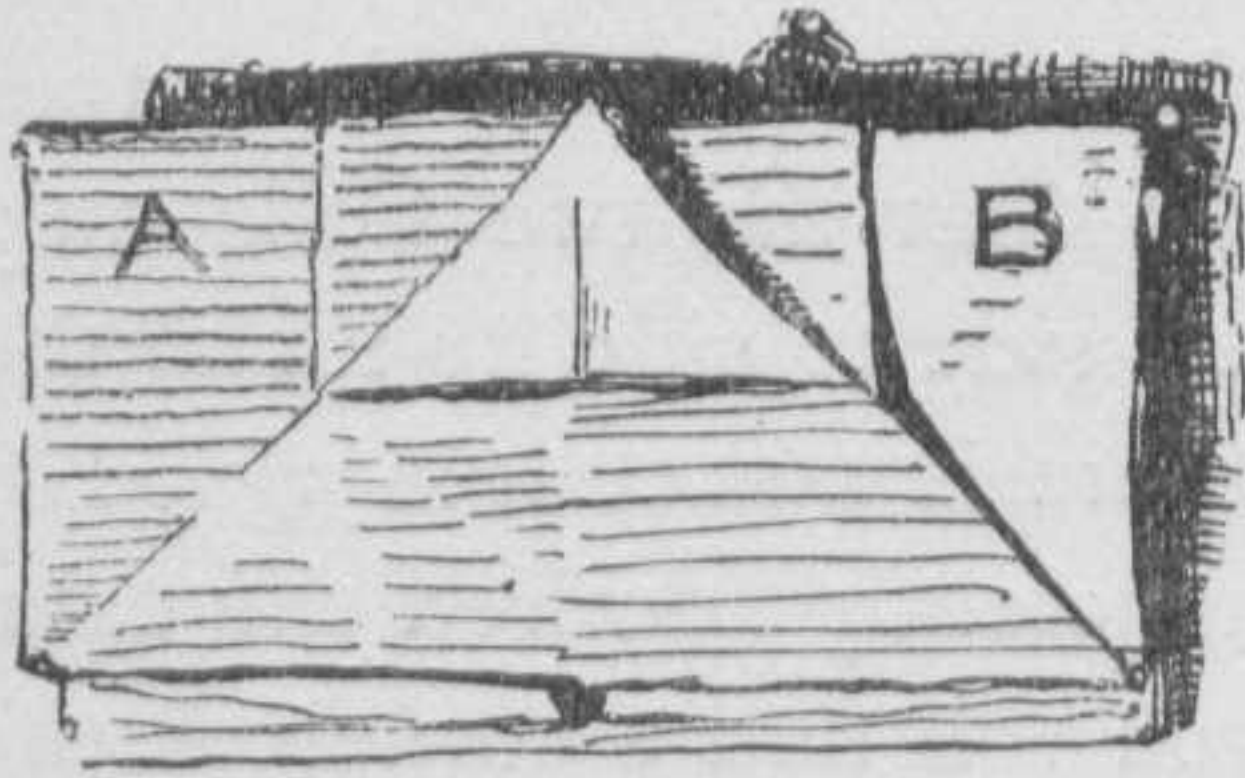
Fold side *D.* back and you will have the looking-glass as in *fig. 9*.

After having the looking-glass it is but a small matter to bend it across the middle at *A. A.* so that it is like *fig. 10*. Pull out the ends *A.* and *B.* of *fig. 10*, and the boat is made, as in *fig. 11*.



(Fig. 9.) THE LOOKING-GLASS.

I hope you have followed me carefully enough through this intricate description to reap a just reward in the boat, which only needs the fold-

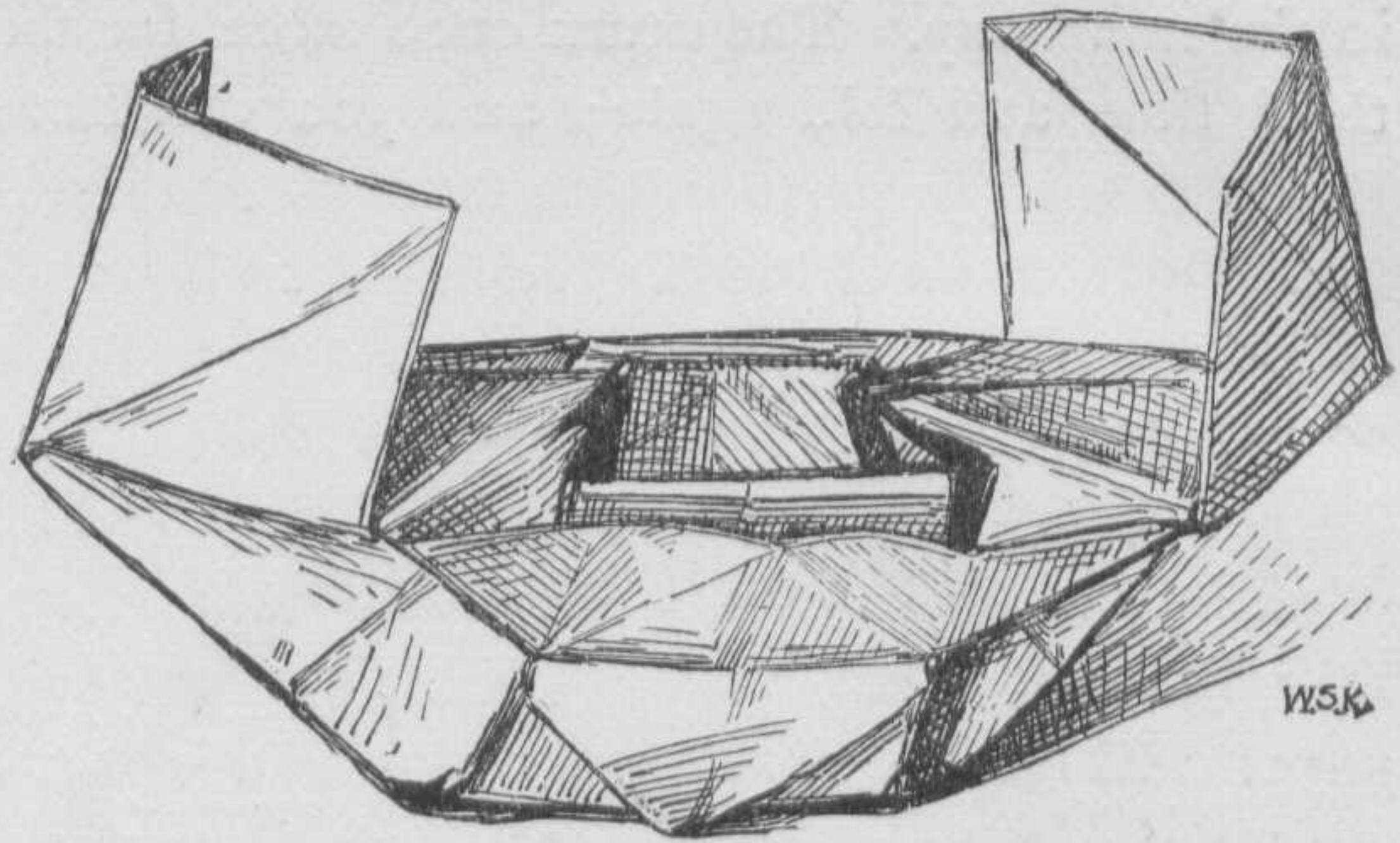


(Fig. 10.) TRANSFORMATION OF
LOOKING-GLASS.

ing-backs to the seats to be pulled up to be perfect.

If one folding back only is pulled up, it will answer for a sail; and with ballast, a slight breeze will

waft your fairy bark across the ocean until it is lost to sight. You can give a pair of paper dolls a voyage over your washbowl sea, and



(Fig. 11.) THE BOAT IS MADE!

with a fan you can manage a very respectable tempest if you like, and you can have a shipwreck and a rescue.

THE IBRHI: MEN BEYOND THE EUPHRATES.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

THE Ibrhi*, the Men beyond the Euphrates, are the second of the Semitic races to appear and take part in the world's progress. No other people has gained so supreme a spiritual rule over the civilized world, and at last sunk so low in the estimation of the nations of the earth.

Centuries before written Greek and Roman history, we find that a number of nomadic families or tribes under a renowned leader called Abraham (who was accompanied by his nephew Lot), quitted the Tigris and Euphrates valley, crossed the Syro-Arabic desert, and reached at length a vast green plain between that desert and the sea, below Phœnicia; this plain — after the manner of the Semitic races, they called Khen'-â'-an or Low-Land. In this blooming prairie these dark strong-featured people took up their abode, set free their vast droves of sheep, goats and milch herds, pitched in a wide circle their goat-skin tents, and resumed their patriarchal life.

The elder women, with their slaves and domestics, sat at sunset in front of their goat-skin

habitations, spinning the wool of their flocks; the younger members grouped round the blazing fires, some to recite old ballads, legends, stories and war-songs of their race-home in the high lands of Bactria; others to sing in low measured cadences the wild Mesopotamian airs, and yet others to play on the wind-pipes and beat the cymbals while the graceful maidens and youths performed the athletic dances of their tribes, keeping time to the music by clapping their hands and tapping on the green sward with their tinkling feet; scattered here and there sat the sheiks, or chiefs, on their goat-skin rugs in meditative repose, or smoking their nirgelehs, or long pipes, in quiet enjoyment of the pastoral scene.

In the middle of the circling camp stood a large wide tent containing the tabernacle, a portable structure of wood, covered with curtains and a canopy of dyed goatskins; this tabernacle was consecrated to the religion of the Ibrhi. Within was an altar to the Supreme Being — Hawah, the self-derived and self-existing God. To this tabernacle came all at the new and full moon, for public thanksgiving and for solemn

*Ibrhi or Ibrhair — the Men beyond the Euphrates; but according to some Hebrew scholars, descendants of Heber the son of Salah.

discussion of tribal affairs. The Khen'-â'-an shepherds seem at this early period to have paid certain reverence to the sun, moon, and stars, particularly to the morning-star, as it rose out of the depth of darkness; one of their most solemn oaths was "by the morning star," that orb which seemed to these simple dwellers on the plain a shape of radiance bright and beautiful enough to be an angelic being—the chief servant of the great Hawah, and worthy of adoration. But, deep down in their hearts dwelt an inviolable faith in Hawah, the One God, whom Abraham emphatically declared to them continually.

The Semitic tribes multiplied rapidly in this peaceful valley, and in course of time the prairie, however fertile, could no longer fill their increasing wants; then, for the first time serious strifes broke out and at length the people agreed to separate.

Lot, looking down from the heights of Bethel and beholding the well-watered plain chose the fertile banks of the Jordon, now called Ghor Safiëh, and the magnificent pasture-lands round the sea which is still called by his name, Baheireit Lot, the sea of Lot. In that region a peculiar civilization had already sprung up. There were cities of which no stone now remains. On the eastern ridges of Baheireit Lot or the Dead Sea, rose the table land of Moab—it was from these summits that later Abraham stood and "looked toward Sodom, and toward all the plain and lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." There too the king David was to find an asylum from his enemies; there John the Baptist was to preach; there our Lord was to be tempted; and there was to take place the terrific scene of the final struggle between the vanquished Ibrhi and the Romans after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

Through a series of events which rival in romantic incident the most wonderful of Oriental tales, a great-grandson of Abraham, Joseph, called the Ibrhi from Khen'-â'-an, into Egypt at a period of great agricultural distress among them, and established them in the fertile land of Goshen northeast of the city of Memphis. Once settled here, the Hebrew as the Egyptians now called them, passed from the nomadic and

tribal state into a nation, though still shepherds and tillers of the ground. Every boy born to the race was carefully educated to hold fast to the tribal faith in the great Hawah. They held themselves separate from their Egyptian neighbors by virtue of their customs, religious worship, distinct language, and their patriarchal family life. In all things political, they were obedient to the Egyptian government, paying through their Zakhen or sheiks, the tribute or tax laid upon them by the friendly Pharaohs.

In time, however, the Rameses dynasty (still under the generic name of Pharaoh) came to the throne; to these rulers the self-isolating and religious Hebrews were repugnant. Moreover there rose a doubt as to the political wisdom of permitting so strong and brave a nationality to grow up within the narrow borders of Egypt. Their destruction was resolved upon. They were publicly placed on the footing of serfs and captives. The pastoral Ibrhi were taken from their fields and folds. They were set at mechanical labor which they loathed—to make bricks, build walls, dig canals, and construct roads. The ancient paintings on the Egyptian tombs represent heart-rending scenes of this period of Ibrhi history—of bands of chained Semitic prisoners at work under the eye of Egyptian superintendents, who are armed with long whips; and the hieroglyphic inscriptions, dating from the reign of Rameses, mention the Hebrews among the builders of the greatest works of Memphis.

By this means the Egyptian rulers hoped to crush out the alien race. But despite whip and chain and endless exaction, the Ibrhi race showed no sign of extinction, no appearance of degradation, no loss of nationality.

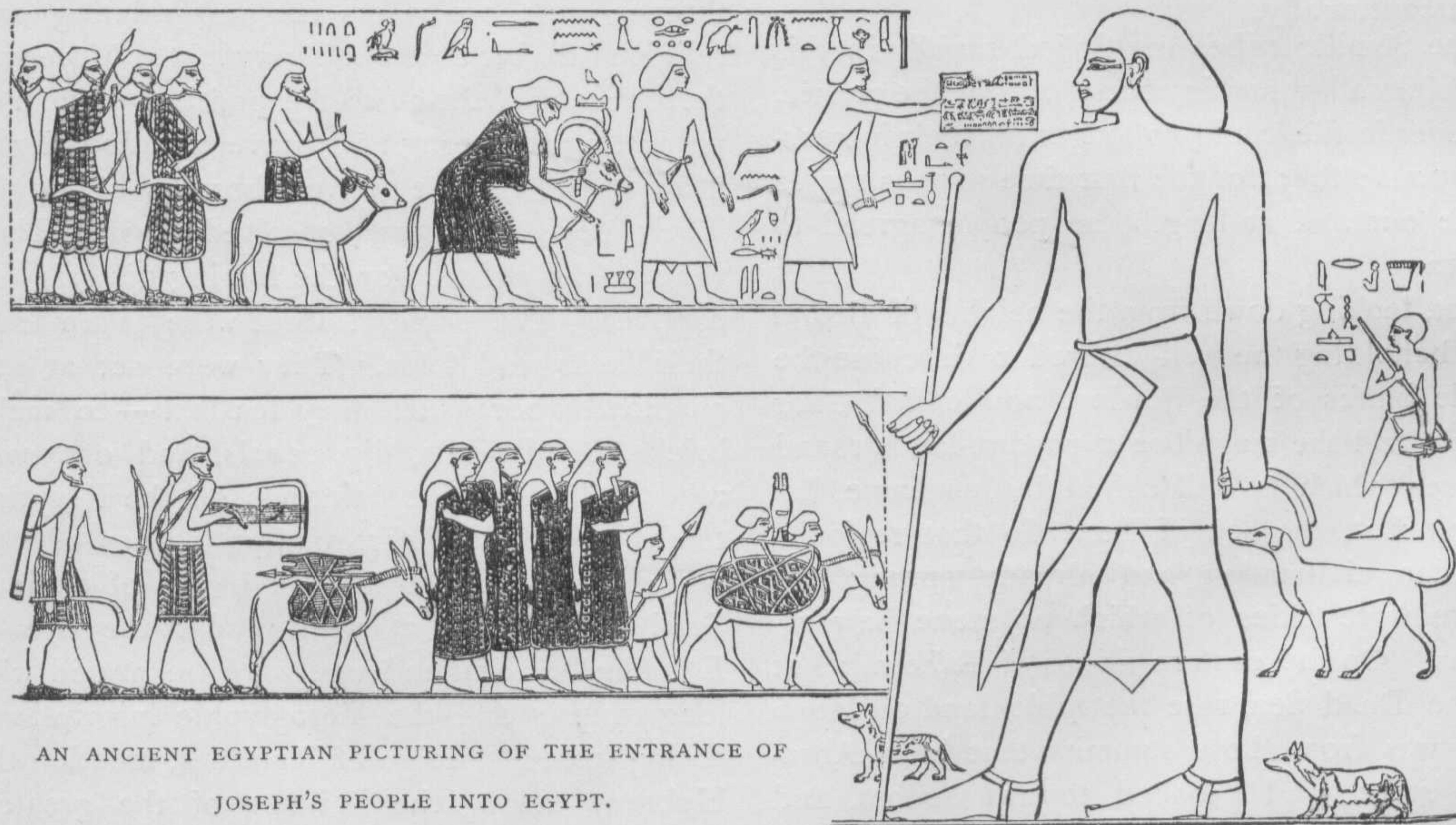
Next it was decreed that all male infants born to the Hebrews should be thrown into the Nile. But forth from the reeds and rushes of the Blue Lotus river came one of the doomed little ones of the hated race to be nourished and cherished in the very arms of one of the Rameses princesses! Behold him, the little Ibrhi Mou'sys, running about, strong and beautiful, in the palace of the Great Oppressor! When she named the child she had found in the little basket floating by the bank, the Egyptian Princess did not use the Hebrew words, *mou, ses*, drawn out

of the water, but the Coptic words, *mou*, water, and *sys*, deliverance from.

An Eastern magnificence of incident characterizes the career of this second young Ibrhi hero. The daughter of the Rameses had the foundling trained in all the wisdom of the priests. He studied at the great university of Heliopolis. To his strong intellectual endowments were added striking personal beauty and wondrous powers of eloquence. When, on one occasion, Moses led an Egyptian army against Meröe, the Ethiopian king, his daughter was so struck with

instinct of nationality, stronger in the blood of the Hebrew than in any other race, burned in his veins. He witnessed every day the cruelties inflicted on his race. There is no more thrilling chapter in all history than that of the terrible leading forth of the Ibrhi from Egypt by the adopted son of the Rameses.

After the death of this great Leader and Lawgiver, the Ibrhews under the captainship of Joshua crossed the Jordan, and after many memorable wars took possession of Palestine, and considered their wanderings and journeyings



the heroic beauty of the young Ibrhi captain that she opened to him the gates of her father's capital and begged him to become ruler over the land. At the age of twenty he was installed as a priest of the Egyptian god Apis. Daily in the magnificent temple and library of Apis, the young Ibrhi studied the mysteries of the Egyptian religion, poring over hieroglyphic and symbols, turning the astrolabe to the sky, perusing the rolls of historic papyrus — moving away to take his shining place in the splendid pageants of the court of his adopted mother the Princess Thermutis, and her imperial father.

But he led also another life. He was no stranger in the household of his Ibrhi parents. His own mother had, by the will of God, been his nurse. His birth was no secret to him. The

at an end. Of the grand development of the Ibrhews here — of the settlement of the twelve tribes of the race — of their vigorous government and their wars — of their prophets, kings, and judges, both male and female — of the building of their great national temple at Jerusalem by King Solomon — of their wondrous moral and religious race-development — of their schools and colleges in the courts of the Great Temple — of the perfection of the Hebrew and Aramæan, the sacred and vernacular languages of their race — of their literature, the Pentateuch and the great Rabbinical works of the Talmud, and other sacred, historical, and traditional writings — of their willful departures from the laws given on Sinai — of their downfall and dispersion under Nebuchadnezzar and

their restoration by Cyrus the Great — of the rebuilding of the national temple to the Great Jehovah — of all this nothing need be written.

But at last the hour arrived when the Ibrhews, in like manner with their cousins the "Ruddy-Skinned Men," were to be subjected to the crucial test. The fortunes of the Ibrhews which had brought them wealth, renown, wisdom, and power, had developed into startling prominence three of their most marked national characteristics: contempt of all foreign races; intolerance of all secular and spiritual truths not professed by their own Rabbinical doctors; and an intense thirst for acquiring riches. After the long period of splendor, there now came years of internal dissensions, political and religious feuds, and at length an absolute conquest of the weakened race by Alexander the Great.

Revolutions and changes followed close upon one another until in 63 B. C. the Ibrhi passed under Roman rule. But though subject to an alien race, and prostrate in the dust, the Ibrhi clung together and held fast to the ancient prophecy of a Messiah, an Ibrhi king who was to be born to them, and was to restore their supremacy. But even while they watched for the dawning day of their destiny, the Wise Men, led by a new star, came journeying from the East, and were startled into wonder as their bright guide paused over a lowly khan or inn for men and cattle, in the town of Bethlehem. Here they found the long-promised but quite unwelcomed Messiah of the Hebrews.

For the next thirty years the New Testament story of Jesus Christ furnishes forth the most important chapter of Hebrew history, centering the whole world's interests in Jerusalem.

Seventy years after the rejection of the Messiah by the Ibrhews and his crucifixion, their sacred city was destroyed by the Roman army under Titus and they were starved, bombarded and massacred by thousands. Stupefied with horrors, stunned with misery, the remnants of this once colossal race scattered over the surface of the inhabited globe. Wherever they settled they gave evidence of the same old inexhaustible energy. This they invariably turned upon their last grand passion — *commerce* — the gathering of wealth.

Half a century after the siege of Titus, Jeru-

salem was rebuilt by Hadrian, who after a long and terrible war with the Jews of the region in which five hundred and eighty thousand of them fell, and the whole country was reduced to a wilderness, tried to wipe out the very name and existence of the sacred city under a new title, Aelia Capitolina. On the holy inclosure of Mount Moriah rose a pagan temple to Jupiter Capitolinus, while over the consecrated spot of the sepulchre was built a graceful temple to Venus, dedicated with all the pomp and ceremony of the pleasure-loving pagan ritual.

There is something mysterious in the fate of Jerusalem. Two hundred years passes, and the illustrious city rises from her deep degradation, and resumes with a new significance her beloved name of "Jerusalem the Possession of Peace;" becoming the seat of a Christian bishopric, where the teachings of the crucified Jesus Christ were daily taught.

But the "possession of peace" was of short duration. In the beginning of the seventh century Jerusalem was again besieged — this time by Mohammedans — and after four months of heroic defense, and awful sufferings, Jew and Christian alike became subject to the Moslem power under Khalif Omar. Since that time the city has shared the confused fortunes of the various rulers who have swayed Western Asia.

During our own time the Jews seem to have had some respite from the persecution which for centuries has followed them on every side. But though they now take their place in Europe as free members of the great free nations among whom they dwell, and though individuals among them have risen to high places and honors in the kingdoms of Europe, learned, able, nobly generous, proving their title to our unqualified respect and admiration, nevertheless as a race they are this day aliens to the soil and the government under which they find perfect freedom, but often scant justice.

There is no doubt that the primal instinct of nationality throbs in every drop of living Ibrhi blood, and that this great race-force preserves them as a people, who, scattered one from another over the face of the globe, wanderers and set apart, yet are to rush together and fulfill their part in God's plan for the nations of the Earth.

ROMAN LITERATURE TO DEATH OF AUGUSTUS.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

101. In what form did Roman literature take its rise?

102. Who is regarded as the earliest Roman poet of any note?

103. Who wrote an epic poem called the "Annals of Rome"?

104. What famous writer of comedies was once employed in a bakery?

105. What writer of comedies is celebrated for his purity of style?

106. What was the origin of the satire and who was the first satirist?

107. Who wrote the noted philosophical poem, "*De Rerum Natura*"?

108. What noted poet was born near Mantua?

109. For what is the poetry of Catullus noted?

110. What noted poet received a Sabine farm as a gift from a wealthy friend?

111. Name three elegiac poets who flourished in the Augustan age.

112. Who was the first prose writer of importance?

113. Who was the most learned as well as the most voluminous of Roman authors?

114. What celebrated general was noted for the clearness of his style? Mention the only work of his now extant.

115. What historian made Thucydides his model?

116. What historian, only one of whose works has been preserved, was the friend of Cicero and Atticus?

117. Name three important works by Cicero.

118. Who was the most noted prose writer of the Augustan age?

119. What foreign influence was strongest in Roman literature?

120. How did the Roman aristocracy view the rise of poetic literature?

ANSWERS TO MARCH SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

61. Numantia.

62. The barbarity with which the Romans treated their slaves caused the latter to rebel.

63. His support of the Agrarian Law which he brought forward.

64. The relief of the poor and the undermining of the power of the Senate.

65. Bribery on a most extensive scale.

66. A second Servile War.

67. Marcus Livius Drusus.

68. The contention between Marius and Sulla for the leadership of the legions in the first Mithridatic War.

69. Marius.

70. Mithridates' success in his campaigns against the Romans in their Asiatic provinces.

71. For Sulla.

72. The restoration of the ancient constitution of Rome and the former power of the Senate and nobles.

73. Spartacus.

74. Pompey.

75. Mithridates.

76. The conspiracy of Cabiline.

77. 1st Campaign: The defeat of the Helvetii. 2d Campaign: The subjugation of the Nervii. 3d Campaign: The subjugation of the remainder of Gaul.

4th Campaign: In this campaign Cæsar after conquering two German tribes made his first invasion of Britain.

5th Campaign: The second invasion of Britain. 6th Campaign: The subjugation of the revolted Gallic tribes.

7th Campaign: Defeat of Vercingetorix. 8th Campaign: Pacification of Gaul.

78. In this year the Romans were most disastrously defeated by the Parthians.

79. The ultimate extinction of the Republic.

80. Cato. Refusing to submit to the despotism of Cæsar he stabbed himself.

C. Y. F. R. U.

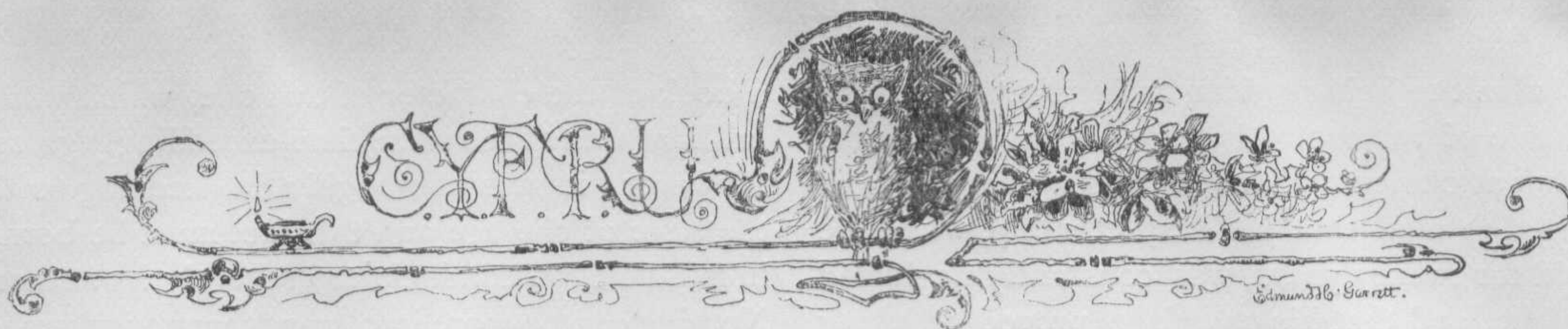
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WIDE AWAKE

VOLUME AA



BOSTON
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FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS



LA FONTAINE "THE GOOD."

(Dear Old Story-Tellers.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

"La Fontaine's Fables are like a basket of strawberries: you begin by taking out the largest and best, but little by little you eat first one, then another, until at last the basket is empty."

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

READERS of Charles Dickens's *Child's History of England* will readily call to mind the famous chapter relating to Charles II., so often called "The Merry Monarch." In this chapter the writer in a strain of the bitterest irony proceeds to relate many of the most objectionable acts of that royal profligate, applying the adjective "merry" to each of them. The satire is doubtless overdone, for Dickens seldom knew when to draw the line between moderation and excess in passages of this kind, but nevertheless the chapter serves to point with terrible distinctness the frightful mockery of the term when applied to Charles II. True, the king was merry enough, but it was mirth for which his people paid dearly.

But the irony which applies the title "good" to one whose life outraged the social virtues is sharper than that which styles a good-natured, and yet a vindictively cruel king a "merry monarch." In both cases the irony was unconscious. King Charles certainly made merry with his favorites and they did not dream of there being anything incongruous in the title as applied to him. La Fontaine in his life-time was personally known to comparatively few. Long after his death, when he was known to posterity mainly through his *Fables*, he came to be styled "*Le bon La Fontaine*" with perfect sincerity; his readers, who did not trouble themselves to look up the history of his life, doubtless imagining that a

man who could write so wisely could hardly be other than "good."

Let us glance at his career and judge for ourselves how far he merits the title which seems almost to put him into the calendar with the saints.

Jean de La Fontaine was born July 8, 1621, at Château-Thierry in Champagne, France. His early education was obtained at a small village school and later at Rheims, a town of which he often spoke fondly in later years. At nineteen he was sent to the seminary of Saint Magloire to study for the priesthood at the suggestion of one of the canons of Soissons who fancied he saw in the young man an inclination to that profession. But his indolent nature rebelled against the rigor of seminary rules and at the end of eighteen months he returned home. It was no doubt a fortunate decision on his part, for it is not easy to see how one of La Fontaine's temperament and disposition could have reflected any honor upon the calling of a priest. While it is of course possible that he might in this profession have led an upright, helpful life and been "an ensample of godly living" to his parishioners, the weight of probability is much against such a supposition.

When he was twenty-two his father, who was government Inspector of the Woods and Forests, relinquished this office to his son whom he married soon after to Marie Héricart, a young woman of great beauty, and, as was proved later, of much sharpness of temper. It does not appear that La Fontaine desired either the office or the wife, but his habitual indolence led him

to submit to being guided rather than be at the trouble of remonstrating or of making an independent choice. Knowing this we are not surprised to read that his Inspectorship, which he held for twenty years, was constantly neglected by him, and that his marriage proved anything but a blessing. After some time he and his wife



JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

were separated by mutual consent, but he continued to communicate with her by letters at intervals.

The elder La Fontaine had all his life been given to verse-making and he vainly tried to induce his son to follow in the same path. What example and precept, however, failed to do, was accomplished at last by accident. Dining with some military friends at Château-Thierry, an officer present recited an ode of Malherbe. La Fontaine listened to the recitation silent with admiration, and on returning home he set himself to committing to memory the whole of the volume which contained the ode, and thereafter devoted himself to original versification.

In 1665 his first work of importance appeared, the *Contes et Nouvelles en Vers*. No reputable author of the present day would venture to publish

a book of the character of this one, which while brilliant was at the same time exceedingly gross. However, it was thoroughly in keeping with the taste of the age and this fact must be borne in mind ere we condemn too severely its author. Nothing can be more intolerant than to judge the character of a man of an earlier century by the moral standards of our own time. Until the present century a grossness and freedom of speech was tolerated in common conversation to an extent that we cannot now comprehend. People of irreproachable morals indulged in what would at this time be called extreme indelicacy of expression, with very little idea of there being anything reprehensible in the practice.

In 1667 La Fontaine published a second collection of *Contes* and in 1671 a third. Twenty-one years after the appearance of this third series La Fontaine fell suddenly and dangerously ill. All his life up to this time had been a career of pleasure undisturbed by any serious thought of what was to come of it all. In an age of speculation and philosophic inquiry he had remained untouched by its spirit. He had literally taken no thought for the morrow either from the standpoint of faith or of scepticism. He had lived as the gay world immediately around him lived, and like the nominal Christians of his time he turned to religion only when pleasure had no more in store for him. During his illness he was visited by Father Poujet, vicar of the parish of St. Roch in Paris, who undertook to bring back this careless butterfly soul to the Church. Poujet was most assiduous in his visits, and La Fontaine, always intellectually indolent, was at this time when enfeebled by illness little disposed to question seriously concerning points of faith. The result is easy to foresee. La Fontaine was reconciled to the Church. The few objections raised by the poet were successfully met by the priest who as a condition of the Church's forgiveness required that La Fontaine should make an authentic recantation of the *Contes* and a formal expression of his sorrow for having written so immoral a book.

It is by no means probable that the poet at all realized the force of Poujet's objections; it is doubtful if his mind was so constituted that he could do so. He yielded nevertheless, and

even burnt an unpublished comedy of his own to which his confessor objected and this, which he esteemed his best work, was no light sacrifice for him to make.

To La Fontaine's greatest work, the *Fables* which bear his name, Father Poujet could fortunately bring no objection. The year 1668 was the date of the publication of the first of these in a volume dedicated to the Dauphin and entitled *Fables Choissies Mises en Vers*. La Fontaine at first seems to have limited himself to versions of the Æsopian fables as rendered in Latin verse by Phædrus, who flourished in the time of Tiberius; but later he drew from the old French fables of Marie de France composed in the thirteenth century, as well as from subsequent narrators of fables.

These fables met with speedy recognition, and for two hundred years and more have never been named but with praise. Says a recent writer:

"The fables have long since passed out of the region of criticism; where copies or imitations, they are held by the assent of all men to have surpassed their originals, and where original, they take the foremost rank amongst the gems of European literature. The profoundness and at the same time their infinite simplicity, are consigned unalterably to the author's credit in his contrasting, but equally undisputed titles of 'The Inspired Innocent' and 'The Solomon of Poets.'"

A period of ten years elapsed between the appearance of the first and second collections of *Fables*, the latter being published in 1678-79. As in the first collection, a number of the fables were dedicated to individuals and many of them were inspired by contemporary events. At this time the poet was at the height of his reputation and his popularity, except at court, was very great. For the composer Lully he wrote about this period the opera of *Daphne* which was the beginning of his efforts in dramatic composition.

Doubtless few poets of the present day would feel moved to celebrate in verse the virtues of any medicinal agent, least of all that of quinine, but at the suggestion of the Duchesse de Bouillon La Fontaine wrote a poem of two cantos on the subject, called *Le Quinquina*. The poem was published in 1682, soon after the use of quinine had become popular. Thirty years before the chief of the Jesuits in America had carried powdered quinine to Rome where it was sold for a

long time at most exorbitant prices as the *poudre des pères* or *poudres des Jesuites*. An Englishman named Talbot in 1679 introduced a mode of infusing it in wine, and in France it then became known as *le remède Anglais*.

In 1683 he obtained the great prize of literary ambition in France — a seat in the French Academy — though not without some opposition in the course of which the immorality of the *Contes* was repeatedly urged as a reason for his non-admission.

After his recovery from the illness before mentioned he gathered into a volume the fables he had composed in the years following the issue of the second collection of apologues, and also wrote several hymns. But he was now past seventy years old and there was little more for him to do. His slender remaining strength was devoted to the practices of religion and it was found after his death that the hair shirt of the austere penitent had long been worn next his skin. His death occurred on April 13, 1695, at the house of one of his friends, M. d'Hervart, and he was buried beside his friend Molière in the parish churchyard of St. Joseph.

In some respects La Fontaine remained a child to the hour of his death. He was incapable of taking care of himself in ordinary affairs of life and was always dependent upon one protector or another. He was almost entirely without resentment and the simplicity of his nature presents a refreshing contrast to the duplicity of many of his contemporaries. That in an age when virtue was the exception to the general rule La Fontaine was conspicuous for his violations of moral obligations may be accounted for by the fact that his was a nature which found it difficult to take account of moral distinctions. He seemed to have been born with very clouded moral perceptions, if indeed he can be said to have had in some directions *any* moral sense at all. His native indolence made vice not only easier to him than virtue, but with his constitutionally perverted sense of right and wrong often made it appear the only natural course to pursue. This does not clear him from blame, for some degree of free agency he certainly possessed, but after all is said that can be urged against him there remains much to his credit. If he were not "good" in the ordinary acception

of the term he possessed some desirable attributes of goodness. We read of him that he was "unaffected, truthful and compassionate; he stood firmly by his friend in trouble, and was invariably patient and forgiving." He was capable of strong attachments and in one very notable instance stood manfully by the friend who had once befriended him, the Minister Fouquet, in the disgrace that befell his former patron and did much to allay popular indignation against that fallen dignitary.

In society his absent-mindedness became almost a proverb and his manners were very frequently taciturn, even boorish. In discussions he never listened to his opponents and talked on, hearing only the sound of his own voice. On one occasion in a conversation on dramatic art La Fontaine strongly condemned the custom of stage "asides," saying that nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that an actor could be heard in the gallery and not by people beside him. The discussion became a heated one, and the poet's voice rose high above all the rest. He did not know that all the while Despréaux, one of the company, was incessantly calling him aloud all kinds of names — "La Fontaine is a scoundrel, a blockhead, a calf, an owl," etc. — till every one around him was laughing. On his then inquiring what the matter was, Despréaux said: "Here am I calling you all the hardest names I can think of and you don't hear me, although I am near enough to touch your elbow; and yet you think it extraordinary that one actor should not be able to

hear another who may be ten paces away from him."

One of the most serious indictments against La Fontaine is his neglect of his son. The youth was educated by a friend of La Fontaine's, and from the time of his removal from his father's notice the poet seems to have forgotten him completely, never inquiring for or alluding to him. After the youth's college course was completed a meeting was arranged between the father and son who had not met for nearly six years. The occasion was a dinner, and after it was over La Fontaine's friend asked him what he thought of the young man who had just left them. The poet replied that he seemed modest and quite well informed for his age.

"It is your own son," said his friend.

"Ah, indeed," replied La Fontaine; "I am glad to hear it." Then he suffered the matter to drop as if it were a trifling episode of a pleasant nature which had merely served its turn.

It is a nature full of contradictions — this of the great French fabulist — and it is open to much well-deserved blame, yet there is not a little in it to attract, and in thinking of him it is well to bear in mind the words of his dear friend Maucroix:

"We have been friends for more than fifty years, and I thank God for having allowed the extreme friendship I bore him to continue up to a pretty good old age without interruption or coolness, as I can say that I have ever loved him with affection as much the last day as the first. May God in his mercy, take his soul into his holy rest! His was the sincerest and most candid heart I ever knew. Never any disguise. I do not know if he ever told a lie in his life."

TWO WAYS OF USING A BIRTHDAY BOOK.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

BY DOROTHY AND SUSAN HOLCOMB.

(*Dorothy tells her way.*)

NOW is there any possible way," I asked myself, "to get something new out of a Birthday Book?" What an old story those books have got to be! But one *must* have them, for new ones keep coming out every year,

and they *are* neat things for a present, I *will* say. Dear me! I wonder what will come next! I suppose we can't get along without them, now we are used to them, but what did we do before they were invented, and how did we get along without calendars, too?

Two of us, Susan and I, said we *would* see

if we could not devise some other use for them besides having names written. Now in all well-regulated and commendable Birthday Books the spaces are roomy, and there are whole blank pages and parts of pages at the ends of the months. I will have nothing to do with a Birthday Book that is made upon a stingy plan, all crowded together. Mine *must* be, *shall* be, and *is* a beauty—the *special* one, I mean—with broad spaces, all lined off as truly as plummet and rule can make them. As Dick said, “There’s lots of waste room.” But that is exactly what I don’t mean it shall be. I mean to fill it all. I will leave place for just two persons to write their names under each date, and it stands to reason that *that* will be enough, for is it likely I shall ever ask *more* than twice three hundred and sixty-five persons to write in one Birthday Book? *No*; when I get seven hundred and thirty, I’ll stop or get another. There will be something *new* by that time. Any way, I am allowing for two to a date, which is not likely to happen very often.

Well! mine is a Jean Ingelow book, and there is room for five lines sure. My plan is to look up important or interesting events that happened on such or such a date, and fill them in. I know it is not *wholly* original, but it is mostly. Mine is going to be—there! I’ve hit upon just what I want to say. The right word usually comes to me, sooner or later, but sometimes sooner, when I need it. I can trust a certain something, not exactly impulse, though it has the force of impulse; it is not the result of thought either; perhaps it is what Buckle calls intuition. At any rate, it answers *my* purpose. It *comes*, and that is the main point. Well then, it is—you catch my meaning, don’t you?—a kind of “Search-Question Book.” Why, no, how stupid I am!—I don’t mean *that*. That is, I don’t mean *questions*—those are supposed—I mean the *answers* to—the questions that are not there. It is “A Search-Answer Book.” How will that do for a name?—for I *have* to search, oh! how faithfully, discouragingly, too, sometimes, but persistently, to find things of interest that happened on a particular day; ancient, modern, literary, biographic, historic, social.

Now I will show you how it is; that is, I will show you what I mean. My space will hold five

or six lines in a fair-sized hand. I forgot to say that whoever tries *my* way of using a Birthday Book *must* write a neat, legible hand, neat as well as legible, which is as much as to say, I suppose, that *I* do. Well, if I do, it is no merit; I ought to. I ought to be ashamed *not* to, and I worked hard enough to learn. I will not have untidy things about me. My books all are kept nice. There are no “lifts” started, no corners knocked, no soil or stains, I don’t put my books open face down, or spread them wide open, or set a cup of hot tea on the covers, though I have seen all these things done. So it follows that my books are fresh-looking enough to go back into the bookstore. But of course I am keeping them for a library; I shall have a lovely library, and I think books are the best furnishing for a room. Well, it is a beautiful Birthday Book I have, to begin with. I do not let slovenly folks write in it. I don’t, even if I care ever so much about them.

But where was I? Why, I’m rambling like De Quincey. Why, no, that is an absurd comparison—the great De Quincey! I’m as bad as the Widow Bedott, or Josiah Allen’s Wife, or Peppermint Perkins. I should be sorry to get in the way of rambling on from one thing to another, though my teacher encourages me to express myself on paper. She says it will be easier to suppress exuberance of expression by and by than to overcome a reluctance to writing at all. She says she would rather have too much of anything than too little, but I think when she said that, she forgot about Mrs. Partington and the Atlantic Ocean.

I told her one day I thought if I was going to write composition, I ought to have self-control enough to keep right to the point. And I *will*.

“Search-Questions,” I said, but I meant “Search-Answers.” It will read like this—I’ll take a date at random to illustrate. What date is this? Dec. 13. Well, under that date (leaving space for two names, as I said) I will write in my best hand:

Christina Rossetti born	1836
Napoleon Bonaparte died	1827
The Battle of the Nile fought	1817
The Corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument laid	1842
Pendennis published	1830

Now there are so many facts—five; events that happened on that day, biographic, historic and literary, and all worth remembering. And I shall remember them, from association. It will be a way of cultivating my memory, an aid. I do not easily remember dates, but that will fix them. There will be at least *one* I shall be interested in, and all the rest will stay because they are with *that*. Not that any of the events I have put down ever happened on the thirteenth of December, or on the year given. Of course you know better than that. Neither Christina Rossetti nor Lord Nelson, nor Napoleon Bonaparte had anything to do with that day. I am merely giving examples, and I put down what came into my head. But you catch the idea, do you not? It is really, if you follow my plan, a capital little chronological table. And I am sure if any of you have had as much difficulty as I have, to remember the proper dates with the events they belong with, I am sure you will feel like thanking me. I know—I really do know—some grown-up persons who are not sure of but *three* dates, actually three connected with the history of our country: they know when America was discovered, when the Pilgrims landed, and when Independence was declared. Now *I* say, such individuals would be all the better for searching about the Presidents, and the battles, and great events, and putting them down in a Birthday Book. And now, indeed, haven't I made out a Birthday Book for your friends' names, for national facts, for distinguished persons, and so on, and on, all in one little volume?

Now, Susan, it is your turn.

(*Susan speaks.*)

Oh! mine is not anything after Dorothy's. Mine is just for my family, our own friends, and guests, and any chance acquaintances I may like to have in it. I always have my Birthday Book handy, and I always take it with me if I go away from home. I mean to keep mine always, to look into, or back to, the same as Dorothy; only mine is a sort of memorial or remembrance book. It is a suggestion book, too, and a reference book. This is my way; that is, I will give some instances: we were so happy once as to have

General H—— here for a guest, who was very distinguished in the army, so I had him write his name, and then I made memoranda about him on the margin in red ink (I bought a bottle of beautiful scarlet ink on purpose to make notes with in manuscript books and other places. I had seen it done, and I think it is an excellent way, because the color calls your attention to the note). I also put the date when he was with us. Doing this makes my Birth Book in a small way a kind of diary. I had an important fact, too, that had never been in print, which he told us about the battle of Gettysburg, for he was there. His autograph was a treasure, and the fact was a big bonanza.

One day a distant relative came to see us, and he told us, at dinner, the name of the person who he was almost absolutely certain wrote *The Bread Winners*. Of course against his name (he was Professor in a Western college), I wrote about himself, and the name of the author. Of course I shall not divulge the well-kept secret here, but it is in my book. At another name I put: "The oldest surviving friend of my mother, aged eighty, our guest Aug. 11, 1885."

I fill out my spaces the same as Dorothy does; only mine is a home and guest book, and a book with minutes of travel, but mostly domestic in its associations. I got my idea partly from seeing memoranda in old almanacs; but I began to do it chiefly to be able to know on just what day such or such a friend came to see us, or to fix some little interesting thing that took place.

And some very interesting things have happened from my doing it. Some of the family are always asking, "Now, Susan dear, just run and look in your Birthday Book and see what day such a thing happened."

One time mother said, "Susan, I want you to see when it was that Aunt Prudence was here. It is very important that your father should know."

You could never guess what the important thing was. My date—actually *mine*—was to determine the testimony of a witness in a lawsuit!

"Susan's book will tell," said mother, "for that day Aunt Prudence was here we gave her a basket of Bartlett pears to carry home, and Dorothy went as far as the Four Corners with

her to help carry them, and when she came back she said the Doctor's house was on fire. Now that date, and that fire, and a certain witness belong together."

Was it not singular? But then, as mother said, that was a primitive way, but a good and sure way of remembering one thing by something else — the law of association.

Perhaps I have said enough. I have all manner of interesting items about the people who come to our house, and the places where I have been, and the people I have met, whose names are in the book. No gossip, or silly things, or

sentiment, but facts, in just as few and fitting words as I could put them, because the space is too scant to allow of any circumlocution. Mother thinks both Dorothy's plan and mine are good. She says we are learning to do things in a neat and tasteful manner, to write a clear, distinct hand (because we have to be very careful), and to be correct. She thinks our Books with the scarlet memoranda are very pretty. And they are. We shall keep them always. And when Dorothy and I are old ladies, how interesting it will be to look them over and read the names and all the rest!

THE RED, RED COPPER.

THE DISAPPEARANCE.

BY A. M. GRIFFIN.

THE gate stood invitingly open, and Eben Howley did not stop running till he stood upon the piazza and gave the gong a good turn. It wound up on the outside of the door like the crank of a hand-organ — you could hear it clang half-a-block away — and he flushed at making such an uproarious demand to be let into Dr. Day's trim household. He had not really meant to go in, but he had been on a steady run, and the open gate had offered no hinderance, nor anything, indeed, until he was ashamed of making such a noise about his intention. Barney Day opened the door and bobbed out his round head and rounder face.

"Halloo," he said, "you are just the fellow I want, Eben. Come along in."

Eben gave a sigh of relief. "I didn't know but everybody in the house would come to the door that new bell fires such a salute; I'm glad you happened to be around."

"O," said Barney, "if you heard it go off ten times a night perhaps you would get used to it. I suppose it is still a novelty to the neighbors, though. Come up stairs and see my new copper."

Up in the attic there was a little room made about the window under the eaves where Barney and Ward kept such treasures as a printing-press,

a scroll saw, a collection of insects and birds' eggs complete, stamps, curiosities, and, latest of all, Barney's "noo," as it was called; being short for numismatic, or coin collection. To be sure, the case was decorated so far with just such coins as some really ordinary human beings carry about in their pockets; but that did not make the pieces any the worse, and as they were representative pieces the fact of other people merely looking at them in the light of spending them did not lessen their value at all in Barney's eyes. A nickel, very shiny, a dime, a half-dime, some tiny California gold pieces, and a very few foreign coins, were all Eben had seen.

"Ward had to go down the street," said Barney, throwing open the door of the Museum, which was the ambitious name the boys gave their room; "you know he had the printing of the Athenæum tickets, three hundred, but the blue cards gave out at two hundred and ninety, so he wanted to see if they wouldn't let him make ten complimentary tickets, and get up something handsome."

"Aren't the blue handsome?" asked Eben, breathing a little short after his efforts to run fast up three flights of stairs on tiptoe and not kick the stair-rods, either.

"The printing is handsome," replied Barney cautiously. "Ward is just a Benjamin Franklin at the printing-press."

"Suppose they don't want to give ten complimentary tickets?" suggested Eben.

"Well, I don't believe we thought of that," said Barney, "but I think it is pretty stingy if they don't out of a whole three hundred. Now—there is my copper!"

The boys were standing before the tray with a glass top which was placed on one of those old-fashioned nests of small tables which had been banished up here long ago from the rooms below; Ward and Barney both thought it a fine curiosity. It was not a very steady support for the tray, but it looked well, and if the coins were jogged occasionally it did not hurt them. Each coin had below it a neat little label telling its date; that below the copper described it as one of the original or first minting, giving the date that was plainly visible on the coin itself.

Eben gave an admiring whistle. "He is ancient, isn't he? He is the great-grandfather of all the others. And how big and round he looks beside those little gold fellows! Why, I do believe he is worth more money!"

"Of course he is," said Barney proudly.

"Ten dollars!" read Eben, "worth ten dollars! Did they pass those old pennies once for ten dollars?" he added in a voice of awe.

"No, sir," said Barney, "they didn't. But it is worth that now; you could sell it for that price. It is just as good, really, as a gold eagle, or a greenback; because it is such a fine specimen, so well preserved, and one of the original copper pennies. My cousin, Dr. Crittenden, was given it by a patient of his, whose family had kept it ever since it was coined. It wasn't such a rich beautiful red as this; he said the verdigris and dirt did not make it more valuable, and he cleaned it with some kind of acid before he sent it to me. It is beautiful."

"So it is," assented Eben; "it is a red red, I should say — and worth ten dollars, too!"

This fact did not seem to impress Barney half so much as the beauty and value of his specimen, and after he had given a few more moments of rapt admiration to it, the boys turned about to examine the very nice piece of cherry from which Ward was making a remarkable bracket.

While they were still engaged with it there was a clatter of feet on the attic floor outside and a voice, very much like Barney's, asked for admittance for himself and the boys. He threw open the little door as hospitably as a little door will consent to open, and when it closed again there were six boys in the room and it was about crowded. It was getting late in the afternoon, the window looking towards the north admitted but a scanty light, and it became necessary to get very close to an object if you wished to see what it was like. The boys who had just entered bent over the coins while Barney exhibited his new possession, but Eben stood by the scroll-saw talking with Ward, who told him privately he had no doubt he could make a fortune out of it, and would not exchange it for ten of Barney's coppers.

"That," said Eben practically, "would make one hundred dollars. If you had all that money you might keep one coin for your collection and buy ever so many nice things beside, with a scroll-saw thrown in. But if I were Barney I'd rather have the ten dollars anyhow."

"I wouldn't refuse a ten," said Ward; "if anybody wanted to give it for my cherry bracket, but any other way it would, of course, be popped into an old bank or something just as uncomfortable, and what good would that do? Oh, I know all about that sort of thing."

"I never had so much for myself," returned Eben, "in a bank or out of it, but I know what I would do if I had."

"I wonder what you would?" asked Ward.

Eben paused before he replied; then he said slowly, "Now that the ice has come it is pretty rough on Christine and me to be without our skates—there are two things right off—and you can't get a real first-class pair under five dollars."

"If a fellow is going to rope his sister in," said Ward, "of course he will get rid of money fast enough; but I do think it is too bad you can't have the skates."

"I don't suppose we are the only boy and girl who can't have everything they want this year," observed Eben quietly.

Ward understood what he meant. During the past summer there had been a great fire in the town which had even left some people without

a home and without the money to get another. Mr. Howley's loss had not been quite so heavy but yet sufficient to make money very scarce for anything but actual necessities, and as their house and everything in it had gone the way of smoke and ashes the children's store of books and treasures was vanished too.

The boys having had enough of the "noo" now came over to the saw; Eben stepped away to make room for them, and Barney stood behind the three looking over their shoulders, for Ward began to work his saw, carefully, because the light was poor and scroll-saws have a trick of flying into pieces without much provocation. Eben went back alone and bent again over the case with the coins. Once he looked over his shoulder, but all their backs were towards him. While they were still engaged this way, Eben turned to the window quickly as if he were listening, and in a moment or two exclaimed with a kind of excitement:

"Boys, hark! isn't that the alarm?"

They all straightened and listened; the wind carried away the sound, but indistinct as it might be there was no mistaking the harsh stroke.

"Fire!" shouted Barney, and made a leap for the door; the others followed pell-mell; fire meant a great deal to them since the last summer. They all clattered down through the house, even Eben, shy as he was, forgetting to tread softly.

In the hall Ward said to one of the boys, "Why, Ben, where is your cap?"

He put his hand to his head, and looked at the rack. "I must have left it up in the Museum," he replied, "I never thought;" and ran back. The others raced away down the street, but Ward did not like to go off and leave Ben to take care of himself in his house. He waited impatiently some little time before he appeared, but Ben explained as they ran that he had to look for his cap; it was way down behind the case of coins, regularly jammed in and he was quite sure it was not heavy enough to get itself in that position if it should fall, and he was sure he never stuffed it there. But Ward paid very little attention to him—he was in too great a hurry to reach the fire which already was reddening the sky.

The first of the boys who reached the burn-

ing building was Eben; he pressed through the crowd of spectators to get near it, very much excited, and panting for breath, partly from that and partly from hard running. It was a barn on fire, and a light but steady wind scattered the million sparks from blazing hay and straw in a glittering shower on the roof of the dwelling; twice already the shingles had smoked, first in one place and then in another, and all the family were anxiously busy bringing out their valuables. Once and awhile one member would run forward and look eagerly up at the roof for a sign of smoke or flame, while the others hurried in and out of doors, the firemen, hoarse from shouting, shouted all the louder, the flames crackled, and roared, and leaped up, the engine puffed and whistled, and the streams of water went pouring on the house and on the barn. Eben had forced his way up to the firemen and he heard one of them say, "There goes that gable again! Enough water don't reach it; the only way to do is for one to get up on the gutter of that pointed roof, stand in line, haul up buckets, and keep it wet until the barn goes in. But it wants a light weight up there, and pluck, too, to stand the heat."

"I can do it," said Eben, "let me do it."

When Ward and Ben reached the scene Eben's figure, perched upon the far corner of the gable, stood out black in the vivid light of the burning barn, with the sparks falling all around him, keeping the shingles wet from the buckets passed up in line from the old well. There was not a boy there but wished he was in his place. By and by the barn fell in and the flames began to die down, while the house stood safe and empty, all the furniture tumbled over the fence in a neighbor's back yard.

"Well, I would rather have taken the risk," said Barney, as Ward and he walked home; "there is even the piano out there, piano cover, legs on, and all; and they can't any of them remember how they did it, and they don't know how they shall ever get it back again, for in the excitement they have hauled it over the fence."

"Eben showed more sense than any one," said Barney admiringly, "and real grit, too, Ward. I tell you, a fellow must have a good deal to him to sit on just as good as a point, under a roasting fire, and —"

"Baste himself with pails of water," broke in Ward laughing, "for every drop that went on the roof was bound to splash him too."

It so happened that Barney did not go into the Museum for a couple of days; he occupied himself with a sore throat which he had caught at the fire with no difficulty whatever. "It would be a great deal better, I think," he said confidentially to Ward, "to say a cold caught me."

"It depends on the way you look at things," Ward replied. "You might catch a ball of pitch pretty easy, but I would like to see you get rid of it pretty easy."

Barney looked dolefully after his brother, as quite content with his logic, he went up-stairs to finish the Athenæum tickets. That day and the next the red copper was not on exhibition; on the third Barney was able to go about the house again, and he hurried to the attic to see how his treasure would look once more. Ward was studying in his own room, he had both his hands plunged into his hair with his thumbs in his ears and his little fingers occasionally closing his eyes to take them conveniently off the page while he found out if his memory had been doing its proper work. Awakening from one of these experiments he saw Barney standing before him with a face of great displeasure.

"Come, hand out my copper, Ward," he said, "I don't think it was fair to go and play tricks on me when I was sick."

"Hey? What?" exclaimed Ward staring.

"To go and play practical jokes," said Barney, "I wouldn't hurt any of your things."

"I wouldn't hurt any of yours," returned Ward indignantly; "I don't know what you are talking about."

"Haven't you taken my red copper?" asked Barney, the look of displeasure gradually fading for one of trouble.

"No, sir, I have not even looked at the 'noo'; I've been too busy."

"But it is gone!" exclaimed Barney, staring at him.

"Oh, nonsense," said Ward, "it couldn't; how could it? it hasn't legs, Bar, you know, even if it is a curiosity."

"It's gone," said Barney once more.

With that Ward sprang up-stairs to assure

Barney it was all a mistake, he was so convinced of it that he did not feel he needed any assurance himself. But there was the vacancy in the case and no copper visible, there, nor anywhere, in any crack or crevice, search as they might. The boys looked at each other.

"Look here," said Ward, with the air of one who has made a discovery, "it couldn't go without hands."

"Yes," replied Barney, "but it has; there isn't a hand in this house would take it."

"I didn't say there was," retorted Ward indignantly, "it is some one out of the house; have there been any plumbers or painters around?"

"An expressman the first day I was sick," said Barney seriously.

"Who walked in the front door with a box on his back and out again," Ward added; "I think we won't fix on him."

"It isn't pleasant to go around picking out people for a thief," said Barney slowly; "I would rather think of some other way of its going."

"I should, too," said Ward, "but we have thought and there isn't any other; and the reason why somebody might take it is because he could get ten dollars for it—you've kindly written that fact out plain to see. But, you see, any regular thief would have made a clean sweep of all the money, so it wasn't a regular thief. What boys were in here that last day?"

"Oh, don't, Ward," cried Barney in distress; "I would rather lose my copper."

"That is all nonsense," said Ward, "of course we won't go suspecting our friends, but perhaps some fellow was in here—there was Eben, and Ben Miller, they're all sound, Dave Boyse, and—who was the other fellow?"

"I don't remember," replied Barney, "and I don't want to; that is no good, Ward."

"Well," he said, sitting down on a box with his hands in his pockets and looking his brother in the face, "I can tell you, Barney, I've finished the Athenæum tickets and I am going to find your red copper if it takes every cent I've made to do it—that's flat!"

"It is a mean thing to suspect one of the boys," said Barney stoutly.

"Did I say it could be Eben, or Ben Miller,

or Dave Boyse? They are fellows with some principle. But there was Jim Benson, who didn't think it wrong to keep your penknife, if he found it kicking around. He kept mine once, and he knew it was mine, too, because I had showed it to him only a few days before, and he never would have given it back if I hadn't seen him — why, look here," shouted Ward, suddenly springing up, "Jim was the other fellow! He was along with Dave and Ben and I could not help asking him in too — oh!"

Barney rubbed his head excitedly. "Yes, it was Jim," he said, "but we can't say he took the copper because he was in the house and once kept your knife when he found it, that isn't even circumstantial evidence. Besides it may have been in its place the next morning."

But the chain of evidence the boys were trying to link together brought back everything as it had happened that evening to Barney's memory and that could scarcely fail to establish Jim's innocence. At the time they were looking at the "noo" he had stood directly before Barney, and after they had turned away he had himself replaced the coin and shut the case. When they ran for the fire he himself had been the last out of the room. Ward was obliged to agree to this, but if Jim hadn't taken the copper, who had? and he was strongly inclined to think it Jim in spite of evidence to the contrary.

To establish the fact whether it was in its place the next morning the boys called up their sister Nellie. That day Barney had been confined to his room and he had sent her up to the Museum for a book, whether she had been near the case had to be established. She was fortunately within calling distance at that very moment and proved a most important witness as she had improved an opportunity, not often given her, of inspecting the boys' treasures without the boys, before she went down with the book, and she remembered perfectly well being much disgusted at the absence of the precious copper, for she had intended to make a thorough examination of it. She now volunteered to help take everything out of the room and sweep it, as the best way to begin the search, but Ward's contempt of this practical method was so great that she cheerfully gave it up and went downstairs singing.

No matter how many times they went over that evening Barney and Ward could not arrange the boys so as to bring Jim Benson in any position but under their continual eyesight; there was an amount of perversity in it that was aggravating, that the only suspicious party in the room should have so carefully kept himself perfectly free of suspicious positions. The arrangement had been of itself so simple throughout that it could not but be plain to both of them that Eben was the only boy who had been separated from the group at any time, and that he alone had been unnoticed and alone. Ward felt a real disappointment that such a beautiful case should be spoiled by this pointless fact, but he was perfectly convinced Jim was a party to the loss and from the force of example Barney began to believe he was himself.

The disappearance was duly made known to the household. Everybody sympathized, and wondered, and visited the room, and examined the case, the floors, and the walls, and then Dr. Day gave his opinion that Barney had put his treasure away somewhere for safety, but he would give him all the help he could to find where; and Mrs. Day firmly objected to a proposition of Ward's to take up all the carpets and shake them, which, he said, wasn't a bit worse than the housecleaning his mother was so particular about, and for a far better object. For several days the boys might have been seen at all spare moments with a small broom diligently sweeping out corners and under beds; and they acquired strange habits of prying, peering, darting with joy, and relaxing with disappointment, upon many objects of suspicious size and color.

And in the meantime the red, red copper was no doubt hugging itself with wicked joy at the commotion it had excited — but where?

"I tell you what," said Ward, starting up one fine afternoon from the book he had been attentively reading, "I've got a present'ment."

"A what?" asked Barney, opening his eyes.

"A feeling," said Ward, "that if I should go outward, I might, you know, find out something or come across something."

"What stuff!" said Barney.

"Well, somebody has it here in Scott, anyhow, and as I've got the feeling I might as well

go. I'll hunt up Benson and interview him, it won't do any harm."

"Nor any good. He's not going to tell anything. Shall I come along?"

"I think you had better not," said Ward, "I'm going out for adventures."

It was not one half-hour later he burst into Barney's presence, breathless, shut the door

carefully and with a pound on his brother's back, said, "Bar!"

"Oh!" said Barney, rubbing his shoulder, "I suppose you've had an adventure."

"I should think so," cried Ward, with evidence of high excitement, "I've found the copper. That is" — he added, as his brother made a forward plunge, "I've tracked it."

IBN EL ARÈIB, SONS OF THE EVENING LAND.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

LET us glance at the third and last branch of the Semitic race — a nation as full of vigor to-day as in those prehistoric times when their earliest tribes, headed by Joktan (the son of Heber) or Khatan the Hercules of Arabian story, overran the country called El Arâ'âb, the Arid Land, by the Hebrews, but by the invaders El Arèib, The Evening Land, because it lay toward the setting sun, west of the Euphrates valley, their first halting-place after quitting the highlands of Bactria.

With nothing to check their vast activity, they settled themselves in El Arèib; a sterile table-land without a single navigable river, but furrowed by channels filled in winter with muddy streams which roar and thunder along their shallow beds, but which in summer are dry beds of burning sand. Nevertheless, concealed beneath the loose gravelly surface of this arid and thirsty land are inexhaustible springs, which bubble up through the hot sands, and breaking out here and there, create a Wadi, or green spot, sometimes large and fertile enough to become the site of a thriving town. This green spotted land naturally divides into three parts: sterile and rocky in the north, Arabia Petræa; treeless and sandy, Arabia Deserta, in the south; but in the southwestern corner, owing to a range of hills sufficiently high to intercept and rain down as streams the passing clouds, green and fertile, lies Arèib El Yemen, Arabia the Blest, of the ancient world.

Here they built cities. Here was that ancient and romantic kingdom of El Yemen so renowned in the days of the Pharaohs, for its groves of frankincense, its oases of date-bearing palms, its forests of fragrant gums and spices, its coasts abounding in pearl oyster beds, its pastures full of fine sheep, herds of cattle, noblest horses in the world, milk-white mules, fleet-footed dromedaries; its dark wilds inhabited by savages — the Afreets or evil spirits of the *Arabian Nights* — who lived on platforms in the trees, and whose strange half-human and half-brute appearance gave rise to the fabulous monsters of the *Thousand and One Nights*.

Of this early period of Arabian story — which may be divided into two parts, the one before, and the other following the Mohammedan era — we have but glimpses, bright, stirring, and picturesque, dotting like their own oases, the sands of Time. We are told that the followers of Khatan, unconfined as the wind, swept through the whole peninsula of Arabia, and established not only three great kingdoms — Hira in the north, Ghassan in the south, and El Yemen in the southwest — but spread themselves toward Central Asia on the one hand, and on the other to the very boundaries of the Celestial Empire.

Let us turn to the story of Mohammed.

In the year A. D. 568 a pious Bedouin of the Khorèish tribe named Abdallah took to wife, in the presence of the chiefs of his family and within the Hall of Councillors at Mecca, a young

girl named Aminah. The Arabian poets describe Aminah as possessed of a strangely religious disposition and a beautiful but extremely delicate form and face.

Two years after, Abdallah died, and a few weeks later, A. D. 570, there was born to Aminah a son of beauty so remarkable, that she called him Mohammed, Worthy of Praise. Aminah dying shortly after, the child was entrusted to a Bedouin woman named Haleemah, who nursed him with the love and affection of a mother, and brought him up to the age of six, which she always declared, owing to Mohammed's delicate health as an infant, was a miraculous interposition of Alla Sa'âlla.

At the age of six Mohammed was adopted by his paternal uncle, Aboo-Tâlib. In this home, which consisted of a number of houses inclosed by a wall within the sacred city of Mecca, he was kindly treated, but forced to share the hardships of a numerous and very poor family. He herded the sheep and goats of his uncle, learned whatever he could pick up, but had not even such education as was commonly given to Arabian boys in his day; and while tending his flocks often satisfied his hunger by gathering the berries of the low brushwood of the desert.

Handsome, serious, and affectionate, Mohammed had one great constitutional defect, which not only separated him from other boys of his age, but threatened to overcloud his whole life. He was subject to cataleptic fits. During these attacks he lay in a sort of trance, unable to speak or to move a muscle, but without the loss of his consciousness. Before his mind's eye passed strange visions, fearful spectres, and angelic forms, at the same time he heard voices speaking to him. When he recovered he always felt as if he had been for the time translated to a world of demons and angels. It was in passing through these fearful cataleptic fits that he learned to repeat to himself the word, by which he afterwards baptized his religion, "Islâm, Resignation to the will of God."

At twenty-five, by the command of his uncle, the young herdsman entered the service of a rich and remarkable Bedouin lady, a widow named Khadijah. She became interested in the strange young Bedouin, attended him per-

sonally during his sudden fits, and wishing to benefit his health sent him with goods and camels to make commercial journeys for her to Palestine and Northern Arabia.

In these journeys Mohammed received impressions of Hijir, the rock-cut dwellings of the extinct inhabitants of the region around the Dead Sea, of Palestine, of Jerusalem, of the Holy Sepulchre, of the Redeemer Jesus, and came in contact with the Jews, visited and conversed with the Christians, and, to use his own words, "God upheaved his soul within him as He upheaves the ocean."

His growing nobility of character so impressed Khadijah, that she made Mohammed her busi-



A BEDOUIN BOY.

ness partner, and finally he married his kind patroness.

It was the custom of Mohammed, now his own master, to retire to some solitary spot outside of Mecca for prayer and meditation. On one of these occasions he fell under a cataleptic seizure. He declared that the angel Gabriel appeared to him, and holding a silken scroll before his eyes compelled him to read what was

written thereon. In great distress Mohammed returned home, and told his wife what had befallen him, fearing that he was becoming possessed by some evil spirit. But Khadîjah, insisted that the words which he repeated to her were those of a messenger from God.

Full of doubts and misgivings, Mohammed continued his life of prayer and solitary meditation, when again he saw the same form, heard the same message. In great excitement, the perspiration streaming from his brow, he came rushing to Khadîjah and said as was his wont before falling into the fit, "Wrap me up, wrap me up," and then and there fell into a swoon in which he lay rigid, for twenty-seven hours. When he awoke out of this trance, with bristling hair, eyes, wild and rolling, and distorted countenance, he rushed out and preached to the Meccans of the Unity of God, and the wickedness of the idolatry of the Cáâba.

"Was it figured or real?" "Insanity or Revelation?" "Truth or Artifice?" "From above or from below?" were the questions which the Meccans asked one another, and which his countrymen took sides upon, and which are asked and unanswered even to-day.

Persecution met him on every side. Still he continued his vigorous preaching against the idolatry of the Cáâba. His wife and family were his first converts, then his grave old uncle, Aboo-Tâlib, then most of the slaves of the Meccans; soon after he won over to his views two important Bedouin chiefs, Hamzah and the great Omâr, with all their households. While Mohammed betook himself to a cave near Mecca to prepare the Koran or sacred book of Islamism, two great sorrows fell upon him; he lost his devoted wife and his uncle Aboo-Tâlib.

After the funeral of his uncle was conducted in accordance with the new religion, he sent Hamzah and Omâr as missionaries to preach Islamism in Medina, while he himself fled to the cave to escape the fury of the Meccans. On the eve of the Hejira or Flight, at the dead of night, at the very moment when Mohammed had sunk into the deepest despondency, he heard voices and footsteps. "Islam!" said Mohammed as he sprang to his feet. "Islam!" shouted voices in joyous response, and there stood before the astonished prophet his Moslem

missionary, Hamzah, with a body of stout Bedouin warriors, and his own white camel Al-Kaswa to bear him away to Medina, a large city inhabited by Moëst Arèibs and Jews.

At the first blast of Hamzah's trumpet, the people of Medina came out to meet and welcome Mohammed as the prophet of the true God. Here was the turning-point in the drama of Moslemism. In one night Mohammed was visited by the extremes of fortune. At sunset hunted as a criminal, at dawn received as the messenger from the great Alla Ta'âlla. As he rode into Medina his camel trotted along to an open space, the Banu Najjar, where he suddenly knelt for his master to dismount; and this spot Mohammed then and there selected as the site for the first Moslem mosque and his own residence in Medina. This mosque, which was seven years in building, became the great military headquarters of the Arabs, and the motto, "*La Illah, Illa Allah, Mahmoud, Rous il Allah*—There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," the watchword of the Moslem Army; for the new religion was propagated with the sword.

In ten years from the Hejira Mohammed was absolute master—spiritual, moral, and civil—not only of Arabia, but Persia, Greece and Syria lay at his feet, subjugated empires.

But this did not suffice Mohammed. He deliberately planned the conversion of the whole world to Islamism. He sent authoritative letters to all the Christian kings, emperors and popes of Europe, commanding them to send in at once their submission to Islam. In A. D. 632, while fitting out an expedition against Greece, Mohammed died suddenly, urging the work of reformation with his last breath.

After his death the khaliffs ruled with the same absolute and despotic power. In course of time Hindostan and the wilds of Africa, where Arabian arms never penetrated, became Moslem; and even in the wilds of Soudan every boy is to-day taught to read and write in Arabic, which is now the religious and official language of the greater part of the Dark Continent of Africa.

Now let us see what the despotism of the Moslem prophet accomplished for his far-off European cousins.

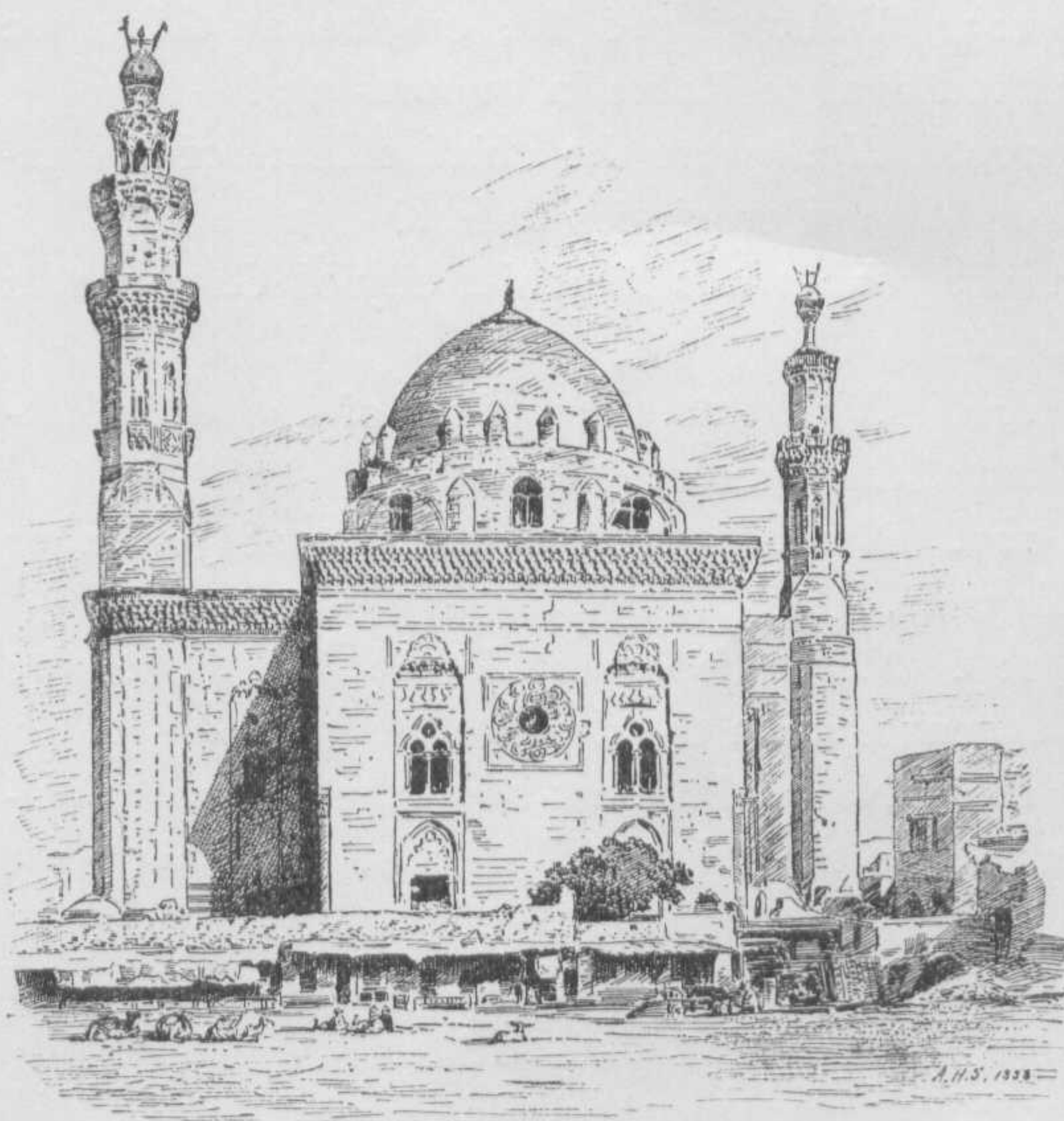
A crowned Arabian king raised Spain to a height of prosperity it has never since attained. The metropolis of the Arabian Empire in Spain was Cordova. The great mosque of this city was one of the wonders of the mediæval world; but greater than the mosque was the fact that here every town possessed a public library, that every child was by compulsion taught to read and write, and Arabian ladies won honors as grammarians, poets, botanists and musicians. In the colleges of Cordova learned men were studying the sciences of astronomy, algebra, and medicine; history and geography were the pet sciences of Arabian scholars. And never was a conquered nation so royally treated as were the Spaniards under the Saracen rule. Perfect toleration and perfect freedom prevailed, and Cordova became the university of Europe.

The Arab in the thirteenth century seemed to have accomplished his destiny in Europe. The Moslems became luxurious and disunited, and fell an easy prey to Ferdinand of Castile. A century and a half later Granada was added to the crown of Castile; in the seventeenth century the last of the followers of Mohammed were driven out of Spain, leaving behind them, among many notable works, the mosque, now cathedral of Cordova, and the wondrous Alhambra—the most beautiful specimens of architecture to be found anywhere in Europe.

The language of the Phœnicians has vanished out of the world, leaving nothing behind save some alphabetic characters and a few inscriptions; all the other Semitic languages have passed into the region of dead tongues; but the Arabic lives. The words in which Mohammed preached twelve hundred years ago are not only now being studied by scholars side by side with the Hebrew in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Boston, Bombay, Calcutta, Benares, and Delhi, but the language over half the earth is spoken in Mecca where he was born, in Medina where he died, in Cairo, in Fez, in Constantinople, in Damascus, in Bassorah, in Bokhara, in Cabul, in Peking, in the steppes of Central Asia, in

Southern Russia, in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and in lands yet unknown on our maps, in the oases of thirsty deserts, and in obscure villages situated by unknown streams in the heart of the Dark Continent.

The doctor, says Renan the great French savant, can tell us the name of the malady which made the fortune of Mohammed. But whether it was disease or inspiration, the religion of Mohammed founded as it is on the grand moral law of Moses, and in spite of its now being mixed with many wild, crude and undigested opinions



MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE IN BEYROUT.

of the savage tribes of Arabia and Africa, and even with its doctrine of fatalism, which tends to sear the human conscience by representing our actions as the result of Kismêt or inevitable destiny—in spite of all these errors, the religion of Mohammed is high, pure, moral and even spiritual, when compared with the gross and superstitious faiths from which it has rescued a large portion of the human race; and it was the means of a very marked progress in culture, refinement, knowledge and science throughout the mediæval world.

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF THE EMPIRE.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

121. What famous remark of Augustus is recorded concerning the architecture of Rome?

122. What famous building of the time of Augustus bears the inscription, *M. Vipsanius Agrippa, consul tertium*?

123. What city of the empire at this time ranked next to Rome in importance?

124. What were the chief officers of the various Roman provinces called?

125. What was the chief city of Gaul at this time?

126. What was the object of the establishment of the prætorian guard?

127. Name an important king of Judea at this time.

128. What important decree was passed by the Senate upon the death of Augustus?

129. Name the most important Roman commander in the reign of Tiberius.

130. Who was Arminius?

131. What celebrated trial took place in the Senate in the year A. D. 20?

132. Who were the Delatores?

133. Who was the chief friend of Tiberius?

134. What woman was more powerful than Tiberius?

135. What important change did the character of Tiberius undergo in the latter part of his reign?

136. Regarding this change what year does Tacitus consider the turning point in the reign of Tiberius?

137. Where did Tiberius go upon leaving Rome?

138. When did Tiberius make his last journey towards Rome?

139. Name at least three important histori-

cal authorities for the events of the reign of Tiberius.

140. What important difference exists between the accounts of the earlier and later historians?

ANSWERS TO MAY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

81. It was followed by no proscriptions of his enemies.

82. The reformation of the calendar.

83. The festival of the Lupercalia on the fifteenth of February. The celebration consisted in a symbolic purification of the land and the people.

84. Act I. Scene 2.

85. Casca.

86. The public proclamation of Cæsar's will.

87. The murder of the poet Helvius Cinna who was mistaken for Cinna the conspirator.

88. Cicero.

89. The issue of a Proscription.

90. At Philippi in Macedonia.

91. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV. Scene 3. Lines 145-155, and lines 187-190.

92. See Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. Scene 2.

93. Sextus Pompey.

94. At the deposition of Lepidus.

95. By his infatuation for Cleopatra.

96. The battle of Actium.

97. By the bite of an asp.

98. In the year 29 B. C.

99. The title of Augustus.

100. The corruption of all classes and the constant civic dissensions which rendered a despotic government almost a necessity.



EDOUARD RENE LEFEBRE LABOULAYE

(Dear Old Story-Tellers.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

"He who gives to the world one pure and good story, the aim of which is to sow seeds of virtue, a love of right, and that poetic trust in the workings of a wise and good God, he who successfully does all this is a very great man, whose name is to be remembered, who should be thanked and praised, and one — and to such this truth will be more than that title or honor — one of those whom we should upon our bended knees thank God for having made."

EDOUARD LABOULAYE, of whom the above was written, was for more than one reason the French writer best beloved in America of all the people of his time. In the early days of our great Civil War when the final issue appeared doubtful, or the dissolution of the Union seemed impending and foreign nations confidently expected its downfall, there were a few clear-sighted men in England and France who saw deeply enough into the causes of the conflict to understand them and whose active sympathy for the Union never wavered. Foremost among these men in England was John Bright; in France the voice of Edouard Laboulaye rang clearest in our behalf. It is for this that his memory is revered by an older generation of Americans; it is as the author of *Abdallah* and the delightful fairy tales called *Les Contes Bleus* that he is beloved by a younger.

He was born in Paris, January 18, 1811, and as in early youth he showed marked talent for disputation he began the study of law and jurisprudence at an early age. Of an enthusiastic temperament, he threw his heart into the pursuit and became known among his fellow students as an indefatigable worker. When but twenty-eight he published a famous legal work, *The Law*

of Real Property in Europe, a book which shows in its preparation great research and which gave him a reputation as a scholar. It received the honor of being "crowned," or formally approved by the French Academy. In 1842 he published an *Essay on the Life and Doctrines of Frédéric de Savigny*, the great modern jurist of Germany, and in the following year an elaborate treatise upon the *Civil and Political Condition of Women from the Time of the Romans*. This latter work and a learned essay in 1845 upon the *Criminal Laws of the Romans*, both received prizes from the Academy. Not far from this time he was elected a member of the Academy, and in 1849 he became Professor of Comparative Legislation in the *Collège de France*.

Laboulaye was always an admirer of Anglo-Saxon institutions and it was in consequence of this, no doubt, that he was led to write in 1855 and 1856 his *Political History of the United States*. About this time he translated into French the works of Dr. Channing, and wrote *Studies on Germany and the Slavonian Countries* and an important work on Religious Liberty. Of his books *Paris in America* has been perhaps the most widely read. It appeared in 1863, was speedily translated and hardly a circulating library in this country was then without it. He was gifted with a delightful humor to which he gave full play in this entertaining allegory. In this year he published also a noted work upon the *Limits of the State*. In 1866-67 appeared his *Memoirs of Franklin*, and in 1872 *Political Letters*.

In the midst of the labor given to these grave

works, to his daily lectures in the *Collège de France* and to many duties, this busiest of men found time to write in 1859 the beautiful story of *Abdallah*, which fascinates every child who reads it. Hardly less charming are the fairy tales known as *Les Contes Bleus*, which were written in 1862. His *Prince Carriche* which is not so well known as it deserves to be, was given to the world in 1868.

As regards romance, adventures and dramatic actions and endings, many of Laboulaye's fairy tales might be given a place in the *Thousand and One Nights Entertainments*, while in beauty of style and delicate humor and grace and noble sentiment there is nothing at all in the *Arabian Nights* with which to compare them.

"Yvon and Finette," the first story in *Les Contes Bleus*, opens in this entertaining style:

"Once upon a time there lived in Brittany a noble lord, who was called the Baron Kerver. His manor-house was the most beautiful in the province. It was a great Gothic castle, with a groined roof and walls, covered with carvings that looked at a distance like a vine climbing an arbor. On the first floor six stained glass balcony windows looked out on each side toward the rising and the setting sun.

"In the morning, when the baron, mounted on his dun mare, went forth into the forest, followed by his tall greyhounds, he saw at each window one of his daughters, with prayer-book in hand, praying for the house of Kerver, and who with their fair curls, blue eyes, and clasped hands, might have been taken for six Madonnas in an azure niche.

"At evening, when the sun declined and the baron returned homeward, after riding round his domains, he perceived from afar, in the windows looking toward the west, six sons, with dark locks and eager gaze, the hope and pride of the family, that might have been taken for six sculptured knights at the portal of a church."

A story with such a delightful beginning as this must surely have as fascinating a sequel. And so it proves. Yvon, the thirteenth child of the Baron Kerver, at the very threshold of his adventures, becomes the servant of an exacting old giant, and but for Finette, the daughter of a fairy and the slave of the giant, is in a fair way never to get beyond the threshold. Finette, however, proves to be a most remarkable young woman and discloses to Yvon many ways of outwitting the old giant. After Finette had provided herself with three golden bullets, two silver ones, and one more of copper, they leave

the service of the giant, but it takes all the mysterious power of the silver and copper bullets to get them fairly out of his clutches. After this Yvon falls under the spell of a sorceress and forgets all about Finette who goes through a surprising list of adventures. At one time when a seneschal wished to marry her she fled from him into the stable and hid behind the cow.

"You shall not escape me, sorceress!" cried the seneschal; and with a grasp like that of Hercules he seized the cow by the tail, and dragged her out of the stable.

"Abracadabra!" cried Finette. "May the cow's tail hold on, villain, and may you hold on the cow's tail till you both have been around the world together."

And behold the cow darted off like lightning, dragging the unhappy seneschal after her. Nothing stopped the two inseparable comrades; they rushed over mountain and valley, crossed marshes, rivers, quagmires and brakes, glided over the seas without sinking, were frozen in Siberia, and scorched in Africa, climbed the Himalayas, descended Mont Blanc, and at length, after thirty-six hours of a journey the like of which had never been seen, both stopped out of breath in the public square of the village. A young woman who can send off a suitor in this style is certainly a person to make herself respected and to inspire beholders with the feeling that she can do pretty much as she likes, and we are quite prepared to hear that she triumphs over all obstacles and by the aid of the last golden bullet reaches Yvon and lives with him happily ever after.

The other tales in *Les Contes Bleus* are written in this happy fluent style; but *Abdallah* is conceived in a graver manner. It is the story of the search for the four-leaved shamrock whose possessor would lack nothing. How the sacred plant was at last won is thus told:

"While Abdallah admired these marvels in silence, an angel descended towards him; not the terrible Azrael, but the messenger of celestial favors, the good and lovely Gabriel. He held in his hand a tiny diamond leaf; but, small as it was, it shed a light that illumined the whole desert. His soul was intoxicated with joy, the son of Yusuf ran to meet the angel. He paused in terror; at his feet was a vast gulf, full of fire and smoke, bridged only by an immense arch made of a blade of steel which was finer than a hair and sharper than a razor.

"The Bedouin was already seized with despair, when he felt himself supported and urged on by an invisible power.

Hafiz and Leila were on either side of him. He did not see them; he dared not turn for fear of awaking; but he felt their presence, he heard their soothing words; both supported and carried him along with them. 'In the name of the clement and merciful God!' he cried. At these words, which are the key to Paradise, he was transported like lightning to the other side of the bridge. The angel was there, holding out the mysterious flower. The young man seized it. At last the four-leaved shamrock was his, the ardor of desire was quenched, the veil of the body was lifted, the hour of recompense had struck. Gabriel turned his eyes toward the bottom of the garden, where divine majesty was enthroned. Abdallah's glance followed that of the angel, and the eternal splendor flashed in his face. At this lustre which no eye can endure, he fell with his face to the ground, uttering a loud cry.

"This cry man's ear has never heard, man's voice has never repeated. The delicious joy of the shipwrecked mariner who escapes the fury of the waves, the delight of the bridegroom who presses his beloved for the first time to his heart, the transports of the mother who finds the son for whom she has wept — all the joys of earth are naught but mourning and sorrow to the cry of happiness which rose from the soul of Abdallah."

The works I have named by no means comprise all of Laboulaye's writings. He was a constant contributor to newspapers and periodicals and from time to time put forth pamphlets on various subjects. Among these was one which was almost as popular in the United States as the famous *Paris in America*, and which bore the title *Why the North cannot accept of Separation*. It was a judicious piece of reasoning and did much good.

"No American," writes Mr. John Bigelow, "was probably more convinced than he was that nowhere in this world outside of the United States could be found such durable guarantees to the people, of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He thought it therefore a matter of world-wide concern that our republic should prove its capacity to deal with the enemies of its own household. He was one of the few conspicuous Frenchmen — perhaps beside M. de Tocqueville, it would be difficult to name a third — who knew where the sovereignty of the people began, and he never ceased to deplore the inability of his countrymen to recognize the limitations of the powers of the State as taught by the fathers of the republic."

In 1869 and 1870 when Napoleon III. was laying his plans for the war with Germany he succeeded in attaching to his cause a number

of the prominent single-minded patriotic Frenchmen of the time, among whom were such men as Prevost Paradol, Emile Ollivier and Edouard Laboulaye. Trusting in the good faith of the Emperor Laboulaye supported the famous Plebiscite of 1870, and like the others he found his confidence had been misplaced. Like other Frenchmen of that time he believed in the all-conquering power of French armies, and when France was subdued by the armies of the Germans, and a humiliating peace followed, it not unnaturally filled his soul with bitterness. To him Bismarck was always thereafter "the incarnation of vandalic barbarism," and the pleasant relations he had hitherto held with many



EDOUARD RENE LEFEBRE LABOULAYE.

German literary men were never again imbued with the old-time cordiality. Yet under the Republic his merits received more public recognition than they would have ever gained under the Empire. In 1871 he became a member of the National Assembly, in 1873 a Director of the *Collège de France*, and in 1875 a Senator for life.

Laboulaye sympathized with all important reforms and was an ardent believer in the absolute freedom of education. He was a supporter of the co-operative principles and urged the establishment of great libraries for the working classes. But in spite of his interest in all movements for the improvement of his race he was not in these later years the centre or source of any great public influence. He never became a politician in any but the highest sense. His standards of right were too lofty to allow him

ever to stoop to trickery or double dealing of any sort. Perhaps it was for this reason that he failed to achieve the political influence that no doubt he would have enjoyed wielding, but his failure was of that character which is success if we view it aright.

As a lecturer he was greatly admired. His daily lectures in the *Collège de France* lasted one hour and his class-room was always crowded. So eager was the competition for seats that many who came to listen would wait through the hour of the preceding lecturer in order to be sure of hearing Laboulaye. "All sorts and condition of men" were among his hearers. The roughest men were shoulder to shoulder with scholars and exquisites. In the throng women were often present, many drawn there merely from curiosity, but others from a sincere desire to profit by the lecture. He was a fluent and elegant speaker and his discourses sparkled with humor. Says one American woman who often listened to him in 1869 :

"The subject was Montesquieu's Writings. M. Laboulaye held in his hand a volume of the *Esprit des Lois* and read from it, stopping continually to elucidate, or defend sentiments or opinions therein contained. Indeed Montesquieu was only a text from which to preach upon every known subject: religion, politics, manners, literature and art. Now and then the lecturer would condescend to launch a satire against the airy nothingness of a lady's bonnet, the glazed hat of a Paris coachman, the demolitions of Haussmann — in short, he touched upon many a subject never dreamed of in Montesquieu's philosophy. No lecture ever passed without some allusion to our country in glaring and flattering contrast to every other. . . . It did not surprise us to learn that the Emperor had forbidden M. Laboulaye to lecture any more upon American politics at the *Collège de France*. The conclusions of the audience was too quickly drawn, and the applause undisguised, but it will make no difference with Laboulaye, for he can teach what lessons he chooses from the politics of Otaheite."

It was a cherished hope with him to visit America and lecture in French upon the topics most dear to him, but the political events preceding the Franco-Prussian War compelled him to relinquish the idea and the fitting opportunity never afterwards presented itself to him. Had he carried out his intention there is no doubt that he would have received one of the most cordial welcomes ever accorded to any of his countrymen. Americans owe his memory a

debt of gratitude not easily repaid. For years he was an untiring advocate of the best things in American institutions and his strongest efforts were devoted to giving his countrymen an intelligent comprehension of American principles. To his articles and influence is due the fact that the *Journal des Debats*, one of the most powerful journals in France if not in all Europe, took a decided stand in favor of the Union cause during our Civil War.

In person Laboulaye was about five feet seven inches in height, of pleasant manners and generally attractive appearance. His forehead was high and large, and his lips and chin full and prominent, while his small eyes sparkled with humor and kindliness. His dark olive complexion was seen to fullest advantage, for he wore no beard, and his thin brown hair was brushed smoothly upon his head. He was usually dressed in a black frock coat buttoned close to the chin, which gave him something of a clerical appearance. His health was always frail and this fact withdrew him somewhat from the world in general. Says one who knew him well: "He was a man of most exemplary character and life. He had no habits for which his admirers had to apologize. He lived as ever in his great Task-master's eye, nor was his name ever associated with any cause, business or enterprise which did not reflect back upon him all the dignity he conferred upon it."

It is not said that he made no mistakes or committed no errors of judgment. No one is infallible, and it has sometimes happened that the gravest mistakes, those fraught with the most terrible consequences, have been made by the best of men; but it is told of him with perfect truth that he was faithful to his highest convictions of right, and that he was never swayed from them by considerations of policy. He rightly deserves our reverence not only because he was the author of "one pure and good story the aim of which is to sow seeds of virtue," but because he was a man, and such men are not many of whom it could with perfect truth be said — and though it was a simple thing it was a grand thing to say:

"He had no habits for which his admirers had to apologize!"

THE RED, RED COPPER.

A PUBLIC LESSON.

BY A. M. GRIFFIN.

THE skating members of the town always took possession of the frozen pond which fed the reservoir. The Ice Company most generously did not cut the ice — perhaps because the President did a little skating on his own account — and it presented a gay scene all the season.

Eben had been early on the pond; he had come, not to have more time for the exercise he loved above any other, but to make an experiment. At school, and at play, he met different sections of the boys; here he met the whole of them at once, and he had fancied, being a boy who was quick to notice, that the different sets in each place had of late shunned him. If he went among them naturally, as he had been accustomed to do, they fell off from him in groups and pairs, and before he knew it he was alone. No one made him a party to anything going on, yet he knew the Debating Club of last year was again forming, and the Amateur Minstrels, in connection with it, were in vigorous preparation for the first of their three grand exhibitions. Of both of these he had been a prominent member. He was almost afraid to try to understand it, but he had made up his mind to be sure to-day if these things were accidents, mistakes, or facts.

At first he staid with his sister; her cheeks grew so rosy, she skimmed away from him, around him, so laughing and so mischievous, that he forgot his anxiety in the pleasure he felt that he had been able to give her so much happiness. And it pleased him to see, for he watched her with a very jealous eye, that whatever might be his fancies about his own companions, she was as popular as ever with hers. But now that Christine had gone off he felt he must make his experiment or be a coward in his own opinion.

None of the boys who had gathered on the pond had so much as looked at him. It did

not seem to him it had ever been that way last year, but he tried to think perhaps it was and he had forgotten. He gave a bold whoop, though it seemed to him his voice would not come out of his throat; some distant heads turned his way and turned back again, but no one replied. He came swiftly into the midst of them. There was a flush on Eben's cheek, and a gleam in his eye which did not come of exercise.

"Halloo, fellows," he said, grinding down his heels to stop himself; "it's a great deal better over in the hollow, the ice is smoother than glass. Come on, who will have a race up?"

"Particular engagement," squeaked one affectedly, and skated away.

"You'd turn your copper edges," said another bluntly.

Some of the boys laughed, others said nothing, others took no notice of him whatever; Ward Day grew very red in the face and dodged out of his way. And Eben went on the race alone to the hollow.

He had an idea, not very clear, that when he reached there he would take off his skates and go home; he would cut across the fields, and no one would know that he had left; he could not stay, but he had a feeling of pride that would not let him do anything which might lead them to think he had been driven away. There was no hang-dog air about him, he cut the ice swift and straight as an arrow, his face kept a clear color and his eyes were bright, intent upon that distant point. When he reached the hollow he saw the light sharp furrow that some skater had made before him; here and there the line curved, and here was the skater face to face with him. It was Barney. Eben half-nodded and dropping on the bank and bending over, began to take off his skates.

"See here," said Barney, above him.

Eben looked up and found that Barney had

climbed the bank just below and had come up around behind him where his round ruddy face looked down as he hung, half-slipping, with one arm about the branch of a small tree.

"If you would do me a favor, Eben, why—why—it would be a real favor, you know," Barney began.

For the first time Eben's head drooped a little; it had been very straight indeed since he had seen Barney.

"What is it?" he asked, almost gruffly, working at his skates again.

It seemed easier for Barney to talk to Eben's bent back than to his upturned face. He had not very much to say, but his voice had a pleading troubled tone that added importance to his words. He was uncertain whether Eben had heard about the disappearance of the copper, and Dr. Day's advertisement, and Barney touched very gently upon the facts concerning the affair; but he had come to ask Eben to help him recover it, and he did it.

"I'll do whatever I can," replied Eben soberly. He got up and stamped first on one foot then on the other, to bring back the circulation, "but I don't see how I can help you."

Barney let go of the tree and slipped down on the ice. "I want you to propose something, Eben," he said earnestly, "you can always think of a dozen ways where I think of one. Besides, I should rather you would find it than any one. Will you think about it?"

"Yes," replied Eben slowly, "I will. But you must tell me all there is to be told." And then he asked him some questions.

Barney answered as well as he could without bringing in Eben's own name, and Eben listened attentively. When Barney had finished, Eben said abruptly, "Now, I'm going home," and sprang up the bank and ran across the field with his skates slung over his shoulder.

About the time that Barney stopped looking at him and left the hollow, he slackened his run and began to walk, and when he reached the fence he climbed it slowly enough and dropped from the other side among the tangled branches of last summer's wayside bush, like a boy who is tired. He stood still, for he saw Ben Miller going by and he had had enough of boys for one day; but Ben, who was seldom in a hurry,

saw him quite as well and hailed him. It flashed across Eben's mind that he might perhaps make something of this opportunity, as he knew it was good-natured Ben's habit to talk a great deal and keep nothing to himself.

"Why are you leaving so early?" asked Ben inquisitively.

"I had enough of skating for one reason," he answered, "and then there was another."

"Which you won't tell, I suppose, because it is the real one," said Ben. "Come on, turn back, and I'll stand by you."

"Stand by me?" repeated Eben, "I didn't say I needed it. What do you mean?"

Ben looked at him in confusion. "Oh," he stammered, "I thought you said something like it—didn't you?"

"No, I did not," said Eben decidedly, "but you must have had something like it in your mind or you could not have thought so; and, now, I want to know just what it was."

Ben glanced at him, and then up and down the road as if he had got himself into trouble and would like to escape; but nothing stretched either way but the bare wintry landscape.

"I thought of course you knew by this time," he said in desperation, "but you just tell me if the boys acted the same that they always do."

"You know they did not," replied Eben, "and you know the reason, too, Ben, and though I don't ask you to stand by me, if you are any kind of a boy you will tell me what they mean."

"If you will have it," said Ben; "I suppose, though, if you hear it from me, you will give me all the benefit of making the story up, and sending it around generally, and keeping the ball going afterwards. Those are the kind of thanks one gets for being friendly."

"Please go on," said Eben.

"I don't know as you know," returned Ben, so urged—"It's a mean business, but you will have it—that you were the only person alone with the copper the night it went, and you gave the alarm that sent us off in a hurry, and you had been talking an awful lot about selling it for ten dollars, and wishing you had ten dollars. And one day after that Ward went out with a presentiment and he met you with your arms full of the things you wanted the money for, and you said your father hadn't given them to

you, and how you got the money was your business; and you acted very queer, getting mad at Ward. And then Ward thought this very odd, and though he didn't want to—for he never dreamed of such a thing before—began to remember, and to believe perhaps you were overtempted; and though he didn't mean it to, it leaked out among the boys—but I think no one has any business to take it for granted, you know." Ben was very earnest. "After all, I think you might better know it all," he added in a consolatory voice.

Eben was quite silent. He looked at Ben as if he did not see him at all, and then turned about and tramped steadily up the road towards the town. Instead of going directly home he kept on the main street and finally entered a building where there were many offices. He rapped at the door of one of these which bore a small black square informing the public in gilt letters that "M. E. Brown, Attorney and Counsellor at Law," could be found within. The gentleman busy with papers at a desk was he whose house had been a-fire that one very eventful evening for poor Eben. He looked up, nodded and smiled, and held out his hand.

"How are you?" he asked, with an observant glance. "Can I do anything for you, Eben?"

"Yes, sir," replied Eben; but a certain amount of excitement had sustained him to this point, and now that he was to speak he had to be silent a moment to control a trembling voice.

"Take your time," said Mr. Brown kindly, "take your time; if you don't feel like talking just yet, why, I will write a letter until you do. There is a chair by the window."

"I am very much obliged, sir," returned Eben, "I would rather tell you now. You remember, Mr. Brown, you wanted me to take some money after the fire, and though I refused the whole amount I took ten dollars because I wanted to get some things so badly? But, oh, I wish I hadn't taken anything!"

"You did quite right," said Mr. Brown, in a matter-of-fact voice; "the only mistake about it was not accepting all I wished you to. What is the trouble?"

"I only want to ask you, sir, if I should want you to say in writing, or any other way, that you

gave me just that much money, and what day you gave it, if you would be willing? I did not want any one to know I was paid for that"—Eben broke down and put his hand over his eyes.

"See here, my boy," said Mr. Brown quietly, "you did me a very great service and I suppose I have a right to make you some acknowledgment, which it would have been very ungracious in you to refuse. If both you and I preferred something most satisfactory to yourself, I can't see that you are lowered by it, especially as it was your wish to benefit your sister at the same time. To think that the value of my acknowledgment was a value that paid my appreciation of your service, is simply ridiculous; money, anyway, has nothing to do with it."

So comforted, for Eben could not help but feel comforted, he told the suspicions which had been attached to him, and their cause, and added that he did not wish as yet to deny anything; what he wanted was to trace the copper, restore it with full proof that he had never taken nor possessed it, and he wanted Mr. Brown to know about everything he did in the search so that not a slur nor a stain could be attached to him when the coin was once more in the hands of its rightful owner.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "I don't know but this is as bad as having one's house and home threatened by fire. But don't you fret! Whether you find that miserable penny or not, we shall make things straight. Have you thought of what you will do first?"

"Not much," said Eben disconsolately; "after being suspected myself I wouldn't like to try and fasten it on any one else. Mrs. Day has had her servants a long time—no one would think of accusing them; they couldn't, you see. Circumstances are against *me*, though I think it very cruel to take hold of circumstances in such a hurry. As for any of those other boys, I know they couldn't steal money."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Brown, "we don't know anything until we prove it."

"I want to go and look in the museum myself," continued Eben. "While I stood there alone I noticed Barney had not made his case very compact; there was a space between the back and the cushion quite wide enough for any

of the coins to slip down in. It might have fallen in there in some way, or perhaps the crack kept on to the bottom and it fell through to the floor and rolled into some place out of the way."

"Very true," said Mr. Brown, "and if I were you, I would have every board up in the flooring before I gave up my theory. It is the best one to begin on."

Eben brightened very much. He went away feeling quite differently from what he had when he entered Mr. Brown's office; he had had hurried, bitter and indignant thoughts on his rapid walk there, but the composure and kindness, the matter-of-fact manner of the lawyer, the very arrangement of the turmoil that had gone on in his mind into definite speech and a course of action, the knowledge that he had some one to believe in him and some one to back him, made a different boy of him altogether.

He had an idea that Barney had not dealt with him more kindly in speaking to him than the other boys in leaving him to himself; it appeared to him an underhand, or a sly sort of method, to bring him to a confession, not a wish to justify him. So although he found it the easiest thing in the world to hold himself aloof from his usual companions, it was very difficult to go frankly up to Barney and ask him if he might see him at his house at a certain hour on an important matter. It seemed to him he would think that he was about to make an admission of guilt—so hard is it, for those who know themselves innocent but suspected, to keep from a sensitive misjudgment of other's thoughts of them. He fancied Barney looked at him regretfully; perhaps he did—but that may not have been because he took him for a criminal.

At the proper hour he was at Dr. Day's house and was admitted by the doctor himself who shook hands and said warmly that he was glad to see him. Barney called from the office-door for him to come in there, as his father was going out and no one would disturb them.

Eben stood up stiff and grave by the doctor's desk and told Barney directly what he wished to do—"to make my word good," said Eben, "that I am very unjustly suspected."

Barney walked up and threw his arm very affectionately around his shoulder. "You know

I think so, Eben," he said earnestly, "of course you must know it. Papa and I think Ward has done you the greatest injury, and papa has spoken very sternly to him. But he has made the mischief and there seems only one way to undo it. Ward is very stubborn; if he gets an opinion he thinks it must be right because he got it, and the more you talk to him the more he believes he is in the right. I am sure he is really ashamed of having said things to any one but me and wishes he had not, but he is all the time telling things he wishes he could keep to himself. He was so triumphant over a discovery that he went and told his chum, and that was next best to posting it on the town walls; there are always plenty of ill-natured people who like any kind of gossip at all, and the better the person it is about the better they like it. I know it makes it doubly bad coming from our family and we feel very sorry about it; one day Ward will."

So with Barney's arm still about his shoulder Eben went up to search the room beneath the eaves. They did not at the present moment tear up the floor, though the energy of both the boys was entirely equal to it; it was only delayed until Dr. Day's acquiescence should be given. Eben pointed out the crack which separated the back from the cushion and the bottom. Then the case was thoroughly examined, then the room. There was no result; but where the rafters of the roof and the first wall joined the floor there existed a space in which innumerable coppers might find a hiding-place; it was necessary to leave its exploration, however, until the boards might be removed. So confident were they both that it was there that Barney begged Eben not to treasure hard feeling against Ward when they showed him how wrong he had been.

Eben acknowledged to himself that he would have gone home more comfortably if he had been successful, but still matters had proved much better than he had expected, and he felt a peculiar throb of tenderness for Barney. When he reached home he found there a note from Mr. Brown which told him that the member of the Athenæum who was to have been door-keeper at the next evening's entertainment had been taken ill, and that Dr. Day and himself

had requested the Committee to ask him to take his place, which they now requested him to do. Eben flushed with the great pleasure he felt at the great kindness shown by these gentlemen in offering him a place trusting him with money; and then he trembled as he thought if any accident should happen that he lost money, or should he make a mistake in change — it would only confirm the bad opinion some people already had of him. There was great indignation in his home about the malicious reports of their boy. Christine declared she believed Ward had taken the copper himself; the rest of the family, although they did not quite agree with this opinion, believed it had been stolen by some one. So Eben did not get much sympathy in his persuasion that he would be cleared before he became the Athenæum door-keeper.

The next afternoon Barney called for him and said that the floor near the wall might come up, but it was unnecessary to take up every plank, because the cross-beam would prevent the copper rolling any distance; a carpenter would do the work for them, as they might become a little too energetic if left to themselves.

Up came the planks, and down went Barney and Eben on their knees, with a candle, searching in the space between the ceiling and the floor, among the dust and dirt which had accumulated — but no copper.

Eben looked up with a face of despair. "I am innocent," he said.

"O, Eben, I know you are," cried Barney, "I *will* make people believe me instead of Ward."

"I was so sure it would be here," said Eben, groping again; "it can't be anywhere else; it has slipped down further, I'm sure."

"Yes," said the carpenter, "that may be, but we can't pull the house down, floor by floor, young gentlemen."

And Eben felt this to be so very true that he got up at once and said there was no use then looking any more.

Eben took his seat on the high stool in the Athenæum box-office without the feelings of triumph he had expected, though Mr. Brown told him to keep his eyes open, and his spirits up, and only think of business. The neat pile of the familiar blue tickets, Ward's handiwork, made him feel very bitterly; but presently as

people began to press around the pigeon-hole demanding tickets, pushing in their money, and needing change Eben did only think of business and found it great fun too. Eben was not entirely alone as Mr. Brown and Dr. Day had intended he should be. Ben Miller was in the box-office. Mr. Miller was one of the principal persons in the Athenæum and as Ben had coaxed very hard to divide the fun, his father had introduced him there without consulting any one.

"You may do what you please to help with the tickets," said Eben, looking him in the eyes, "but you know, Ben, I can't afford even to let my own father put his hand on this money-box." So Ben cast down his eyes and said nothing.

Presently, after the last straggler had gone through the doors, Ben tried to persuade Eben to go in and enjoy himself awhile; he promised to take good care of everything and then they could take turns. But Eben was not to be coaxed. Ben finally went away, but before a half-hour had passed came back again urging Eben to take his share of the pleasure; but he shook his head and went on counting his money and fixing the five cents, ten cents, and twenty-fives in piles, ready to drop, when he had made sure his calculations were right, into a locked box with a slit in the top; Mr. Brown had promised him he would come before the close and take it in charge himself. He kept the box right before him and would not let Ben so much as touch it, though he grew quite cross because he was not permitted to examine an empty box, and Eben wished as he enjoyed himself so heartily in the lecture-room he had staid there.

Having made quite sure his money was all right, and set down the sums, Eben began to drop it into the box. He began with the piles on his right hand; on the left were the ten and five cent pieces, and some pennies. As he turned his head away he heard a soft chink.

"Don't disturb things," he said quickly to Ben — Ben was leaning against the wall.

"I'm not," he answered, "don't be afraid you will find yourself short."

"I can't afford an accident," said Eben; and went on with his task.

He finished the piles upon the right and turned to the left; first the tens, they were correct; then the fives, they were correct; then

the pile of cents, they were correct, and followed the others into the box; then the few old-fashioned coppers.

"Why, there are four!" cried Eben.

Ben was just going from the door. Quick as a flash Eben pulled him back and held his hand over the knob. There was a frightened expectant look in Ben's face; he did not attempt to get away.

"Ben," said Eben, "what do you mean by that? there were three coppers there — what did you add one for?"

"What stuff!" said Ben, but keeping his eyes on Eben's with the same strange expression. "You have miscounted."

"I have not," said Eben; "the number of pieces in every pile is down on this paper; about those coppers I know because I examined every one."

"Well, it wasn't with them," stammered Ben, "I" —

Eben with a sudden movement seized the coin and bent over it towards the light.

"It is the red, red copper!" he said, lifting his head.

Just then the deadened sound of a burst of applause struck on the ears of both the boys, and for a moment both were silent.

"O, Ben," said Eben sorrowfully, "I believe I would rather never have it come to light at all."

"Well," said Ben, with a half-sob, "to tell you the truth, Eben, I was tempted to bury the hateful thing, for as true as you are innocent so am I of such a thing as stealing it. But I felt if I didn't get it back and clear you it would be just as good as stealing, and I hadn't the courage to tell that I had it, for Ward never would believe but I had taken it, and there was no way to prove that I didn't. I thought slipping it in this way you would surely see it and think some one had passed it in."

"Where did it come from?" asked Eben, holding it very tight.

"You see I put on my old cap, that I hadn't worn for two weeks, yesterday, and I felt something hard between the linings, and when I fished it out there was that copper! As true as I'm a living boy, Eben Hawley! And I thought I would have tumbled over when I saw it. Who put it there, I don't know."

"Nobody," said Eben; "don't haul in any one else on this case. Let me see your cap."

Eben examined it and very quickly found a rip on the edge between the lining and the cloth which if it were pushed in a certain way pressed out. He saw readily how the copper might have gotten into it if the cap were beneath the case and a shake or a knock had thrown it against the defective back and so through to the ground where the cap lay ready to receive it. The only part of that evening, which no one had repeated, because Ward had forgotten it entirely, Ben now supplied himself.

"You see," he added, "I knew if Ward once remembered my being up-stairs alone there finding my cap after the way I saw fellows fasten suspicions on you and prove a clear case against you — though I never believed it — there wasn't a chance for me. I didn't know anything about that back, so what could I say to make them believe I hadn't taken it and repented? And now I thought you could clear yourself."

"You chose a pretty way," laughed Eben — he was so happy to have found the copper; "why, man alive, don't you see I might better never have found it than as you planned? don't you see it would be just one cent too much in my account, and would speak for itself that I had had it all along and chose that clumsy way to be rid of it?"

"Why, you would have changed it off for one of the cents," said Ben quickly.

"And do you think I would do that?" asked Eben.

That same evening Dr. Day received back the copper and Ben told his story to him, to Mr. Brown, and to his own father. Mr. Miller seemed to consider it a pretty good joke, but the other gentlemen scarcely acted as if they looked at it in that light at all. Barney went home with his mouth fixed for his most cheerful whistle and Ward could scarcely be kept from running the entire way, though the hour was late, to Eben's house to beg his forgiveness — for when Ward did discover he had made a mistake there never was a boy quicker to acknowledge it and show himself sorry. He did not spare himself the next morning, but spread the true tale of the red copper far and wide, taking great pains to shield Ben's reputation. In con-

sequence all the boys made haste to show themselves sorry for their ill-treatment of Eben, and almost made him a hero.

Did the red copper again distinguish the now famous "noo?" Nay, nevermore. It hung in a small frame above Ward's bed, a lasting re-

membrance of hasty judgment, obstinate opinion, and too careless speech.

The red, red copper after all did more than ten dollars worth of good to every one concerned — except Ben. Ben never learned lessons, in school, nor out.

HOW TO RID A HOUSE OF MOSQUITOES.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

BY FRANCES A. HUMPHREY.

WHEN General Frémont was making a survey of the Northwest Territories in 1839 and was in what is now Dacotah, he says his camp was so infested with mosquitoes that they had to eat their food behind long green veils draped around the brims of their hats.

Veils by day and a smudge by night are the usual defences of the wilderness from these pests. But the dweller in houses commonly puts a barrier of window-screens and bed-canopies between himself and them, and so takes his air strained. There is a better way, however, and one so effectual that though the windows and doors be left wide open and screenless they will not enter.

A dozen years ago, perhaps, I read a newspaper paragraph to the effect that if Dalmatian insect powder were burned in a room the mosquitoes would leave it and though windows remained open they would not return. I read the paragraph and forgot it, as others did doubtless, for I saw nothing more about it and I never heard of anybody trying it.

In the summer of 1881 I chanced to be with a friend on board a schooner which lay off Philadelphia on the Delaware side. The time was September and the mosquitoes swarmed. They took possession of the *Lucy Graham* fore and aft. The captain and mate gave up to us their bed-screens. We objected to the sacrifice and were casting about for some other possible defence when there flashed before my mind the newspaper paragraph before mentioned. "Have you Dalmatian insect powder?" I asked of

the captain. "We have." "Then I shall burn some in your cabin; the mosquitoes will flee. You can sleep with open windows and they will not return." He smiled as who should say, "You can burn pounds if you like. We will not dispute your statement, but we do not believe it." We burned the powder, the mosquitoes fled and *did not return*.

For some years I had no occasion to repeat the experiment. But in 1886 I found myself in a green and bowery spot in New Hampshire, full of all fresh delights, but, alas! full also of mosquitoes. They came like an army with banners.

We are told that the mind never forgets; that everything we ever heard of is stowed away in compartments of the brain, like papers in pigeon-holes, ready for use when the time comes. I believe it. For out again from some place where it had lain dormant all this time, popped that newspaper paragraph. And that night I burned the powder — a teaspoonful in an iron spoon, lighted with a match and left to smoulder. The effect was magical. Not a mosquito lifted his wing that night within the four walls of my room and I slept soundly. Perhaps it was not the smouldering powder that drove them off, you say? Perhaps it was only some mysterious withdrawal of their forces for a season? How was it, then, that on going down to breakfast the next morning, I was greeted with a piteous story from the other members of our party, of a night spent in fighting mosquitoes, the greatest sufferer of all being the little fellow whose freshly-cropped head offered such a seductive

field to their operations? The next night the powder was burned in every bedroom, and never was wall of the Middle Ages more impregnable to a besieging force than was the invisible barrier it raised against the mosquitoes raging without. A thing must be put to many tests, it is said, before its virtue can be considered established, and I give the result of another experiment. In May, 1887, I went on a visit to a certain dear old town in the Old Colony. It was apple-blossom time, and the song of the linnet, the robin and the bobolink were heard in its fields. But into this Paradise the mosquitoes had entered, numberless and almost as big as bumblebees! On one side of the great open wood-house, in the house where I visited, is a raised platform whereon stands a cooking-stove used only in summer. This room

can not be screened and over its windows swarmed the mosquitoes. I told the story of the insect powder, and the mistress promptly said she would try it at once; a hot fire was burning in the stove and she would scatter some on its covers. "But," I remonstrated, fearing for the complete success of the trial under such conditions, "it will have no effect in this big open place." But it did! in five minutes the mosquitoes were so stupefied we could poke them about with our fingers and they quickly disappeared. The experiment was afterwards repeated with flies and with equal success. I think if I had a veranda infested with mosquitoes where I wished to sit of an evening in comfort, I would have me a pretty Greek vase, bronze, perhaps, in which I would burn perpetual incense of Dalmatian Insect Powder.

THE T'SING T'SONG T'SUE.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

IN Europe and America millions daily use articles called after the country of one of the most ancient peoples of the earth, without ever thinking of their far-off, oblique-eyed, saffron-skinned, cone-shape-headed cousins — if we may give the name of cousin to a race separated from the Aryan and Semitic types by a boundary line very strongly defined.

The Chinese call themselves T'sing T'song T'sue, after one of their renowned leaders who performed no end of miracles in his time, and when dead was worshiped as the Heaven Father of the people. By their neighbors — the Kal-mucks, Finns and Russians — they are called Khi-Tai or Winged Death, in allusion to the winged and scaly dragons displayed on their banners. By the ancients they were known as T'sin Noc, or Scythians, a name which implied anything strange, foreign, or barbarous; and by the ancient Aryans, as Dur-Aryan, Far From or Non Aryan, once a term of contempt, but now

adopted by European scholars and modified into Turanian, under which head are classed all races not Aryan or Semitic.

The history of the Chinese is as extraordinary as their physiognomy.

They claim that two million two hundred and sixty-seven thousand and some odd years intervene between their establishment in the Earthly Kingdom and the birth of their great teacher Confucius, 551 B. C. In a curious volume called the *Bamboo Book* are found no end of legends of the three Dynasties — of Pwanku the Celestial, Fohi the Terrestrial, and Hwangte the Solar. In these traditions gigantic and grotesque creatures, half spiritual and half brute, unite with comets, stars, clouds, earthquakes, thunderbolts, lightnings, fiery dragons, and forest and sea monsters, to teach the earliest settlers how to make huts, produce fire, cook food, to weave and spin cloth, to hold the plough, to sow, reap, and harvest. The extraordinary feats of

strength, valor and skill employed in developing the animal, vegetable, and mineral resources of the country and establishing order out of chaos, are incomparably marvelous. One thing, however, stands out clear amid this mass of mythological history, and that is that the Chinese account of their development is based on the Darwinian idea of evolution. In some of their oldest books their teachers and reformers are represented as half-ape and half-man; creatures little removed from the gorilla, who spend their energies in laboring for the material rather than the spiritual welfare of their fellows.

Confucius was born in the state of Loo, now called Shang Tang, in the reign of the twenty-third emperor of the Tcheou dynasty. His father, Shuh-Liang-Heih, and his noble mother Ching Tsai, one of the most remarkable of Asiatic women, claimed their descent from the prehistoric Hwangte, and though renowned for their purity of life, were so poor that at his father's death Confucius was obliged while yet a child to gain a scanty support as herdsmen for himself and his mother.

Little or nothing is recorded of his boyhood, save his passion for imitating the rites and ceremonies observed by his elders. His mother to whose memory he was always tenderly attached, had him instructed in mechanical occupations, such as farming, carpentering, painting, house-building. At fifteen his mind became set on learning, and at nineteen he had made himself master of all the knowledge of his day. Having established his reputation as a scholar he next married and became the father of one son and two daughters. At twenty-one, the ignorance of his fellowmen so distressed him that he assumed the office of a public teacher of morals, retaining and teaching, as he himself has said, "only such pupils as had that natural insight and love of truth which enabled them from hearing about one corner of a subject to divine without further explanation the other three." If any, rich or poor, noble or prince, appeared indifferent in the study and practice of the most rigid morals, he rejected them at once, without anger, but with firmness. It is said that it was his custom to explain his own slow progress in the virtues in the following words:

"At fifteen my mind was bent on acquiring all knowledge; at thirty I stood firm in my convictions; at forty all doubts vanished; at fifty I began to perceive the laws of Heavenly Order and Harmony; at sixty my ear gave loving obedience to the voice of truth; at seventy I could follow my heart's desire without transgressing right; having at last discovered the golden rule — 'Not to do unto others that which is distasteful to one's self.'"



CHINESE DRAWING OF CONFUCIUS.

Being appointed chief magistrate of Chung-too, Confucius then and there affected a reformation in the conduct of the people, which resulted in his being placed at the head of the Department for the Suppression of Crime at T'si. Here he exhibited his great moral force in such an extraordinary manner that he brought the feudal chiefs under perfect control, and punished the greatest in the land with the same sense of unflinching justice as the poorest slave.

The coming of Confucius made a fête-day for the poor; he dispensed warmth and light everywhere; whoever had need of anything was shown his humble dwelling, and when it was out of his own power to help he forced the rich to open their purses and provide the means. His example was followed; a new influence seemed to

urge the heads of all the other departments; crime and vice were almost stamped out of the land; purity and good faith prevailed; Confucius became the idol of his countrymen, and his name was breathed in reverence from every lip. No Mongolian was ever so much beloved by his disciples; they spoke of him as the greatest of mortals, and they have treasured up and related every act of his life—how he lived, and how he died, how he judged the rich and poor, prince and slave with the same unqualified impartiality; how he rose up before the aged and did reverence to those who mourned; how he reproved those who withdrew themselves from the world because of its wickedness into solitary places, saying: "It is impossible for man to associate with birds and beasts who have no affinity with us; with whom should I associate but with my suffering fellow men?"

For nearly twenty-four centuries Confucius has received the adoration of his countrymen. His grave at Kung is a national shrine, the spot most sacred in the Earthly Kingdom; his family and dearest disciples lie entombed beside him, and all around are tablets with texts from his writings, dedicated by kings, warriors, statesmen, scholars and priests to his memory.

The life of a Chinaman is hampered with ancient forms of etiquette which are rigidly enforced and cheerfully obeyed. Since burning fragrant wood and paper were held as a charm against evil spirits, so to this day a Chinaman burns bits of wood and paper on all occasions of prayer and sacrifice as his ancestors did thousands of years ago. As it was thought refined to have small feet, the high ladies of China to-day mutilate the feet of their daughters rather than they should have the proportions of the common orders of the people. Since shaving the hair, all but the pigtail, was thought to have preserved the life of a mythical Mongolian prince, every Chinaman shaves his head and clings to his pigtail, cultivates and adorns it. Assisting the food down one's throat by means of chopsticks was considered more refined than eating with the fingers, or putting the mouth to the dish, by the ancient civilizers of the T'sing T'song T'sue, hence to this day chopsticks are used by the Emperor as well as the peasant—the one of gold, the other of common wood.

Since the Chinese Charlemagne, Ching Wangte, decreed in the third century B. C. that education should be universal, that every boy in the Kingdom should be compelled to learn to read, write, and count, education is free to every man in the realm, and a competitive examination opens to all who wish the highest offices of state, and wealth is not allowed to raise its possessor to an office of trust—not even the will of the Emperor can secure an office for an uneducated favorite, and the laws for honest dealing in these competitive examinations are so severe that the President of the Board of Examiners at Peking was recently put to death for granting fraudulent degrees to the sons of a certain high Mandarin; but as no plan was made by this Chinese Charlemagne for the education of girls, women are to this day excluded from almost all the rights and privileges of human beings, and in some parts of China women are so little thought of that in the homes of the poor they are often put to death by their parents in infancy rather than they should be at the trouble of rearing them.

The Chinese not only honor but support their parents in old age, and after death they perform at their graves those ancient funeral rites which are believed to conduce to the comfort of the departed soul. If any observance is omitted, the relatives look for swift vengeance from the deceased; if duly performed, no end of benefits from the same source.

The most cherished desire of a Chinaman, no matter where he lives, what he does, or how he dies, is to be buried with his forefathers; he is content to be exiled and enslaved all his life, provided his bones are returned to lie and mingle with his ancestral sod. Every month shiploads of deceased Chinese are sent from all parts of the world, especially from San Francisco across the Pacific, to be interred in the spot hallowed by their ancestral remains.

Nevertheless in the life of the common people there exists much domestic happiness. Nowhere does reverence for parental authority rank so high as with our Mongolian cousins; while as a nation they are extremely frugal, sober, and industrious, with few wants; rice, fish, fruit, and vegetables constitute their food, tea their universal drink, a blue blouse, nankin trousers,

wooden shoes and a wide straw hat their ordinary apparel, and the long pigtail the most cherished object of their solicitude, which to pull or handle roughly is to insult grossly a true-born son of the T'sing T'song T'sue.

Marriages take place at an early age among all the Mongolian races, and are contracted by professional match-makers. The match-maker visits the maiden with a curious paper, on which are inscribed the eight symbols denoting the day, hour, year, month, presiding star, and deity, and the ancestral name of the suitor. A similar paper is presented by the maiden. If the suit is agreeable, the papers are submitted to a Chinese fortune-teller for approval, who, on finding the fates propitious, prepares a couple of grotesque cards, surrounded by twelve symbols of the virtues. On the reverse side of the one intended for the bridegroom is pasted a colored dragon, symbolic of his plighted troth, and on the other a phoenix the Chinese emblem of conjugal fidelity. These cards are stitched together, which again symbolizes the insolubility of the marriage tie. The exchange of horoscopes is followed by presents. Then the bride, gorgeously attired and veiled from head to foot, and accompanied by a gay musical procession, starts for her future home. Half-way she is met by a procession from her future husband, which escorts her on the rest of the way. In some parts of Mongolia the bride on her wedding-day rides off on horseback in full gallop, followed by the bridegroom who can only claim her as his wife if he succeed in capturing her. On alighting, she is led into a room, where her future husband awaits her, and here without exchanging a word, or even daring to look at each other, they sit down on a low stool side by side, and proceed with all possible haste to sit each on the other's dress. This performance is ex-

tremely ludicrous, and gives rise to peals of laughter, and the one who first succeeds in the attempt, is hailed with shouts of merriment, as destined to rule in the household. This done the whole party adjourn to the family altar, on which are pictures of Buddha, Confucius, T'ao Tsze, Mencius and of the Heaven and Earth deities. Here the bride and bridegroom prostrate themselves in silent prayer, then vows are exchanged in the presence of the Buddhist priests, magic papers are burned, hymns are chanted, and finally the bride and bridegroom drink a glass of wine, symbol of the marriage sacrament, in alternate sips from the same vessel. Then for the first time the bride is unveiled, the young couple bow to each other and the rest of the day is spent in feasting and merriment.

For thousands of years China had been like a vast garden fenced in and around with huge stone walls; pleasant no doubt to those within, but forbidding and tantalizing and tempting to those without.

But change came, within and without. European and American steamers now ply on the River of Golden Sands, telegraphs, railways, observatories, schools, universities and colleges on the European plans are everywhere, and a subtle light is creeping upon the ancient spirit of the T'sing T'song T'sue; and like those airy sprites in fairy tales, who rear unseen through the darkness of night some beautiful structure, to astonish all beholders in the clear morning sun, so the years, hours and moments are silently rearing amid the darkness of pagan institutions that wondrous structure of a Christian civilization whose beauty, strength and everlasting foundations the sunlight of a great future alone shall fully reveal to our oblique-eyed, saffron-skinned and cone-shape-headed cousins.

FROM CALIGULA TO HADRIAN.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

141. How long did Caligula reign?
 142. Whose influence was strongest over Caligula?
 143. What famous saying is attributed to Caligula?
 144. To what great leader was Claudius related?
 145. Whom did Claudius take for his model in the administration of public affairs?
 146. What British chieftain was brought to Rome in this reign?
 147. What great disaster happened to Rome in A. D. 64, and by whom was it supposed to have been caused?
 148. What noted queen was defeated by Suetonius Paulinus?
 149. What noted preacher taught in Rome in the reign of Nero?
 150. What emperor built the Colosseum?
 151. What building at Rome commemorates the siege and capture of Jerusalem?
 152. What was the most noted event of A. D. 79?
 153. What Roman leader about this time carried the power of the Roman arms as far as the Scottish Highlands?
 154. What emperor being defeated by the Dacians returned to Rome and celebrated a triumph?
 155. What emperor reigned but sixteen months?
 156. What does Trajan's column commemorate?
 157. Mention some of the countries added to the empire by Trajan.
 158. Where was Hadrian proclaimed emperor?
 159. What imperial policy did he imitate?
160. By whom was the Jewish revolt suppressed in the reign of Hadrian, and what result followed the defeat of the Jews?

ANSWERS TO MAY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

101. Roman literature began with the drama.
 102. Livius Andronicus; born before 482 B. C.; lived till after 547 B. C.
 103. Ennius. 239 B. C.—169 B. C.
 104. Plautus.
 105. Terence.
 106. The Satire was derived from the Fescennine songs, a species of rude extempore verses made by the Italian peasants. Lucilius 148 B. C.—103 B. C. constructed his Satires upon the Fescennine model and was the first to adapt these rude songs to literary purposes.
 107. Titus Lucretius Carus, commonly styled Lucretius.
 108. Virgil.
 109. For extreme elegance and daintiness of style.
 110. Horace.
 111. Tibullus, Propertius and Ovid.
 112. Cato the Censor.
 113. Varro.
 114. Julius Cæsar. The Commentaries.
 115. Sallust.
 116. Cornelius Nepos.
 117. The Orations, Epistles and the treatises on rhetoric including *De Oratore*.
 118. Livy.
 119. Hellenic influence.
 120. They hated and feared it because they saw in it a power hostile to them but favorable to the middle class.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, "THE GOLDSMITH OF THE NORTH."

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

WASHINGTON IRVING wrote once of Oliver Goldsmith: "To be the most beloved of English writers, what a distinction, that, for a man!"

The story-teller of Copenhagen is perhaps dearer to the hearts of countless young readers than any other writer who ever lived. And what a distinction *that* is for any man to win!

Goldsmith and Andersen in certain important particulars were much alike. Both were simple and childlike in their natures; both were excessively vain — Goldsmith was as fond of fine clothes and as proud of appearing in them as any peacock of showing its plumage, and Andersen imagined himself the centre of everyone's thoughts — both were plain in feature even to positive ugliness, and both possessed a simplicity of literary style which goes directly to the hearts of their readers.

In regard to the vanity of these two men it should be said that it was of the most harmless character. Goldsmith never was envious of another's success, Andersen never let his self-esteem manifest itself in any way to the injury of another. The Danish writer was probably the most conceited man of his time, but it was a simple-hearted vanity which he could no more help, at least in later life, than a hen can help letting the whole poultry-yard know when she has laid an egg. For many years his was the most familiar figure in Copenhagen. Says one writer of Andersen:

"High and low, rich and poor, he belonged to all. If he went out for a walk, everyone saluted him; if he visited the theater, all present welcomed him; children worshiped

him, claimed him as belonging peculiarly to them; every household reserved for him a warm corner by the stove; not a family, from the king to the peasant, but had a knife and fork and a seat at the table ready for him."

It would be a rare nature indeed that such an amount of adulation would not affect, yet Andersen's sweetness of disposition was such that it did not make him arrogant or selfish; it simply distorted his vision and made him look at the world in general through the meshes of a net-work composed of the letters of his own name.

It must not, however, be imagined, because Andersen was so universally beloved by his countrymen, that they regarded him as the greatest glory of their literature. On the contrary the Danes have always been puzzled to account for the admiration with which he is regarded in other lands to the neglect of several other Danish writers whom they rightfully regard as superior to him. But the reason is not so far to seek. The simplicity of his style made translation comparatively easy. English readers first made his acquaintance through the translations of his works by Mrs. Mary Howitt, herself a delightful writer for young people, and excellent Swedish and German versions appeared very early in his literary career. Then, too, people who made acquaintance with his works in their childhood have never been able to forget their love for the teller of fairy tales, and have regarded his novels with much the same feeling of uncritical admiration. To the majority of readers Andersen is the only Danish writer, a state of things as unfair to Denmark's other great

authors as harmful to the fame of Andersen himself. But even when the just claims of his contemporaries have been satisfied much, very much, remains to be grateful for in the genius of Hans Andersen.

He was born in Odense, the chief town on the Danish island of Funen, on April 2, 1805. His father was a shoemaker by trade, and a person of a melancholy disposition, a trait which at times showed itself in the character of his famous son. Says Andersen in *The Story of My Life*:

"During the first day of my existence my father is said to have sat by the bed and read aloud in Holberg, but I cried all the time. 'Wilt thou go to sleep, or listen quietly?' it is reported that my father asked in joke; but I still cried on; and even in the church, when I was taken to be baptized, I cried so loudly that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, 'The younker screams like a cat!' which words my mother never forgot. A poor emigrant, Gomar, who stood as godfather, consoled her in the meantime by saying that the louder I cried as a child, all the more beautifully should I sing when I grew older."

The prophecy so early made was abundantly realized in later years. To the poor shoemaker's son was given a singing voice that has echoed round the world and gathered half the children in Christendom about his knees. It is pleasant to read of those early years in Odense. One of the very first events that he recalls is the visit of the Spaniards to Funen when he was but three years old. A Spanish soldier took him up in his arms, danced him on his knees and kissed him with tears in his eyes, mindful, no doubt, of some little Alfonso or Benita left behind in far-off Spain. Once when he was six years old he stood one evening with his mother and her neighbors in St. Knut's churchyard gazing at the great comet which blazed its pathway across the sky, and the sight of which made a deep impression upon his childish mind. He writes thus of an incident of his childhood:

"Sometimes during the harvest, my mother went into the field to glean. I accompanied her, and we went like Ruth in the Bible, to glean in the rich fields of Boaz. One day we went to a place the bailiff of which was well known for being a man of a rude and savage disposition. We saw him coming with a huge whip in his hand, and my mother and all the others ran away. I had

wooden shoes on my bare feet, and in my haste I lost these and the thorns pricked me so that I could not run, and thus I was left behind and alone. The man came up and lifted his whip to strike me, when I looked him in the face and involuntarily exclaimed — 'How dare you strike me, when God can see it?'"

He was very young when he first went to the theater with his parents, and an odd figure the homely little fellow must have cut from his own account of himself:

"As to my dress, I was rather spruce; an old woman altered my father's clothes for me; my mother would fasten three or four large pieces of silk with pins on my breast, and that had to do for vests; a large kerchief was tied round my neck with a mighty bow; my head was washed with soap and my hair curled, and then I was in all my glory. In that attire I went with my parents for the first time to the theater."

The first exclamation of the future poet and romancer on entering the theater was sufficiently prosaic, and was to the effect that if he had as many casks of butter at home as there were people in the theater that he could eat quantities of butter. His imagination was soon stimulated, however, and as he could go but seldom to the theater he procured a programme every day from the person who distributed the playbills, and seating himself in a corner would imagine a whole play from the title and list of characters.

Hans was still a mere lad when his father died, and after this event he was left much to himself while his mother went out washing in order to earn their living. He was fond of reading plays, and the more tragic they were the better. From reading plays he soon came to writing them and strange affairs they must have been. His first piece was a most doleful tragedy in which the entire *dramatis personæ* died miserably. This youthful effusion having met with adverse criticism from a neighbor he began a new piece in which a king and queen figured. He says:

"I thought it not quite right that these dignified personages, as in Shakespeare, should speak like other men and women. I asked my mother and different people how a king ought properly to speak, but no one knew exactly. They said that it was so many years since a king had been in Odense, but that he certainly spoke in a foreign language. I procured myself, therefore, a sort of lexicon, in which were German, French and English

words with Danish meanings, and this helped me. I took a word out of each language, and inserted them into the speeches of my king and queen. It was a regular Babel-like language, which I considered only suitable for such elevated personages. I desired now that everybody should hear my piece. It was a real felicity to me to read it aloud, and it never occurred to me that others should not have the same pleasure in listening to it."

The delight which the boy took in his crude fancies was the same sort of pleasure, with comparatively little modification, which the man afterwards took in his finished work. He was in some respects always a child, and he retained to the last the simplicity of heart which characterized his childhood and youth. He never grew old in feeling, but remained perennially young at heart. In the opening chapters of *The Story of My Life* we get many glimpses of his childhood as well as the continued account of his later years; but he put much of himself into his novels, and in *Only a Fiddler*, one may read the story of his longing for fame, his aspirations and his disappointments.

He was twenty-three when his first work of any importance appeared, entitled *A Pedestrian Journey from Holmen's Canal to Amack*. Holmen's Canal is one of the principal features of Copenhagen, and Amack or Amager is an island connected with the city by long bridges, so the journey in question was not a long one. The book, which is mainly in rhyme and humorous in character, met with sudden and unexpected success and in consequence his confidence in his own powers could never afterwards be shaken. In 1829 a play of his called *Love on St. Nicholas's Tower* was acted with great success and the next year his first volume of poems appeared and became immediately popular. It was while on a journey through the Danish provinces in this year that he fell in love, and of this event we are told in *The Story of My Life*. His love was not returned and he cherished the memory of this, his only love episode, throughout his long life. In his next volume of poems, *Fancies and Sketches*, published soon after, we find many traces of this sorrow. His *Skyggebilleder*, or *Shadow-Pictures*, was his next book, a volume containing an account of his travels in the Hartz Mountains. A year or two later, in 1834, he published what must be reckoned, all

things considered, his greatest work, the famous *Improvvisatore*. It is rarely that a man of one nationality enters so completely into the life of another people as does Andersen in this wonderful book. Madame de Staël ambitiously adds to her *Corinne* the sub-title "or Italy," but with far more truth might it be added to *The Improvvisatore*. The book is Italy. Northman as he was by birth, Andersen was Italian by temperament, and the fervor, the excitability, the enthusiasm, the longing to impart to others the details of one's own life so characteristic of Italians, and to a less extent of other nations of the south of Europe, were part of his very nature. No wonder, then, that he could enter so fully into the heart of Italian life as he does in the brilliant pages of the wonderful *Improvvisatore*.

It was the grown-up public for which he had written up to this time, but he was soon to gather about him another and much more extensive circle of readers, the children of Denmark at first, and later those of half the world. It was for these that he wrote in 1835 the first series of his *Eventyr* or *Fairy Tales* as we call them. The collection thus begun he added to from time to time during a long course of years. No writer of his time has surpassed Andersen in the ability to gain the attention of children by story-telling. The sweet simplicity of these tales never fails to win their admiration. Himself as guileless as a little child he saw very clearly into child nature and children know him for one of themselves.

Andersen's pen was very busy in these first years of authorship and, indeed, it was never long idle. In 1836 he gave to the world his novel called *O. T., or Life in Denmark*, as notable a picture, of Danish life and customs, as *The Improvvisatore*. The letters "O. T." were formerly branded on Danish criminals, and are the initials of the Odense Tughthuis, or House of Correction. In the same year his pastoral drama, *Parting and Meeting*, was acted on the stage with decided approval, and in 1837 was published his novel *Only a Fiddler*. With Andersen's countrymen this is probably the most popular of any of his works and it is quite as faithful a picture of Danish life as *O. T.* The hero's father is the shoemaker of Odense, the melancholy father of Andersen himself, and

the trials and sufferings of the talented Fiddler are drawn from events in Andersen's own life.

In 1839 he visited Sweden, and in his autobiography he tells us in an artless sort of way how he met with the once famous but now neglected Miss Bremer on board a steamboat in the course of his journey. While in Sweden he wrote a drama called *The Mulatto* which was so warmly applauded by the Swedes that he was invited to the university-city of Lund, where the students gave him a great banquet and a serenade. *A Picture Book without Pictures* was his next book, and in 1841 the results of a tour through Italy and Greece were embodied in *A Poet's Bazaar*, a book which met with greater favor abroad than at home. In 1846 the first part of his autobiography, *The Story of My Life*, was published, at subsequent periods continued to 1855, and then to the close of 1867. In this book it is easy enough to see the remarkable vanity of the man, but with this inordinate self-esteem was mingled so much of real gentleness and sweetness of temper that to judge harshly of Andersen because of his vanity becomes nearly impossible. Less popular than his other novels was the one entitled *The Two Baronesses*, his next work, but it is very well worth reading for its pictures of Danish life and its masterly delineation of character. In 1851 *Pictures of Sweden* appeared which by an English critic has been considered as his most delightful work, the autobiography excepted. It is certainly a fascinating book, though it hardly deserves the rank the critic mentioned accords it. During these years he was continually producing dramas many of which were exceedingly popular. One of these, called *Ole Lukoie*, was a sort of wonder-comedy in which the adventures of the dream-god, who figures in more than one of his fairy tales, were narrated. *A Poet's Day Dreams* was his next book. This appeared in 1853 and was followed at intervals of a few years by several collections of his *Wonder Stories*, and still later came the results of a Spanish tour called *In Spain*.

In 1873 his health began to fail and the end seemed not far off, yet he partially recovered and was seen again in the homes where he was always welcome. At last these visits had to be given up because his strength no longer admitted

of his climbing the stairs that led to his friends' apartments. In the last winter of his life a young lad, the son of one of his friends, devoted himself to the care of the aged poet with an almost filial affection. When the weather permitted he would take him out for a daily walk, sustaining his feeble steps and guarding him from over-exertion in the tenderest manner, and when it was too cold for this the boy would sit by his friend cheering him with his bright boyish fancies or listening to some fairy tale that would never be written. Young Robert Henriques did in his own person what all young people whom the dear old man had loved and written for would gladly have done had the tender privilege been theirs.

April 2, 1875, was his seventieth birthday and deputations came from all parts of Denmark to greet him on that day; he was presented with a copy of one of his tales in thirty-two languages, money was raised to erect his statue in Copenhagen and to build a home for poor children which should bear his name, and on the little house in Odense where he was born was placed a tablet with his name and the date of his birth. He never appeared in public after this and four months later, on the fourth of August, 1875, he entered into rest.

On the day of his funeral all the city shops were closed and Copenhagen was draped in mourning. The Church of Our Lady was filled with those who had loved him. On the coffin were heaped flowers, laurels and palms, and near it stood a great company of children strewing flowers. Close by, too, stood the King with his eldest son and Prince John of Glücksburg, bareheaded and in their regal robes. In his simple, artless way the dead poet had loved pomp and beauty all his life and so at his funeral all the magnificence and ceremony that he would have delighted in were not wanting. Just at the hour of noon the great organ began a tender prelude and then that vast company, king and peasant, rich and poor, sang Andersen's own hymn, "Like to the Leaf which Falleth from the Tree." Then Dean Rothe recited one of Andersen's last poems and spoke earnestly and tenderly of the man whom all Denmark had delighted to honor and was followed by the aged bishop of Odense, who said the farewell from

the birthplace of Andersen. After this Carl Plough's poem, "Sleep, Weary Child," written for the occasion, was sung and Andersen's friend, the composer Hartmann, played on the organ the music he had written long before for the funeral of Thorwaldsen. As the music trembled into silence people from all parts of the church went up to the chancel and laid wreaths and flowers upon the coffin. In the centre of these tributes lay a palm branch and wreath from Odense, the city of his birth, the scene of his early struggles. When the last wreath had been brought the coffin was borne down the centre aisle by a number of students followed by the various delegations from all parts of Denmark bearing crape-bordered banners, and a long procession of mourning friends. All along the route to the cemetery people sat at their windows clad in deep mourning and

many of the houses and all the shipping in the harbor had flags at half-mast. As the procession left the church great numbers of poor people hastened into the building to gather the leaves and flowers which had fallen from his coffin and even the smallest leaf was lovingly cherished.

In spite of his love for splendor and show he never became forgetful of his own poor estate in early youth or ceased to have the warmest sympathy with the humblest person. His vanity, his self-esteem were in him the most amiable of foibles, the heart beneath was one of the tenderest and gentlest that ever beat. On a laurel wreath from Berlin which lay upon his coffin was fastened this inscription, as touching as it is full of tender truth:

"Thou art not dead, though thine eyes are closed.
In children's hearts thou shalt live forever."

A HANDY HOME-MADE MICROSCOPE.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

BY A. P. MORSE.

SCATTERED over the land in back-lying farmhouses and cottage homes there are many boys who are the happy possessors of a hand-magnifier of one, two, or three lenses mounted in hard rubber, and I wish to tell them how to obtain the most benefit from their glasses. Such a magnifier as I have mentioned or its equivalent, although enlarging but a few times, is a positive necessity to every boy or girl who is studying botany or entomology; and it may be bought for from fifty cents to a dollar and a quarter, or, better still, obtained as a premium with some periodical.

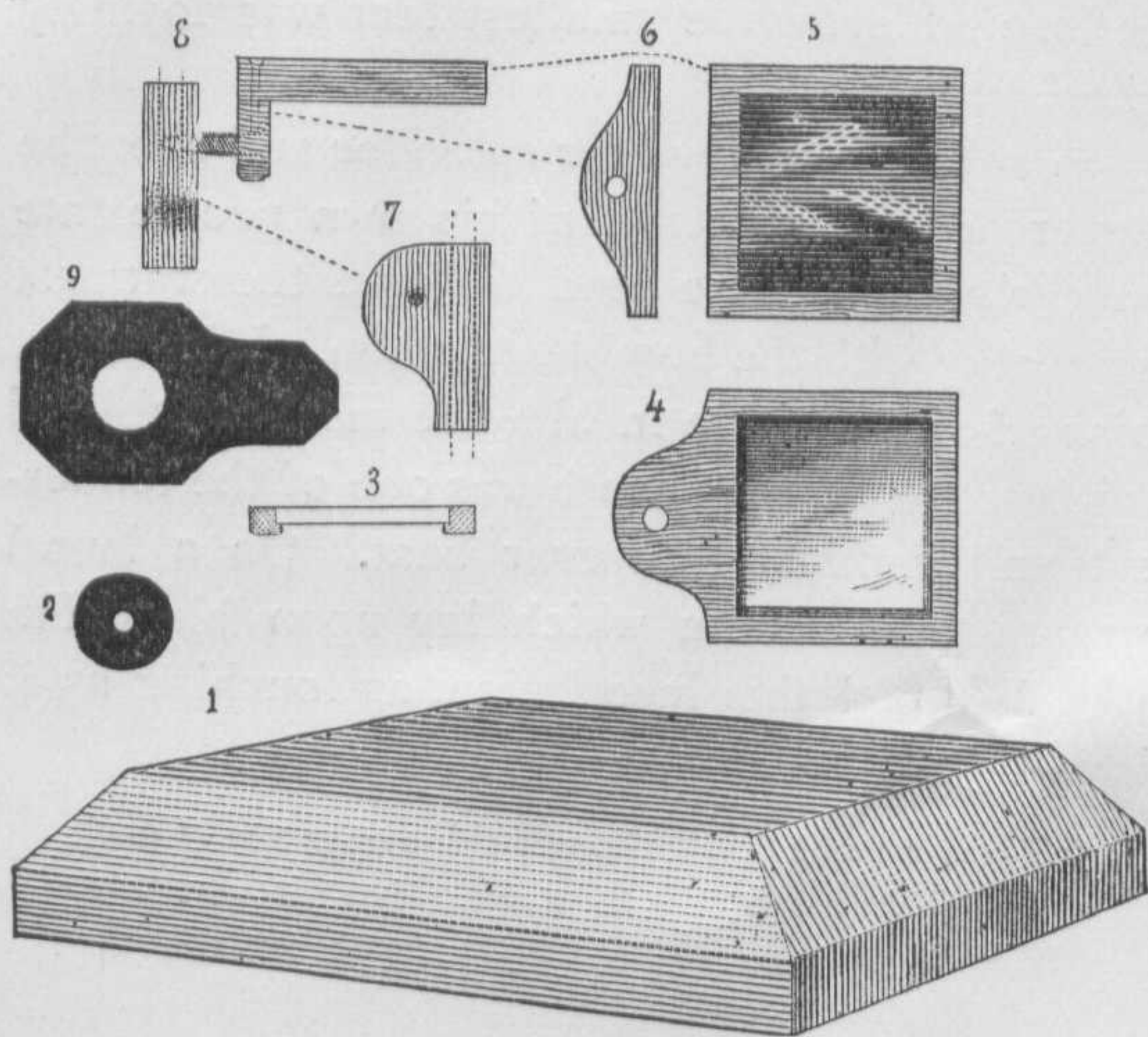
Years ago, after much wishing and some saving of dimes, I became the owner of one of these magnifiers with two lenses of one inch, and one and one eighth inches diameter, respectively; somewhat larger than necessary, but giving a more ample "field of observation." I bought it at a reduction as it was badly made and the lenses moved obliquely, and I wish to

tell the boy-readers of this article how I rigged it up, hoping that my experience will be of service; for like most boys living on a farm I had more time and ingenuity than money.

To get the best results from a magnifier of any description it should be stationary, and leave both hands free to work with: when held in the hand there is unavoidably more or less motion with accompanying indistinctness causing strain upon the eyes which soon grow tired and ache.

The desideratum to be supplied therefore in my case was a stand of some description. Accordingly a piece of pine board three by four inches, and one inch thick, and planed upon both sides, was procured and reduced to shape by beveling all the edges on one side as in *fig. 1*. On my next trip to the grist-mill, a mile away, the magnifier was taken along. The miller's son, some years older than I, had a turning-lathe, and for the moderate sum of fifteen cents

took out the rivet on which the lenses turned and after enlarging the hole put in a piece of small brass tube on which the lenses worked accurately and easily; and he also supplied me



SECTIONS OF MICROSCOPE-STAND, FIGS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

with a piece of brass rod about six inches long to fit the tube, which, with the aid of a gimlet, I set in an upright position in the stand-block, toward one end. A small piece of elastic rubber cut from an old boot (*fig. 2*), having an awl hole through it, was slipped over the rod, and I had a stand on which the magnifier could be raised or lowered and remain at any point, allowing either one or both lenses to be used, and the focus to be changed accordingly.

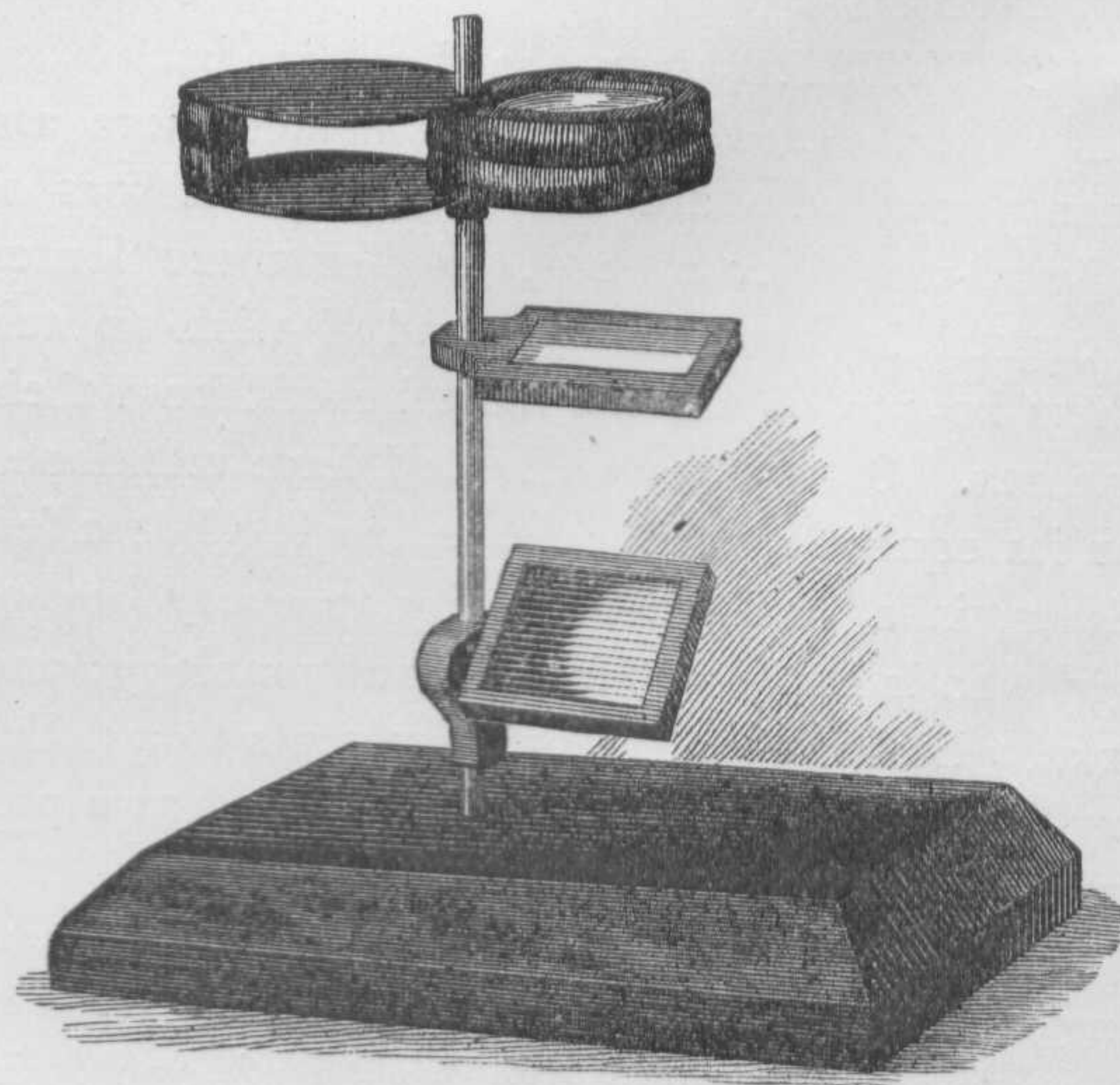
My next move was to make a stage upon which to place the objects to be viewed, and as I wished to examine both opaque and transparent objects I determined to have one of glass. With the aid of a cheap glass-cutter I cut from some thin window-glass a piece an inch square. Taking a piece of thin boxboard I cut a hole through it with a jack-knife, of the same size as the piece of glass, except that at the bottom I left a rim or shoulder (*fig. 3*) for the glass to rest on, which I fastened in with glue. After boring a hole through it so that it would fit tightly on the brass rod I whittled it to shape (*fig. 4*) and had a "movable glass stage."

The next thing I wanted was a mirror to reflect light up through the stage. This was harder to make, but having some broken look-

ing-glass (which can generally be obtained without much difficulty, either as the result of accidents at home or from some glazier or hardware dealer), I soon had a piece cut of the same size as the glass "stage" and set in a similar wooden frame, except that I did not cut entirely through the board leaving a back as well as sides to the mirror (*fig. 5*).

To mount the mirror on the rod so that it would move in any direction required some ingenuity, but was accomplished in this way: having succeeded, after several failures, in making a hole lengthwise through a piece of the thin boxboard (an inch long and of the shape of *fig. 7*) just large enough to allow it to fit snugly on the brass rod and yet be moved readily up and down, a thin piece of wood (shape of *fig. 6*) was next fastened to one end of the mirror with two pins and after making a hole through it a small screw was put in and screwed into the upper part of the side of the first piece (*fig. 7*). This completed a mirror which could be moved up and down, and also turned at various angles. It was placed at the bottom of the rod, the stage next above, and above both the magnifier, resting on the rubber ring. Then the instrument was complete.

A friend gave me part of a tube of artists'



THE MICROSCOPE MOUNTED.

black oil paint; and after a coat of this the microscope holder was quite a stylish-looking affair, and I was very proud of it.

When looking at the surface of objects or at opaque bodies, the mirror, not being needed, was turned upside down, making a black "ground," or a piece of paper of any color desired could be laid on it. I afterward made a "diaphragm" (*fig. 9.*) of stiff black paper which could be thrust in between the lenses, cutting off the oblique rays that caused distortion.

I used this home-made contrivance for years, long after I outgrew my boyhood, finding it an exceedingly convenient and useful instrument — and durable as well, for I still have it in my possession; and there was the added satisfaction of using something which I had made myself — a pleasure to which I hope these few directions will help many a lad.

A HELPING HAND.

BY MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

IT was a lovely winter morning, bright and cold, when Laura Bellman awoke early with a plan for her day's work already before her. She had learned that excellent economy of time, girl though she was, of arranging in her own mind before going to sleep what she would do on the following day, unless, of course, some good reason presented itself when morning came for change of purpose. Therefore a sense of something to be done roused her and she rose from her bed at once.

A few months previous to this eventful day, she had met one evening two of her young friends at a little tea party at her aunt's. The company was in honor of the new minister and his wife who had lately come to Barnet, the town where Laura lived. The three girls found an early opportunity for getting into a corner by themselves and talking over their own plans, for they had grown up together at school and being neighbors they never allowed many days to pass if they could help it without meeting. This time Laura felt she had something of importance to say, therefore she began at once.

"Now, girls," she said, "all this talk of the minister about 'the use of working together' isn't so much a new idea as it is a hard one to carry out, especially in a town like ours where the factory people have come in during the last ten years and changed the whole look of the place, not to speak of its character! Now here's Mrs. Robinson who says we haven't got any 'poor' to speak of in Barnet! I should like

to know what she means! because when I hear that factory-bell begin at six o'clock these dark mornings and think how comfortable I am in bed while hundreds of girls just about my age must get up the moment it rings and go out into the cold, half of them without a decent breakfast, and work all day long and then be rung home again at night, tired to death, I don't see how anybody can say we haven't any poor — I should call that being poor enough in all conscience to have to live in such a grind every day."

Laura paused here a moment to take breath and perhaps to see what effect her words were producing; but her listeners sat with puzzled faces as if they said, "We are very sorry, but what can *we* do about it?" though they kept perfect silence.

Therefore Laura went on: "I'll tell you, girls, what I think we might do. Do you remember a little book called *Ten Times One is Ten*? It is about a young man who got nine friends to help him start some good plans for helping those whose lives are sad and low, like the lives of these girls down at the factory. Well, he had scarcely started his work when he died; but these ten friends went on and multiplied and soon there were a hundred, and by and by a thousand, and now there are clubs and schools and plans of every kind all over the world, really growing out of the seed that young man planted. Now why shouldn't we say Six times one is Six, and make a beginning too, a kind of Boston

Associated Charities on a small scale — for who knows what it may grow into !”

At this the girls' faces grew brighter ; they began to see light.

“ Why, yes,” said May Peters, the second of the three girls, “ we can each ask one more, because there's Eliza Harris, you know, who would have been here to-night if her mother had been at home, and your cousin and mine, Laura, so I don't see but what we have six easily enough if that is all you want to begin with. But what do you propose we shall do ?”

Before Laura could answer, the third girl, who was smaller than the others and wore a quiet expression, said thoughtfully : “ For my part I wish we might do something for the little children of the factory people. You ought to have seen the street in front of their houses yesterday. It was literally swarming with the poor little neglected things. They were playing in the gutter, or sitting half-clothed on the stone door-steps, full of mischief and piling up trouble for their parents.”

“ For my part,” Sarah Codman said, the second girl, “ though I feel very sorry for the little children, I don't see how we can move a step till we do something for the boys between ten and fifteen years old. They seem like imps fathered by the Evil One himself. I believe they are at the bottom of all the thieving and house-burning and wickedness we have had in the town for the last five years. As for grapes and pears and cherries, it would be like watching a typhoid fever patient to keep one of them on the trees or vines till they are fit to eat — nobody pretends to have any fruit nowadays. Yet catch one of those boys alone, and he doesn't seem to want to be bad exactly. I say, let's begin with the boys !”

Laura listened with a pleased look to what the others had to say and then answered : “ Come on, girls, you've got the idea exactly — we must of course begin to work for all three at once ! Don't look cast down, Sarah Codman, for I believe we can do it a great deal better than if we tried only one thing ; for some people will like to work for the boys best, and some for the children best, and some for the girls — and so don't you see we shall get just three times as many people to help as if we began to

work only for one thing ? My idea would be to ask the other three girls which work they will each choose, so we may have one helper apiece to begin with. Then as soon as possible each of us should find two more helpers and this would make eighteen people hard at work for good — and when we remember what the Bible promises to two or three who are gathered together I think eighteen will be pretty well to begin with !”

Laura's enthusiasm was very catching and the girls, though they kept pretty still, were evidently thinking busily. Therefore Laura went on : “ If we are going to have classes or schools we must have some place for them and we can't think of hiring, for to judge by myself we haven't any of us got much money to put into this business ; for my part I think it is a good deal to have my own time and I thank my father and mother for that.”

“ I'll tell you,” said May Peters, “ I have an idea, girls. Don't you know aunt Jane has got a house as big as all out-doors ? it was a grand house in the old days of Barnet. She lives there all alone now and I think she would rather like to lend us the great sitting-room on the left-hand side of the front door.”

“ Do you ?” said Laura. “ Now, girls, if you'd like to have *my* opinion after May Peters has given hers, I can only say that I don't think aunt Jane would like it at all. She's very kind and all that, but when you come to think of half a hundred dirty little feet tramping up her front steps and half a hundred dirty little hands turning her front door handle — why, it would send the old lady to her grave long before her time, and she'd lie uneasy after she got there. No ! we must go over to them first and not expect these people to come more than half-way, for if we do we sha'n't get them at all. None of your old gubernatorial mansions if you please just yet ! My idea would be to go over to the factory and tell the superintendent what we want to do, and perhaps he will have an empty room he could put at our disposal. You see until they get used to us and will trust us, they will find it much easier to go to such a place than to come into our houses.”

“ I declare,” said May Peters, “ you're right, as usual, Laura ! but dear me, how this evening

has gone. They are putting up their sewing and we must make haste because it is a dark night and we ought to walk along by Mr. Harris's lantern."

The girls ran for their wraps and made a hurried farewell to their pleased hostess who saw they had enjoyed themselves. Without having read Plato the excellent woman had somehow discovered that "there is no greater good to a state than for persons to become acquainted with each other," and she always felt more than rewarded for the trouble whenever she could bring the people of Barnet to know one another better. In her anxiety that her guests should be properly entertained she had frequently passed the corner of the room where the girls were sitting during the evening, and had thus caught some idea of their conversation. She determined to give them a helping hand so that their plans might not fall through.

The cold winter morning with which I began this history when Laura Bellman awoke with a feeling that there was much to be done that day, was about four months after the eventful tea party I have described. It had taken the six girls some time to find the other twelve and several of these were not yet as good and useful helpers as they could wish, but this was more than made up to them by the outside assistance given by their hostess and her friends; beside the new girls were beginning to take hold better, or when one fell out altogether the girl who immediately took her place was found to be much more serious in her interest and unselfish in her endeavors than her predecessor; therefore though they had found some hard places, on the whole the work had progressed admirably. The superintendent at the factory not only gave the room but the fuel for the stove, and nobody seemed to take greater pleasure than he in finding the place made clean and cheerful and put to such a good service. The girls themselves were like changed creatures; there were no more listless hours for them and not half so much criticism of Marianne's flounces and the chenille trimming round Becky's winter garment. The very nature of their occupation seemed to improve their taste. The girls never looked half so pretty and never dressed half so simply before in their lives. When will American women

learn how vulgar it is to be overdressed, not to speak of the folly of using money to over-trim a garment which gives no particular pleasure and makes nobody like them any better, when that same money would buy a good many real pleasures to others if not for themselves?

Laura was ready early on the morning to which I have referred. The eighteen had decided a few days before, that it was time the people of Barnet should take more interest in what they were doing, because the classes were already very large and they began to need money for books and toys and other things too numerous to mention. So Laura proposed that they should have a kind of party—or three parties as it turned out—one to meet the factory girls, one to play with the children and one to see the boys go through their gymnastics; for although only four months had gone over, as I have said, since the classes were formed the boys as they themselves phrased it "had pitched in" with such zeal that it was already interesting to see their performances; and this was the day for the first party—the one to meet the girls.

A week before invitations, after the most approved fashion, had been sent throughout Barnet and the vicinity, and there was evidently a good deal of curious interest in the occasion. There was work to be done, therefore, to prepare for this reception; although "the committee" as they called themselves—that is Laura and her friends—had some time ago made up their minds that it was not well for them to clean and keep the "Club Room" in order because that was work which some poor woman could do who had no ability for other work.

They came to the conclusion after a good deal of discussion to contribute twenty-five cents a month each in order to pay for this service. Even so small a contribution meant some care and denial on the part of one if not all of them, but apart from the true charity of giving a fixed income to Mrs. Duffield who was struggling along with six children to support, it gave them more time and strength to think, and to carry out the important part of their plans.

Twenty girls had already joined Laura's "club," as they had decided to call it, and the meeting was sure to be a full one this evening. She

had managed wisely in allowing the members to send out their own invitations, under the advice and with the assistance of the "committee." The officers of the "club" were all chosen from their own body, because the girls were about Laura's age, and the six friends soon saw that a more natural association would grow up if they should work together rather than if they were to assume the positions of teachers and pupils.

One of the hardest things about the whole had been to get the twenty girls together and to make the first acquaintance.

Laura and her friends knew that the factory near their village employed about three hundred hands, but the hands went and came from their labor day after day without becoming acquainted with the people in the village. Work began at the factory while the world of Barnet was taking a comfortable breakfast, and ended while the same world was at tea. The people did not know one another even by sight, and Factoryville was as foreign to their experience as No Man's Land itself. What kind of a bridge to build in order to get into the heart of this strange country Laura did not know.

As last it occurred to her to ask Mr. Coleman, the minister, if he would not invite them some evening into the room promised her at the factory, for the purpose of giving "a friendly talk to girls," of which due notice might be given both at the church and in the factory.

Mr. Coleman fell in cordially with her suggestion and gave out the invitation the very next week, while Laura could not help a little shudder as she heard the words, and had to muster all her courage to face the unknown result of what seemed to her a daring step.

When the evening for the meeting came it was with a feeling half of amusement and half of disappointment that she found her band of eighteen well represented and early on the ground; but no girls from the factory — nor Mr. Coleman. After waiting awhile she heard the factory bell ring and then she discovered that in their impatience they were before the time. But the echoes had not yet died away when Mr. Coleman came in, and shortly after five girls of the neighborhood. A little later three or four more timidly strayed in; and

after the "talk" was over, when Mr. Coleman suggested that some one should try the small parlor organ which they were surprised to find in the room, a few more joined the group around the instrument unperceived. May Peters had a pleasant voice in singing and knew a good many nice songs, so her friends asked for one after another, and when those were over an unknown voice asked timidly for "The Bay of Dublin." It happened she knew this song also, and there was a good deal of clapping when she finished, though Mr. Coleman saw the girl who asked for it wipe her eyes as she stood behind the rest. Then to their surprise he said it was almost nine o'clock and if they would sing "Home, Sweet Home" together he thought it would be well. They laughed at this till May Peters played the air through and they all joined in the song. After which, to Laura's amazement, he invited them to come again one week from that night at the same time to have tea there and some more music.

This new invitation was heartily accepted; and not to make my story too long, it was on that second evening that they decided to meet regularly and call themselves "The Girls' Club of Barnet Factory." Laura and the six friends who had voted to take care of the girls were chosen by Mr. Coleman as "Committee of Advice."

And so they were fairly launched upon their first voyage! Four months from this date had flown swiftly and Laura was aware that only a beginning had been made. On the other hand it seemed like a lifetime. Only four months before these same girls were living unprotected lives, feeling, as many of them did, that they had not a friend in the world. Now, although the steady labor of every day had grown no less, they had learned there was something beside this to live for, and that they had gained friends. Formerly if they read, it was such cheap novels as they could pick up among their acquaintances; novels, such as sometimes under the guise of amusement possess a positive power to degrade and to mislead. When the girls proposed to themselves to find amusement of another kind we recoil from describing scenes and places in which they too often found themselves.

But the twenty girls who belonged to Laura's

club had learned that such days of danger and homelessness were ended and new aims in life were unfolding before them. Laura knew and they knew how important the club had become to them and its successful continuance was a matter they held close in their hearts.

But Laura knew one thing they did not understand — and that is what the club had been to her and her friends. She had been lifted out of the narrow circle of thought and feeling into which she was getting bound as by a vice. She had called upon all her acquaintances in her country neighborhood, after she left school, she had tended her flowers, she had read a few books without definite aim — and she had only grown more uninterested and discontented. But at last she had remembered that her life must be really needed and that there must be a living purpose in the days which was like a seed hidden in the ground; and so she had made a beginning with what lay nearest to her hand, and had felt life and thought begin to grow within her and activity ripening into happiness.

The best of all this was that Laura did not think much about herself any longer. The morning in particular which was then before her was, to be sure, a rather exciting moment. The girls wanted the room decorated with evergreen for the Club festival and a few arrangements made which of course fell upon the Committee, and so she was up early in order to put her own bedroom in order and dust the parlor at home before breakfast.

It was still early when Laura and her six friends who had charge of the Girls' Club met at the factory, and began their preparations, talking busily all the while. There had been many plans for the future, but thus far only two classes had been perfected — one in reading and one in cutting and dressmaking. But of the girls' achievements in these two commoner branches of study they were to build up their evening's entertainment. As reading was somehow considered by far the most important among them all, though to read a book would give them neither food nor clothes, nor any of the things desirable and almost a necessity, it was nevertheless quite plain that they believed to read and understand a good book was the best thing they could accomplish on the whole.

"Oh!" said Laura as she took a long piece of evergreen from May Peters, while she stood high up on the steps, "how glad I am that none of our girls have taken to orating and declaiming and speaking pieces! I really wonder how it came about! To be sure from the first we all said we hated it, when it took the place of good solid enjoyment in a first-rate story or digging the junks of wisdom out of some good mine. At any rate the girls took to our idea as ducks take to water, and here they are all ready to-night to show what they have been doing. I declare, I think it is mighty interesting! I wish all Barnett could like it half as well as we do."

"Yes," said May, "but I'm afraid it's too long, Laura! We've got too much of a good thing."

"Well," said Sarah Codman, "I'll tell you what we can do. We will let the Club girls begin, but we will agree privately beforehand and tell them that only one out of five will be expected to read — this will allow a margin for those who will be disappointed, and we can quietly drop ourselves out altogether."

"Good for you, Sarah!" May replied; "but a little stiff perhaps when I remember how I have dug at De Tocqueville for the last month in order to be ready for this momentous occasion. But you're right."

"Dear me!" said Laura from her ladder, "if I'd thought I should be let off so easy shouldn't I have skipped something of the Macaulay business lately? I didn't take Macaulay because I loved him best of all the world either, but I thought it was just as well that we all should know more about his life and history and essays than anybody seemed to in our little crowd, and I have been through the whole mass, if you'll believe it, since we made our plans six weeks ago to write those essays. Well, I suppose the work is not quite lost — that's one good thing. I certainly have got some light where I was dark enough before."

And so they rattled gayly on while windows and pillars and desks were made festive for the occasion.

"Bless your hearts, girls," Laura suddenly broke out, "how about the dressmaking? I guess the essays will turn out something; but we must lead off with the other, you know, and I

forgot to ask Miss Gunning to come round here this morning for a dress rehearsal. But here's Billy Duffield with his mother's pail — I'll let him run round to see if she can't come now."

And so Miss Gunning was found and brought, contrary to all expectations, as she was a busy woman. She had learned dressmaking in New York with a view to building up a fashionable business in one of our large cities, but her parents grew old and infirm and her sister and brother who were their mainstay died, and Miss Gunning threw up her more brilliant prospects to come back and settle down in Barnet. When she heard what the girls were trying to do she said, "Oh! how I should like to help," and so when they agreed to cut and make their own dresses and found they must have a teacher, Laura told them about Miss Gunning. They all agreed however that it would be "real mean" to get their "clothes out of her for nothing," so they proposed they should each pay something for the lessons. The prices once agreed upon, they were soon at work, two evenings each week, with the privilege of taking home their sewing.

Laura was much relieved when Miss Gunning at length appeared at the door. "I declare," said she, "I don't doubt that you have thought out exactly what the girls are to do to-night, but I wasn't sure of it and so I thought I would ask you to look in that we might talk over the matter."

It seems that Miss Gunning had thought it over and was all ready now to arrange the programme with Laura.

"You see," she said, "you have all made two dresses and one warm winter coat since we have been at work. Now I thought I would make a little speech and tell the people how industrious I think the class has been. Then you know it was planned that every one should wear their best new dress so that the ladies can judge how well they fit. I think the talk which will follow and the interest in the dresses will take up time enough."

"Yes, I suppose it will," said Laura, "but I wish they could see how beautifully Maria Lewis and Anna Hobbs can cut. They've real genius for it."

"Well," said Miss Gunning, smiling a little at Laura's geniuses, "they are very clever, and

if there should be time I will ask Mrs. Sparhawk, and perhaps one of the other ladies, to lend us their new French cloaks in order to get the pattern, if they are willing, and let them see how quickly and beautifully these girls will do it. Not an easy thing either to cut an exact copy of a garment in this way!"

"That's a splendid idea," Laura answered, as she became more and more excited with the prospects of the evening. "Now, do, Miss Gunning, there's a dear!"

Miss Gunning would make no rash promises, however; but after settling upon the hour for the opening ceremonies she went away to her work once more leaving the girls to themselves.

"Now before another Commencement, or whatever you choose to call it," said Laura laughing, "we shall have to get the other classes started we've been wishing for so long. There's the Cooking Class — we've got to have that, you know; and by and by a carpenters' class. You needn't laugh, girls, at the idea of women being carpenters. I tell you it would be a household convenience in Barnet! And then there's the nursing! O dear! I don't know yet how we shall get that going, but we need it enough, and so I suppose it will come. But it's almost time for dinner now — so good-by, old room, till night — come along, girls!"

With that they turned the key on the room which they had made truly beautiful, and hurried away to their several homes.

The moon was shining high and clear as the invited guests of Barnet wended their way towards the factory after supper that evening. There was not a large number of guests, after all, which was a little disappointing to Laura, we are obliged to confess, but her country neighbors were not often enthusiastic and habit made it easier for them to cling to the chimney corner or (far worse) to the stove, than to sally forth into the keen air for one of "little Laura Bellman's notions!"

But the room was quite full enough to be comfortable, and Laura forgot everything in the pleasure of the real success of the occasion; and when Mr. Coleman announced at the close that a week from that evening the company was cordially invited to meet the Boys' Club, under charge of the Committee of which Miss May Peters was chairman, her cup of joy was full.

In the excitement over her own work she had for the moment forgotten the two other branches which were equally interesting in their way, and to have one of them recalled just then was a crowning glory to the occasion in her eyes. She forgot whether all Barnet were there or not. The doing was happiness enough; and what a large measure of success had been added to that pleasure! She tried to think that she should have done just as well if she had not been quite so successful; though on the whole she could not trust herself far that way. "It is so encouraging," she said to herself.

How I should like to tell you the true story of the Boys' Club and about the schools for very little children. I wonder if you ever read

"Patsy"! I can't give you anything better than that, but if there were room we might possibly have something which would be half as good and wholly as true.

Meanwhile the boys must be thinking how to get up a Club for winter evenings. I can tell them it will be a real success, for I have tried it.

There is a secret, which I feel sure every reader must have guessed before this, underlying any successful plan for helping others; the secret is, *to teach others to help themselves*. This is what the poet means when he says:

"I will give you a golden string,
You shall wind it into a ball;
It will lead you in at heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall."

THI'-BEIT WANG T'SUE: "DWELLERS ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD."

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

THIS extraordinary people, the Thi'-beit Wang T'sue, owe their nationality to a princely Chinese rebel, who on account of some court intrigue took refuge with his family among those mountainous regions now called Thibet. Establishing himself on the Yarling River, he gathered to his standard the wild, hairy, mountain-cave dwellers of this lofty plateau. With the Khuenlun Mountains on the north and the mighty Himalayas on the south Wong Chou felt himself invincible and impregnable; and so it proved, for this settlement of savages flourished, and in course of time developed one of the strangest civilizations in the world.

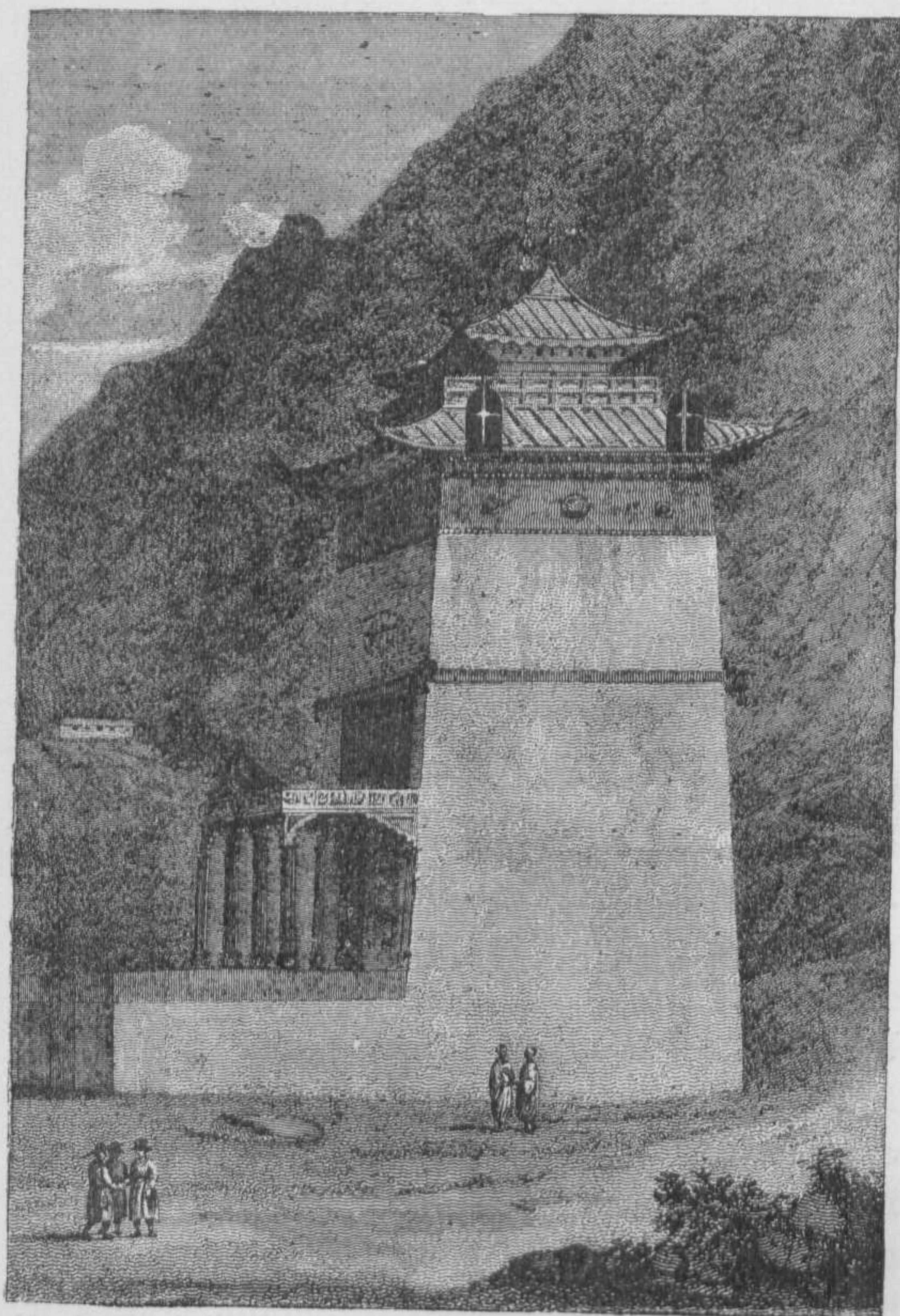
In order to understand this people, their manners, customs and religious rites, we must glance at their country.

It is the loftiest plateau on the globe, girt with steep barriers and with extremes of temperature, in some parts freezing every night even in summer, while in others the noon sun is more fierce and scorching than in the hottest

regions of Hindostan. From its lofty tableland descend some of the greatest rivers of Asia: the Indus, the Brahmapootra, the Irrawady, the Ganges, the Hohang-Ho. At their sources mountains pile upon mountains, some bare and volcanic, others covered with primeval forests frightfully tangled together with huge creepers, as yet unnamed by the botanist. The highest peaks soar in awful grandeur, vapor-crowned and snow-clad, assuming in the rising and setting sun forms of unspeakable splendor. The annual transformations of this land of mountain and valley are magical: evergreens, ferns, lichens, mosses, thousands of mountain rills, and myriads of flowers fill it with music, fragrance and dewy beauty; in winter storms, darkness, heavy mists and a terrifying silence enwrap the land—now and then this awful silence is broken by avalanches of ice and snow, thundering and booming down the mountains as with the roaring of distant cannon. And above all when night comes on, there is nowhere a

land so weird; it is full of milky vapors of serpentine form, of shades and phantoms, inspiring in the minds of its inhabitants a sense of awe, mystery and sublimity. It is not strange that the dwellers on the "Roof of the World" should be what they are — the most superstitious, reverential, religious and credulous people on the face of the earth.

Nowhere, as in Thibet, does Buddhism and its mysterious doctrine of the transmigration of souls hold sway so absolute. The mountain caves are filled with male and female ascetics



MAUSOLEUM OF A LAMA.

who practice the most austere forms of penance, abstinence and self-torture, in order to work out their deification; in what was once the lair of wild beasts, live Thibetian maidens who for years scourge themselves with bruises, sanctify themselves by continual fasts, prayers and pious meditations, in the hope that they may become mothers to future Delâi Lââmâs; here are convents and monasteries without end, temples,

shrines and pagodas without number, filled with pilgrims, saints, sages, magicians, rahats* and arahats, both male and female. Here is enshrined the great Delâi Lââmâ himself, the latest living incarnation of the Buddha, believed in as a veritable man-god, pure, infallible, omnipresent and omniscient, who is worshiped with the most sumptuous of pagan rituals morning, noon and night as a heavenly deity; while on every conspicuous rock and towering peak is cut in huge Thibetian characters the mystical and symbolic prayer offered to this strange mandeity: "*Öm Manni Padmih Hom.*"

Amid this grand scenery and these strange ideas of human deification, a Thibetian village makes but a mean appearance. The houses are alike, and each resembles a brick kiln in size and shape, built of rough stones, heaped without mortar of any kind, and on account of the strong winds and terrific storms each has only one or two apertures to admit light and air; on the flat roof are placed piles of stones to support a small flag-staff, from which is suspended a strong rope strung with scraps of religious paper and colored cloths stamped or inwrought with sacred texts from the Buddhist scriptures — for all the world like the tail of a kite, stretching to a neighboring roof, and supposed to act as a charm against miasma, walking ghosts and evil spirits.

The Thibetians are pure Mongolians; they have the oblique small black eye, the cone-shaped head, the high cheekbones, the flat nose, wide mouth and tawny skin of the Turanian family. But unlike the Chinese, their figures are light, elastic and symmetrical, their young men and women have much more attractive expressions, owing no doubt to their open and generous dispositions. They love music, and everywhere they are heard singing, chanting or humming the wild plaintive Thibetian airs which are more rhythmic than those of the Chinese.

Not only is there in Thibet a Delâi Lââmâ, but there are several Teshu Lââmâs or semi-incarnations of Buddha. These act as vicegerents of the Delâi Lââmâ, or Pure Incarnation, in the provinces of Thibet, and receive the homage and offerings suitable to a semi-deity.

* Saints in the various stages of deification.

The great question of questions in Thibet is to find in what babe or child the pure spirit of Buddha has become re-incarnate.

The first condition is that the mother of this extraordinary infant should be one who before marriage has practiced the most austere forms of penance, fasting and prayer, and that the father should be a man of equal piety and faith. The babe itself must show the five supernatural marks on its body: a crescent mark on its forehead, a dimple in its chin, bright glistening eyes, a red spot on its stomach and a similar mark on its right foot. Every male infant born in this strange country is subjected to the strictest scrutiny.

When several such babes have been heard of, they with their parents are escorted to the city of Lhâssâ and conducted to the monastery of Lha-Brang, or Sanctified House. This building is regarded as the centre and heart of Thibet, from which all the religious life, as well as the main roads, radiate. It is not merely a religious centre, for here are the seats of the civil, political and judicial officials of Thibet. Here the chief Lâmâs of all the monasteries meet, and after a week of fasting, prayer and meditation, each in his appointed cell, they come together in the temple, open to the sky in the middle, towering in many-storied roofs all around, and on its huge gates, standing out in strong relief, colossi of the spirit guardians of the four corners of the earth. Here they wait in profound silence the hour appointed for the ceremony of divining in which of the babes the pure spirit of Buddha has deigned to become re-incarnate.

At sunset these baby-candidates for divinity are ushered with great pomp into the temple; here they are prayed over, then examined as to the accuracy of the supernatural marks. This done, their names are written on the backs of artificial golden fishes, which are then cast into a golden urn of water, which stands on the right of the altar-throne of Buddha. Then the chief of the Lâmâs puts his hand into the urn, and with his eyes lifted up to the blue sky, he draws out a fish, and reads with a loud voice the name of the babe. Loud trumpet-blasts repeat the name through and through the ancient temple. The parents, overcome with joy, fall on their knees before the wonderful babe and wor-

ship it, not doubting its divinity. The other babes are looked upon as semi-incarnations and reserved to become Teshu Lâmâs.

The next day the sacred babe is carried through the city at the head of a vast concourse of priests and people, with music, shoutings and hymns of joy, and placed in the Potala until he shall become of age and his mind illuminated with the indwelling spirit of the Buddha. Strange to say this ripening of the spirit of the Delâi Lâmâ varies; in some incarnations it takes place at the age of fifteen, in others not until eighteen or twenty. The evidence of this maturity is to be perceived by a certain rare fragrance emitted by the body of the Delâi Lâmâ, and an almost profound expression in the eyes.

After his inauguration, the Delâi Lâmâ appears at stated times on his various thrones or altars openly to receive the adoration of his fellow men. But of his private life the public knows nothing. Those whose business it is to wait in private on this strange fiction, are vowed to the strictest silence and secrecy. His death, which often happens early in life, owing to the unnatural life forced upon him, is preserved as a secret until a new baby-candidate to divinity has been heard of. His remains are privately burned in the great Lha-Brang temple. His ashes are preserved in a golden urn, and his clothes, as holy relics of great marketable value, are cut up and sold to the highest bidders.

For nearly a thousand years the kingdom planted by the Chinese rebel, Wong Chou, in Thibet, had remained, it is said, steeped in the grossest superstitions of spirit and devil-worship. It was in the seventh century of our era, the Indian king Srongdsam-Gampo, for some political cause of offense, invaded the country, took possession of the throne, stamped out Shamanism or Spirit-worship, and introduced in its place his own religion—Buddhism; his wife introduced the arts of reading and writing, and caused all the new learning and literature of Thibet to be written in the Sanskrit or as it is called the Dewanagri alphabet. Ever since the Thibetian language, though of the Mongolian family, has preserved the Aryan characters.

The Chinese Government has always regarded Thibet with an anxious and jealous eye. They

have an ambassador with a strong force resident at Lhâssâ who are literally spies on the Delai Lââmâ, on the regent, and on the Semâ-Delâi Lââmâs and report all their doings at head-

quarters. But in the spiritual sense even the Emperor of China is forced to render homage and adoration to the great Delâi Lââmâ, that dwells in Thibet.

FROM ANTONINUS TO AURELIAN.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

161. To what former ruler of Rome is Antoninus frequently compared?

162. To what subjects of the empire was he particularly indulgent?

163. Why does a noted modern historian say that the reign of Antoninus Pius was "like the Erie of the great St. Lawrence"?

164. Name a famous physician who flourished in the time of Marcus Aurelius.

165. What insurrection took place at Antioch in this reign?

166. What is the most serious stain upon the character of Aurelius?

167. To what early English king has Aurelius been sometimes compared?

168. What great war was ended by a peace purchased by Rome?

169. What emperor fought as a gladiator before the Roman public?

170. How long did Pertinax reign?

171. How was a ruler secured after the death of Pertinax?

172. How did Septimius Severus regard the Senate?

173. Where did he die?

174. What emperor has been styled "the common enemy of mankind"?

175. What emperor was formerly a priest in the temple of the sun?

176. Who revoked all the edicts against the Christians?

177. In whose reign were there nineteen claimants for the throne?

178. What great defensive work did Aurelian execute?

179. What queen at this time opposed the power of Rome?

180. When was Dacia relinquished to the Goths?

ANSWERS TO JUNE SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

121. "I found Rome a city of brick and leave it a city of marble."

122. The Pantheon.

123. Alexandria.

124. Proconsuls.

125. Massilia, the modern Marseilles.

126. The protection of the emperor's person.

127. Herod the Great.

128. The Senate ordered that he should be worshiped as one of the gods of Rome.

129. Germanicus.

130. Arminius the leader of the Germans.

131. The trial of Cneius Piso for the murder of Germanicus.

132. Persons who made it their business to denounce those obnoxious to the emperor.

133. Sejanus.

134. His mother Livia.

135. He became cruel and suspicious.

136. The ninth year. Up to that time the empire had been in the main well governed, but the influence of Sejanus then became powerful.

137. To the island of Capri.

138. In the last year of his life.

139. Josephus, Philo, Tacitus and Suetonius.

140. The earlier writers, such as Josephus and Philo, speak of his reign as a mild and just one, but the later writers, like Tacitus and Suetonius, represent it in the darkest colors.



DANIEL DEFOE.

(Dear Old Story-Tellers.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

IN the winter of 1711-12 all London was very busy talking about a certain man who had recently returned from a voyage to the Southern Seas. At the coffee-houses the men about town conversed of him with Addison and Steele and the other literary men of the day. Fine ladies in their sedan-chairs going to and from the play were full of the topic, and even the linkboys who stood without the doors of the playhouse till the acting should be over discussed it with the waiting chairmen. Hosts of people visited the sailor, whose name was Alexander Selkirk, and listened to his account of the solitary life he led for four years upon the island of Juan Fernandez. After a time several accounts of Selkirk's adventures appeared in print, then fresher topics came to the surface and so this nine days wonder passed from mind.

Several attempts, it is true, were made to use it as literary material, but they failed and it seemed as if Selkirk and his narrative had made no lasting impression upon the age. But nevertheless one man of genius had kept the affair in mind, and in 1719 this Selkirk germ flowered into the immortal *Robinson Crusoe*. Its author was perhaps the one man of his time who could develop such a tale as *Robinson Crusoe* from the outline furnished by Selkirk's adventures. He possessed in a remarkable degree the gift of circumstantial narration — the power, that is, of inventing a series of facts which shall seem perfectly natural, and the ability to throw over these facts, no matter how extraordinary in themselves, a wonderful air of reality. Among his contemporaries were men of greater gifts than he, but

no one but Defoe, it is safe to say, could at that time have written a romance like this.

It is not a very clear notion that we get of Daniel Defoe from the works of his contemporaries or from the writers of our own day. An accomplished essayist writing thirty years ago calls him a "model of integrity," and a more recent writer says, "He was a great, truly great liar, perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived." Of these two estimates the latter is perhaps nearest the truth.

He was born in London in 1661, the son of a butcher in the parish of Cripplegate, named Foe. When he was about forty he changed his signature from "D. Foe" to "Defoe," and seems after that period to have written his name "Daniel De Foe" or "Daniel Defoe" as it pleased him. In 1731 he died in Moorfields, London, accomplishing in his life of seventy years a vast amount of literary work, more in quantity than any man of his time, busy as some of them were.

The list of his writings includes two hundred and ten works, ranging over the greatest variety of topics, and yet authorship was by no means his only claim to notice in his time. He was an active politician throughout his life and was manufacturer, merchant and journalist by turns. He was originally intended for the ministry, but after completing the course of training for that purpose abandoned the idea of that profession, a fortunate decision, for his talents, however great, were not those best fitted for exercise in the pulpit. In 1685 he became a hose merchant, but his success in this business may be guessed from the fact that seven years later he was

obliged to flee from his creditors. Tradition states that he went to Bristol and was there called the "Sunday Gentleman" from his appearing in public only on that day, for fear of the bailiffs kept him indoors the rest of the week. Later on we hear of him in various occupations, among others that of the manufacture of bricks, and it is pleasant to read that he labored diligently to pay his creditors.

In 1697 his first important work was published, entitled *An Argument Showing that a*



DANIEL DEFOE.

Standing Army with Consent of Parliament is not Inconsistent with a Free Government. The title may not sound attractive to us now, but the book was very effective in its day and is a marvel of direct and vivacious reasoning. From this time forward he used his pen vigorously upon all the foremost topics of the period, and when he wrote *The True-Born Englishman* he became suddenly famous. It appeared near the end of King William's reign, at a time when the king was exceedingly unpopular and the dislike of foreigners was at its height. Defoe in this satire declared

that no such thing as a true-born Englishman existed, that they were all descended from foreigners. One would naturally imagine a turbulent London mob would have hung the audacious author before his own door. But they did nothing of the kind. The witty, hard-hitting strokes of his satire tickled the English sense of humor and eighty thousand copies of the pamphlet were sold in London streets. A still more famous political work of his entitled *The Shortest Way with Dissenters* appeared in 1703. Never was a jest taken so seriously, or a whole nation so completely "sold" as we should now say. In this work the author satirically urged that if all persons attending non-conformist chapels should be banished from the country, and all non-conformist preachers hanged, the evil of Dissent would be ended forever. Extreme as these measures of the clever writer seem, and in the urging of which he was only satirizing the intolerance of churchmen, they for a time much delighted the High Churchmen; but when these discovered that they had been tricked their rage knew no bounds. For a time Defoe concealed himself, but that the printer and publisher should not suffer in his stead he surrendered himself. The House of Commons ordered his book burned by the common hangman, and at his trial he was condemned to pay a large fine to the Crown, to stand three times in the pillory, be imprisoned during the Queen's good pleasure, and find sureties for his good behavior for seven years.

In the State of Delaware the pillory is still occasionally used and one may sometimes see there a culprit undergoing that most unpleasant kind of punishment. But the shame of such a punishment lies in its desert, and Defoe had done nothing to deserve his sentence. For three days the most popular Englishman of the period stood there in the pillory about which gathered the multitude who covered the pillory platform with flowers, while barrels of ale and wine were drunk in his honor by his enthusiastic admirers. He remained in prison till August, 1703; but various works of his were sent to the press from there and the time was by no means lost. It would be impossible to detail here a tenth part of Defoe's adventures. His restless nature was ever impelling him into controversy and intrigue. To most remarkable powers of argument and

wonderful skill as a satirist he united an unscrupulous disposition and a confidence in his ability to extricate himself from any complications into which his activity might plunge him — a confidence, it is true, not unsupported by experience.

Our modern habit of close investigation is fast disposing of the literary anecdotes which are often told in connection with authors. For instance, it used to be asserted that a certain London bookseller having on his shelves a large number of copies of a very dull book by Drelin-court, called *The Fear of Death*, induced Defoe to write a "puff" for this volume and that the *True Relation of the Apparition of One Mrs. Veal* was the result, and that *The Fear of Death* accordingly rapidly disappeared from the bookseller's shop. The reason for the sudden demand for the book consisted in the fact that the ghostly Mrs. Veal earnestly recommended the perusal of the work. Alas for the facts! If the inventor of this tale had had the fear of lying before his eyes, he would have told us that Defoe's book was first published without any reference to *The Fear of Death*, which was already popular and needed no "puffing" of this sort. But as "error runs a mile while truth is putting on his boots" this anecdote is likely to survive as long as the world cares to listen about Defoe. And that will be for centuries to come, for as the author of *Robinson Crusoe* his hold upon the hearts of young people is perhaps greater than that of any other writer.

It is with Defoe that the art of novel-writing really begins. Fiction, in prose at least, was new to the world then, and the reading public were eager to read *Moll Flanders*, *Captain Singleton*, and the other romances which Defoe rapidly gave to the world. It is not easy to think of a period when people found themselves reading novels for the first time. The sensations of a child old enough to think about the matter who tastes candy for the first time in his life can only be compared to the feelings of the first novel-readers. These books of Defoe's are not such as we should enjoy now, for they are coarse in tone and deal with customs and manners to which we are now fortunately strangers; but they show his wonderful power of story-telling, a power which reaches its height in *Robinson Crusoe*.

"Homely plain writing," Defoe termed his style, but it is this "homely" directness of his that constitutes the charm of *Robinson Crusoe*. It was written in the full maturity of his powers, for he was fifty-eight years old at the time, and all the bent of his life was such as to fit him for this sort of writing. Few men could make fiction seem more like fact than he. His whole career was such as to create a general belief that he was untrustworthy; yet he could pass himself off with the Tories as a Tory, and with the Whigs as a Whig, while he was constantly appearing before the public in assumed characters. Now while all this is by no means to his credit, it does show his inventive spirit in a very strong light, and how he was able by the exercise of this faculty to throw around the simple story of a man living on a desert island such a wonderful air of reality. When we read *Robinson Crusoe* we feel that the hero would not naturally have acted in any other way than he actually did. And it is this fact which gives its life to the book. Defoe might have kept his inventive powers in their place and never have gained his reputation for untrustworthiness, and still have given *Robinson Crusoe* to the world as perfect as it is now, no doubt, but we must look at facts as they are and not as we should wish them to be. And the fact is that this immortal story-teller was a man to whom the truth was a stranger. He was seldom straightforward. He was fertile in expedients to pass off falsehood for truth, and it is this gift of invention which, rightfully exercised in *Robinson Crusoe*, made, when carried into actual practice in life, so untrustworthy a character as his.

Says one biographer:

"If he is judged by the measures that he labored for and not by the means that he employed, few Englishmen have lived more deserving of their country's gratitude. He may have been self-seeking and vain-glorious, but in his political life self-seeking and vain-glory were elevated by their alliance with higher and wider aims."

And with this judgment we leave him, remembering always that if he were lacking in integrity of purpose he could nevertheless serve his countrymen nobly, and that in spite of all his faults he was great enough to write for his time, and for all time, *Robinson Crusoe*.

TWO OPPORTUNITIES.

BY MARGARET STORER WARNER.

I.

NANCY'S OPPORTUNITY.

DEAR SARAH :

Many thanks for doing what I asked, without waiting to be told how. I have no doubt that little house in the lane is as comfortable as if I had sent many pages of directions.

As I fear that I cannot go to East Beach myself on Saturday, I will tell you all about it on paper.

You know Mrs. M—— who has so much to do with the East End charities, and you know also that I have been her substitute several times when she has wanted some particular person to be looked out for from day to day, and has been too ill or too busy to attend to it herself.

I enjoy it, and have made several very pleasant acquaintances, who come from time to time and see me at the studio, when they ask advice or sympathy and criticise my pictures.

A fortnight ago a messenger hurried into the studio saying that Mrs. M—— wanted me immediately; that she had broken her leg and wanted to see me before the doctors came. I ran across the street to the little alley which leads to her back door, and was taken directly up to her room, where I found her very white and suffering, but with her usual quiet manner. She said immediately: "I knew that you would come. Now go as quickly as possible to Mrs. Shaw's dressmaking rooms, No. 3, Strong Place, and tell Nancy Price that her brother is worse, and that she must go to him at once. Then go home with her. I can't tell you any more now."

I merely said, "I will go at once," and went. Somewhat dazed I felt as I walked along the street saying to myself: "Tell Nancy Price that her brother is worse." I found Mrs. Shaw's rooms, and asking a gorgeous and sour-looking woman for Nancy Price, I gave my message to a round-faced lively-looking girl, who answered, "I'll come. Mrs. Shaw, I must go."

"Very well," said the sour lady. "Then you need not come back. This is the second time you've been off, and there are three girls waiting for me to give your place to one of them."

Nancy's face fell a little, but she said quietly: "Please give me my week's money then, Mrs. Shaw." Mrs. Shaw hesitated, but finally handed over some money and we were soon on our way down that forlorn E Street toward the water.

I briefly explained my part of the performance, and Nancy being too anxious to talk, we hurried on and on, and then going down an alley we fairly burrowed into a dark doorway, and found ourselves by degrees coming out to light again at the top of a high building, which smelt like nothing that I had ever smelt before. I heard afterward that it was from curing fish — I don't know about curing, for it nearly killed me.

The little room where the sick boy was, looked clean and was quite airy, with two little dormer windows on the roof and a sea breeze coming in from the dock.

The doctor was there holding the boy's wrist and counting the pulse, and we stood still till he had finished. Then he said to Nancy in a low tone: "He was pretty sick for an hour this morning when I met Mrs. M—— here, and she waited till I got through some pressing visits. Then I came back and she went to find you."

So poor Mrs. M——'s accident befell her on the way to get Nancy. No wonder she was in a hurry to send somebody to let the doctor go. But it is not everybody who would have thought of anything beside her broken leg.

Nancy was sitting by the bed asking questions anxiously, until the doctor turned to me and asked, "Are you a nurse?" I said "No" but that I could spend the day there if he would tell me what to do, whereupon I was given some medicine to give once in half an hour; then turning to Nancy, he said briefly: "Go to bed. You were up all night. There is no immediate danger. She" — nodding at me — "will speak to you if he becomes conscious."

I took off my hat and sat down saying "Yes, Nancy, go." Without more words Nancy went behind a curtain and I heard her throw herself on a bed and almost immediately begin to take long sleepy breaths.

I sat still and looked about the room. The boy, who seemed about twelve years old, was lying on a clean cot bed, which was all the furniture in the room except a box and a chair. After a few moments I gave the medicine to him as he lay with his eyes half open. Then seeing some motion in the box I went to look at it, and found a heap of puppies just squirming themselves awake.

I tried to describe them to my precious brother Phil afterward, and he gravely told me that they must be "pure cur" from the description.

I'll tell you more when I see you, for there are many interesting particulars about the puppies and their mamma who came in soon after—a great yellow creature, who stared at me a moment and then deliberately jumped into the box and sat down on her children who took it quite as a matter of course.

Now imagine—as story-tellers say—that two weeks have gone by—or "fled" would perhaps sound better. The doctor has told me that Peter never will be well until he is out of that smell and in a place where he can have good food.

Nancy is dismayed and so am I, when suddenly I am struck by a tremendous idea which almost makes me gasp. But I calmly say to the doctor: "May I take Peter out of town next week?" They all stare, but the doctor says, "Oh, yes, if he can have better food and air than here."

So I wrote at once to you to get the little house at the end of the lane ready for occupants, and you have done it like a dear. Meet them at the 5:30 train on Saturday, and meanwhile we must think of something for them to do to help themselves, or I should be a very unworthy disciple of Mrs. M——. She always tries to keep her poor friends' self-respect, by keeping them at work.

Good-by till next week. We must think of something for Nancy to do.

I forgot to say that the puppies and their

mamma are all going and can sleep in that horrid little shed at the end of the house.

Your loving sister, MARTHA.

DEAR MISS MARTHA:

We have been here three days now and your sister, Miss Sarah, says that I had better write and tell you about it all.

It is so lovely here and you and everybody are so good to us, that I can't help crying when I think of it. The dear little house looked so pretty as we came near, with its nasturtiums outside, and the sea so near, and then a real fire in the sitting-room such as I have not seen since I was little, and the two rooms for Peter and me and the nice little kitchen.

I have been trying all day to think what I could do and I have felt discouraged. Of course we cannot live on you, and I can see that Peter thinks of it too, as he lies on the blanket under the tree. I am well and willing to work, but there does not seem to be any work to do.

(*Afternoon.*)

DEAR MISS MARTHA:

I must begin again and tell you what has happened. I went out on the beach this morning after I finished that last sentence, feeling very blue and almost deciding to go and ask at the hotel if they could give me some work—waiting on the boarders, or anything—and at the same time wondering what I should do about Peter if they did want me.

I sat down on the sand for a minute to watch the bathers, when I began to hear what two ladies were saying just beyond me. One said, "Isn't that bathing dress hideous? I wish I could have one made here. All the ready-made ones are so ugly that I do not like to send to town for one." The other lady said, "You can't get any one here to sew decently. Everybody says so." Then my mind was made up and I turned round and said, "Please excuse me for hearing what you said, but I could not help it, and I thought perhaps I could make you a prettier bathing-dress than that one."

The young girl looked surprised a moment, but smiled and said very pleasantly, "I should

like to have you very much, but I do not believe that you can get material here."

I asked her if I might look in the post-office, where all sorts of things are crowded together — crockery and overalls, books and ox goads, calico and peppermints — and if she would come to my house in the morning I would show her what I had found. I hope you do not think that I ought to have offered to go to her. I thought that it would not seem so much like begging for work if she came and saw that I had a nice home and belonged somewhere, and she might send some one else to me; and she seemed to like the idea and said that she would come and bring some one else who had no bathing-dress.

I hunted through the post-office stores and carried home with me some of that blue stuff that overalls are made of.

The next day the lady came with two others, and I showed the cloth and told how I should make the dress — with a red collar and handkerchief to tie round her hair — and I told her that the material would shed the water and be less heavy than flannel. (I learned a good deal at Madam Shaw's.) I have four orders for bathing-dresses and have promised to make over some things. The ladies say that I can get a good deal of sewing and I thought that perhaps I might teach one of the little schools here in the winter. So please do not worry about us — we shall soon be able to pay you back what you have spent for us. We can't pay for all the kindness and trouble, dear Miss Martha.

Yours respectfully, NANCY PRICE.

DEAR MARTHA:

Your protégés are fairly established here and I think will do very well.

The little house looks pretty and homelike. Its four little rooms are all used and I find Peter making book-shelves and work-shelves for his sister out of boxes, begged from the store.

I went there yesterday and thought that Nancy was having a five o'clock tea at the very least. She was standing talking and gesticulating in a very lively manner, with seven or eight girls about her, and as I walked into the room she finished by saying: "I know that it will be pretty if you will let me try."

I said, "May I come in?" and then I was welcomed by two or three of the girls whom I had seen before at the hotel, and was told that they wanted Nancy to help them make costumes for a fancy party — and I was told that "nobody wanted to be an idiotic 'peasant' or 'Marquise' or 'Night' or 'Queen Elizabeth' or any of the fifty other characters that you always see at fancy parties."

Nancy had entered into the plans like one of themselves, and I could not see but that her two years apprenticeship to Mrs. Shaw grafted upon her mill-life and her childhood in the country minister's family, had made her up to these young city girls in more ways than one.

She was describing a dress that she had helped make, in town. It was called "December" and was a simple enough skirt and tunic of cotton batting fringed with pieces of glass — glass beads and prisms from the old-fashioned candlesticks and chandeliers. The crown was to be of fluffy cotton wool, with the prisms standing up all round, hair hanging down with glass beads fastened in, and what Nancy called "diamond powder" sprinkled all over hair and dress. She says that it looks like powdered glass.

I could help here — for I remembered the pride of the old Lyceum Hall — that great chandelier, with its prisms and candles. Oh! how fine it was, and now it is lying bundled off in the loft of Deacon Frazer's barn.

Nancy said she could help twelve girls, or girls and young men, to dress like the months.

This afternoon when I saw her she was busy with three young men, whom she told me afterward were to be respectively, a cod-fish, a merman with both legs fastened into a pasteboard tail covered with scales which hung over his feet as he walked, and a grasshopper.

Nancy said that she had suggested a common ink-bottle as a dress for one of the girls — short waist and large skirt with label and cork.

So you see she is making a place for herself among the summer people, and she has set her heart upon taking the little school for the winter.

Peter is doing well too, and is so happy that Nancy will not have to send him to the poor-house, as she feared she must when Mrs. Shaw gave her up, that he does not look into the future with any fears.

I hope that Mrs. M—— is nearly well. I forgot to say that the puppies are well and some have been given away. The mother is as gay as a lark. Peter has been offered ten dollars for her on account of her abilities as rat-catcher, but he will not part with her.

You had better come home. For last night Belinda came here with Peter on an errand, and was seen scampering across the field with something bright red dragging after her, and when Peter went home and investigated he found that she had taken your red flannel petticoat from the line and had carried it home for herself and her babies to sleep on.

I only hope that all Mrs. M——'s friends are as well looked-out-for as the two Price children. Did you say that Nancy was seventeen? Isn't it strange that this girl should come from the city just to prove to you what I have always insisted upon — that a girl of average brightness could make a goodly sum of money by supplying the needs of the summer boarders and cottagers! Just think of the number of people who come here not for fashion, but to have an out-of-door time, who would be thankful to have their flannel dresses and sun hats made and trimmed for their girls after they come — not to mention bathing suits, fancy costumes and covers for summer furniture.

Nancy seems to be alive to all this; for to-day when she came here she spoke of it. By the way, she made me take her fares with Peter from town and told me that next week she wanted to begin paying rent. Of course it is best that she should be independent, but I do not like the feeling of taking rent from her.

She said this morning: "Miss Martha, there's a Mrs. Porter and her daughter and two sons that I know in the street where we lived who could live here comfortably on what they pay there to live uncomfortably. The mother and daughter could wash, iron, and *mend* for the people here. Did you know I have set up one day in the week as a mending day, and I have the washing of three families brought to me to look over and mend. Mrs. Porter washes flannel dresses and coats beautifully — nobody knows how to do it here. One of the boys is a good carpenter and could get better paying jobs here than in town — for the spring and

summer at any rate; and the little boy could take home the clothes for his mother." Then as I looked amazed at this elaborate plan she went on: "I asked the rent of the little empty house across the bridge and the man said that it was fifty dollars a year. There is a kitchen and sitting-room and large bed-room downstairs and two rooms in the roof — and, Miss Martha, don't you think that I might write to her?"

I hesitated about advising her, and some one coming in just then she left.

I could not help thinking after, "What a pity to send for a family from town, when there are so many here who need the money — and the occupation. There are the Carters — they ought to be able to do just what Nancy's friends will; but Nelly Carter would think herself lowered in village as well as city eyes if she helped her mother wash and mend the pretty flannel bathing and tennis suits. They might make it a specialty — in these days of doing one thing perfectly. (That is the theory of specialties — isn't it?) They would become fashionable and more sought after than they are now. Annie is pretty and conscious and foolish, but she is quick-witted and I can see that Nancy Price has made an impression on her already, with her quiet business-like ways."

Considering however that I am going to see you to-morrow, I may as well save my paper, and we will have a long talk on the subject of How to open the eyes of our country girls to the possibility of making a good trade pay — such as dressmaking, millinery, upholstery, nice laundry work — making any of these pay externally, internally and eternally.

SARAH.

II.

JACK AND HIS ANIMALS.

My sister's letters and my own have told the story of the young dressmaker and what she did. Now I should like to tell of what came to her brother Peter. I have almost forgotten his real name, for when I came home from my summer vacation and spent a week at my dear old home, before beginning my studio work in the city,

I found that he had turned into "Jack" by some mysterious means. Why is it that boys' names are changed so often by their comrades? I remember that my brother's name in school and college was quite different from the one given him when he was a baby, so that his college friends and his family friends had serious differences of opinion on the subject — each having known him by a totally different name from the others.

So in this case I left "Peter" and found "Jack," and I will tell you about him and his animals as I saw and heard about him and them.

I went down to the beach a few days before going back to my work and when my story begins I was sitting on a log of drift-wood watching Jack.

He was standing where each wave washed over his bare feet and ankles. It was a cold day in the last week in September, but he was thinking so busily that he did not mind it, but stood there, poking his toes into the sand until he was hailed from the cliff above.

"Jack! Hallo there!" came down the rocks, and he turned to answer.

A lively-looking girl came scrambling down to the sand where he stood and hurried towards him. As she approached I saw that she had a great yellow cat in her arms.

"Jack," she said breathlessly, "we are going in just an hour. Papa has come for us, and he won't let me take Pussy home in the cars. So I've been all over the village with her hunting for you, to take her. We shall come back to the cottage next summer of course and I shall want her then, and I will pay for all she eats this winter if you will keep account, and I will give you a dollar to start with."

So saying she deposited the great creature in Jack's arms and would have hurried away if Jack had not exclaimed: "But, Nell, see here! I haven't any place to keep her, and she will run away."

At this difficulty the girl turned back and I joined them as she was saying, "O, dear! Well! Let's talk it over. I have fifteen minutes and I may as well spend them here."

Here I offered a suggestion which had been gradually forming into a plan in my mind for several weeks.

"Jack," I said, "isn't there an old hen-coop that you could get for the Pussy? and for more than one? There must be plenty of people who would be glad to board their cats with you through the winter."

The girl jumped up from the sand with, "Oh Jack! we have a coop that is just the thing; don't you remember it?"

"Yes," says Jack.

"Let's get it now," went on Nell eagerly, "and fill it with hay. There will be plenty of room for two or three cats if you put in partitions, and you can keep it in your shed. All the cats down here are used to living out of doors."

"All right," says Jack. "She'll soon be willing to stay with me, she is so used to me in the boat."

This point settled, Nell said, "What are you doing down here, walking about in the water as if it were July?"

Jack looked a little shy, but answered readily enough: "I was wondering what I should do when you were gone, and Ned Barker and Tom, and all the rest of the fellows. I've had such fun this summer with you all, and with the books that you've lent me, that it makes me awfully lonesome to think of the long winter. But I've earned some money with my fishing and chores and can buy some books for myself and some boots, too. So I ain't so much to be pitied as I was when I was sick in the spring." Coming to his feet with a bounce which made Pussy's tail grow large with indignation at the rude awakening, he added, "Come, let's go for the coop."

I walked along with the two as they crossed the beach, and several people stopped to say "Good-by" to them.

All the boarders and cottagers were leaving Wraymouth, and each "Good-by" made poor Jack more and more uncomfortably sure that soon there would be no one left to speak to. The poor little fellow had had a hard time through the spring, but his summer had been the most delightful experience. He never had had real companionship before, except with his sister, for she had kept him away from the rough men and boys about their poor city home, and the boys and girls whom he had seen the last few months were a revelation to him.

With them he learned where all the flowers and birds lived. He learned to row and to swim. He knew where berries and nuts hid themselves in pastures and wood, and was soon oracle and guide to the younger "boarders" and "cottagers" who flocked to the shore.

Now he and Nell made their way over the rocks and up the cliff to the row of pretty houses overlooking the cliff and went straight to the barn of the first one, and Nell said triumphantly: "There, Jack! isn't that just the thing?" seizing hold of a great hen-coop and beginning to tug it out. Jack and I examined it, pronounced it large enough, and the two children proceeded to put it on to a sort of buckboard which Jack pulled out of a stall with an air which showed that he knew all the resources of the place, as indeed he did. Then putting "Patience" carefully in, Nell and he took the tongue between them and slowly dragged the load up the hilly road to the village street and the little house in the lane where Jack and his sister lived.

Jack pulled and Nell pushed the coop from the buckboard through the narrow entrance to the side yard, and at last with much puffing and blowing set it on end and straightway deposited themselves on the grass beside it to console "Patience" for her somewhat jerky ride.

After many farewell pats Nell said suddenly, "Oh Jack, there's plenty of room for another Pussy in here, and I heard Mrs. Prince say last night that she wished she knew somebody who would take hers. I must run, there goes the stage to our house. Good-by, Jack! Let me know how Pussy is," and away she ran looking like what some staid ladies called her, "a regular tom-boy."

Jack, however, had no wish to call her so, for he knew the warm heart and the honest friendliness of the little maid too well to wish to criticise.

I shall drop myself out of the story after this, only telling it as I put it together for myself as I heard and saw it.

Jack stood thoughtfully a moment watching his friend out of sight; then turning, he ran into the little kitchen where the supper was cooking, and said: "Sister, may I earn money this winter just as I've a mind to?"

His sister raised her head from her work,

thought a minute, and then said: "Why, Jack, I guess so—you are old enough to be trusted."

With this permission Jack dashed off to Mr. Prince's house, a quarter of a mile down the road, where he vaulted the low fence and arrived on the doorstep in time to intercept a lady with a basket, who opened the door just as Jack landed with a bounce in front of it. He had just breath enough to tell his errand, which was, as you guess, to ask Mrs. Prince her plans for her cat's future; and as he ended his question the lady opened the basket a crack, just wide enough for a prolonged mi-ow to slip out, and said with relieved air: "O, Jack! *will* you take her? I was going to carry her to the hotel to ask if they would board her for the winter. But I would so much rather have you keep her. I will give you two dollars a month for her, because she must have cream every Sunday for breakfast and fish for one meal every day. Do you think that you can remember?"

Upon Jack's assurance that he could and would, Mrs. Prince handed over the basket of mews to him and taking a roll of ribbon from her pocket, she said: "Every Sunday you must put a fresh ribbon round his neck (his name is Potiphar), and then let him look in the glass, or he will feel neglected. He must go down to the beach on pleasant days at low tide to look for star-fish and jelly-fish. He does not mind the damp sand and stones, though he can't bear mud."

Jack promised, and after Mrs. Prince had given him a cushion and blanket for her dear "Potiphar" he was starting off with his arms full, when Mrs. Prince said: "Perhaps you'd better call at Mrs. Lane's—she lives just over there. Tell her I sent you, thinking that she might like to have you take care of her 'Pluto.' Don't let him come near 'Potiphar' though, for they are always longing to scratch each other's eyes out."

Jack first went home with his burden, put it down in a bunch at his sister Betty's feet as she sat darning stockings, only said, "Don't let him run away," and was off again, to Mrs. Lane's.

This lady was very cautious at first in giving Jack any hope that she would trust her precious Pluto with a stranger—perhaps because she

and for the safety of the latter, as she said, the bargain was almost concluded, "You must give him a separate room to himself in the hen-coop. You say that you are going to make partitions in it; and then, too, you must chain him for he will of course try to scratch and bite for the first three or four weeks." Jack agreed, and Mrs. Lane finding that he did not seem to be alarmed by the prospect went on:

"Pluto must never have meat. But he must have oatmeal and milk, with cream twice a week, and he won't eat a thing if he does not have his own cup and saucer. And as for his own bed! why, he sat up all one night because I covered his cushion with blue when he was used to Turkey-red."

Two dollars and a quarter a month was to be given for this gentle creature; and Jack ventured to ask if she knew of any other cats who would like homes for the winter, when the question was answered by the appearance around the corner of the lankest, leanest, forlornest cat that you ever saw. As she came up to Jack timidly, in answer to his extended hand and pitying "Come, poor Pussy" Mrs. Lane exclaimed: "That cat belongs to a family who left here two weeks ago. And they must have left that poor Pussy to starve! There, now, why don't you take her and fat her up. She is pure Maltese and a splendid mouser. You could sell her to some of the cottagers next summer."

Without more ado Jack picked her up in his arms, and when he had been told to call for "Pluto" the next day but one, he went home with his forlorn captive, and soon had her busily engaged with a plate of fish, fully satisfied that she was with friends.

Jack sat down to tea half an hour afterward a tired boy.

He had gone to the little shed. There he had made three rough partitions, which he had fitted into the coop, making four rooms, each large enough for a good-sized cat to stand up or lie down in, with perfect ease. He put his three cats into their new bedrooms — "Potiphar" on his red cushion, the other two on clean straw, provided milk for each and then came in for his own bread and milk.

A month later Jack wrote a long letter to Nell, telling her of "Patience's" well-being

and giving an account of the other three cats already introduced. Then he went on as follows:

"Just as soon as the cottage-people found out that I was willing to take care of their animals they sent them in from all around the shore. Mr. Clay sent his big hen-coop with twenty hens and a lot of little chickens. He sent a hen-book with them to tell me just how to take care of them, and I am to have a dollar and a half a month for my care, and a bill at the grain store, which I must get and send to Mr. Clay every month, with all the food charged on it. Then I found under Mr. Baker's barn a little Scotch terrier, with four puppies, not more than a week old. The mother was awfully scared when she saw me, but she was glad enough to get into the basket of hay that I brought down. I put all the puppies in first, and then she jumped in and I wheeled them all up to our shed.

"They are beauties. I mean to sell all but one, next summer. I shall give you the best one. I'll write again next month and tell you about 'Patience.' She has been out in the boat with me twice and sat in the bow as usual. Betty rowed and I fished and threw the fish heads to Betty as usual."

The next month, in answer to a gay little letter from Nell, Jack wrote:

"'Patience' is all right. She is the only one of the cats who likes to leave home, and she follows me everywhere, and the dogs come too — but they don't touch her.

"You do not know how many animals I have now. Sister helps me feed them. She is just as interested as I am, or I could not have kept on with them. Mr. Moore came down one day and said he was going to town in a few days and he wanted me to shoot his big dog 'Malta,' because he hadn't the heart to do it. He had his leg run over and couldn't be moved as soon as they had to shut their house, so they had decided to have him shot. I asked if I mightn't come every day and try to nurse him up, and he said Oh, yes, if I'd promise to kill him if he grew any worse. So I began the next day, and though at first he growled some he soon got to liking me and now he is well and happy though he walks with a stiff leg. 'Patience' and he

sleep together in the shed — she lies right between his paws. When I brought him over first she was all ready to tear his eyes out, but he was so feeble that he did not mind when she spit right at him, and she was so surprised that she began to make friends.

“‘Malta’ brings all the sand I want for the coop and kennels and the hay and the water, so it doesn’t take near as long.

“Mrs. Prince came down to see about her house and call on ‘Potiphar.’ It was on Monday, so his ribbon was clean, and he was so fat and contented that she was real satisfied. I thought I wouldn’t tell that Mrs. Lane’s ‘Pluto’ bit the end of his tail off the first time they met, outside the coop; it would have bothered her, and now the hair covers it so it’s no matter.”

The next letter ends:

“I have four new dogs. One came to me himself; ‘Malta’ brought home one; one is a puppy that one of the neighbors was going to drown, and one is made of brown cotton flannel and is sitting on a pen-wiper, and came in my Christmas stocking.”

It is too soon yet to tell how Jack will fare among the summer boarders with his animals; but the prospect is a good one, and so far he has much more than paid his way.

I will tell you of a visit to his shed that I made just after Christmas, and then I will leave the plan to work in the minds of those who have the same opportunities in communities where there are the same needs.

Remember that it takes, first of all, a genuine love of animals — not the kind of liking which makes one care for them as playfellows as long as somebody else feeds and attends to them, but the painstaking, careful affection which the real animal-lover gives, asking from the creatures themselves nothing but their friendship.

Next, it takes a well-considered plan of where to keep and how to feed them, and no new one should be taken in without a clear idea of how he is to be provided for.

Jack took me into the shed and I could hardly recognize the dark little hole of a place, where before there was hardly room to stow a boat. Now there were several windows, bought from a man “who was fixing his house to let for the summer and was putting in big ones and gave

me these for most nothing,” explained Jack. “Then I put ‘em in myself.” There were places for various dogs in the stall and a set of shelves for the cats, above the reach of stray dogs.

Little “Skye” and her puppies had the old coop to themselves. They all pounced out to see Jack, and I fell in love with the one destined for Nell — the brightest of all, Jack declared. He was told to bring his plate from his house, Jack saying in an aside: “Sometimes he will and sometimes he won’t, but he understands perfectly. Just watch him. I call him ‘Perhaps’ because he always looks as if he were saying that when I tell him to do anything. P’raps, go bring me your plate!”

“Perhaps” looked knowing, dashed into the coop and returned triumphantly dragging one of his brothers, who apparently was used to it. Then he wagged his tail and went back for another victim, but was ordered sternly to lie down and stay at home.

Jack had some rabbits; but he said he should not keep them, for Nell hated them so — she said that they always reminded her of some of the girls at school who stayed in at recess and ate candy instead of playing “tag” in the yard. “Malta” was a splendid mastiff who unbent only with “Patience.” She alone dared to take liberties with him and audaciously boxed his ears when he moved during her afternoon nap between his paws.

The hens had rather close quarters and were rather uninteresting to everybody but Jack, who had a name and a character for each. One poor thing had only one leg and hopped round on that until Jack fastened a little stick to what was left of the other, and when she was tired she would stop short and lean on the new one with an air of fatigue which made me laugh until I saw that both Jack and the hen resented it.

There was a monkey who had come only the week before, sent by a lady whose son had brought him home from sea. The son had gone on another voyage and his mother’s soft heart would not allow her to have his pet killed.

When she brought him to Jack she told him that she had begun to think she’d have to run away — she “could not stand having that creature sit opposite her and imitate every mortal thing she did.”

Jack told me that the monkey bullied the others dreadfully and they were afraid of him though he was chained. He had run up to one of the beams with a hen under one arm and a rabbit under the other.

He pulled "Malta's" tail — only once however; "he growled at her," as Jack said, "like an earthquake." He caught "Skye" and combed her hair all over, and bit the cats' heels until he

reached "Potiphar," who refused to submit, and calling for his three neighbors with them went solemnly to within six inches of the monkey's paws, and then the four did growl and spit at the wretched creature until he disappeared behind a barrel and squealed for mercy.

My visit pleased me so much that I have sent for Nell to come down next week. What a good time she will have!

HOW TO MAKE A WEATHER-BOTTLE.

(Ways To Do Things.)

BY M. G. MANTING.



A GREAT part of our conversation is about the weather. When you meet a friend upon the street the first remark is generally upon the weather: "What a fine day!" "Is it cold enough for you?" "Isn't this a roaster?" Besides, the state of the weather has a great influence upon our health, and if we are able to foretell the changes in the atmosphere we can take care that we are not caught in a rain storm without a rubber coat or umbrella. If you are making plans for a picnic tomorrow, you would like to know whether it is going to be "rain or shine."

This shows that a good weather-glass is an important thing, and I want to tell you how to make a serviceable instrument at a small cost.

Go to your druggist and buy one quarter of an ounce of camphor, and one sixteenth of an ounce of ammonia, and one sixteenth of an ounce of saltpetre. These must be separately dissolved in brandy of eighteen degrees and then mixed together.

Take a long and narrow bottle and pour the mixture in it, after which close it tightly. There

are some styles of cologne bottles, slender and straight and of clear glass, that are suitable for weather-bottles.

This finishes your weather-glass. All you have to do, is to hang it in a window which has a northern exposure. It will show you the changes in the atmosphere by the following indications:

Rain: A roily and unsettled state of the fluid.

Hot or warm weather: A clear state of the fluid.

A heavy atmosphere (in the summer) is indicated by ice upon the bottom (*a*); in winter this appearance indicates frost.

A thunder storm: A roily state of the fluid with small stars floating in it (*e*).

A cloudy sky: By large flakes (*b*); and during the winter it indicates snow.

Wind: By the threads in the upper part of the fluid (*f*).

Mist and damp weather: By the small points (*c*).

Whirlwinds in the upper atmosphere are indicated by rising flakes (*d*). In winter if the ice upon the bottom keeps increasing it shows a falling temperature. If on a clear winter day you see small stars rising in the fluid you can depend upon snow within two days.

By carefully observing the changes you will find that it is as good an instrument as you could buy at a much higher cost.

COREA: THE CHOSEN LAND.

(Our Asiatic Cousins.)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

THIS land by adoption of a great branch of our Asiatic Cousins has only recently become known to European travelers. Because of the shyness of its inhabitants and the rigid isolation of its government from foreign intercourse, it sometimes has been termed "The Hermit Land."

Stretching south from the northern portion of the Chinese Empire, Corea lies between two great bodies of water, the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan; it is separated by only a narrow strait from those enchanting islands which name the latter sea.

Owing to its northern position, Corea possesses a climate extremely healthful and agreeable; its rivers are frozen for months, and even in the south the snow lies long on the ground. The springs are slow, but at last the advance of vegetable life is almost instantaneous. In May ten thousand birds sing in the trees, the snow has vanished, the heavens are bright and blue and full of sunshine, the winds blow softly through the young leaves all a-glitter with dew, and the landscape stretches away green and beautiful to the horizon.

The superstitious inhabitants believe that a dead world is annually given back to life and fertility, by the especial interposition of their Great Spirit, Siang Tèie, who is therefore during the winter carefully propitiated with sacrifices of pigs, dogs and goats; dogs being held a delicate article of diet by the Coreans.

Like the Thibetians, the Coreans are a branch of the pure Mongolian race, and like them they owe their nationality to the intrigues of a disaffected Chinese nobleman. Chow Khë, in the year 1122 B. C., according to Chinese history, fled from his fatherland to escape the fury of an offended monarch, took refuge among the snow-capped mountains of this isolated point, and called the country Corea: the Chosen Land.

Great numbers of the primitive inhabitants

gathered round Chow Khë's standard, taking a solemn oath of allegiance to serve him in times of war; and here was planted the germ of that brave Corean soldiery which fought so successfully against the Japanese and Chinese in late years.

The dynasty established by Chow Khë has lasted, under different names, for over three thousand years. Chow Khë created but two high officers of state; these are known as the Admirable Right Hand and Left Hand Councilors. There are always, however, a number of secret officials who visit through the country in disguise, observe what is going on and report at headquarters. The Admirable Right Hand and Left Hand Councilors preside over the more important judicial cases in which torture is employed to extract evidence; decapitation is often adjudged by them for very trifling offenses.

To himself Chow Khë arrogated almost divine honors, and these are to this day paid to his successors. The King of Corea, though a vassal of the Chinese Emperor, is within his own dominions a despotic monarch with the power of life and death over the noblest as well as the meanest of his subjects. He is not merely enthroned—he is enshrined. It is held a sacrilege to utter the name or title conferred upon him. The name by which his deeds are recorded in the great Corean history is only bestowed upon him by his successor after his death. But titles of the most adulatory kind are lavished upon him by his subjects, such as "Prince of Life," "Great Salvation," "Illuminator of the Universe." Day by day every word dropped from the lips of this sacred person is duly recorded. His actions, however base and ignoble, are glorified in the national annals as the doings of a pure and ineffable deity. To touch his person with an iron weapon, even by accident, is an act of high treason; the Corean Emperor, Tieng T'song Tai Ong, died from a painful abscess

rather than submit to the touch of a lancet. Every one who passes the royal palace must do homage by bowing before the sacred dwelling. No horseman can ride by, but dismounts and leads his horse until he has passed beyond the sanctified abode. Priests, teachers, the members of his own family, all subjects, no matter what their rank, remain prostrate in the presence of this semi-divinity, hardly daring to breathe, and none venturing to address him, no matter what the emergency, or how critical may be the affairs of the kingdom, until he chooses to speak to them.

Women are held in lower estimation in Corea than even in China. They have no rights in the home, save those which affection may procure for them. In the civil and religious institutions of the country they are as completely ignored as if they had no existence. All high-born Corean ladies are shut up in harems. They have no social influence whatever. At an early age they are given in marriage by their parents to the most suitable applicant. The marriage rites are similar to those of the Chinese, with the addition of a few more superstitious ceremonies, such as sacrificing a cock and hen to Siang T'ie, binding the dwelling with sacred cords to keep off evil spirits, and making offerings to the manes of dead ancestors. Still the Corean women are faithful and devoted wives, singularly affectionate to their children; the practice of infanticide and of exposing young female children to a cruel death by starvation and neglect are crimes unheard of in the land.

As a nation the Coreans are extremely superstitious, having faith in signs and omens, good and bad spirits, magic, sorcery and witchcraft. The country abounds in fortune-tellers who travel from place to place accompanied by a male or female born blind, and therefore believed to have prophetic powers in forecasting events, revealing the secrets of the past, and performing miraculous charms over evil spirits. At Hainang Seyool, the capital of Corea, the blind prophets male and female form an influential and regularly-constituted order of the Corean priesthood. A large number are in daily attendance at Court. Clothed in pure white and decorated with various symbolic shields, amulets and keys, they inspire with confidence the King

and his followers, and are unceasingly employed in discovering secrets, exorcising devils and foretelling events.

In exorcising devils they have many curious ceremonies in which fire, water, earth, smoke, and particularly noise of drums and trumpets, are held absolutely necessary. When the farce of catching the evil spirit has been successful, the blind necromancer deposits it in one of the wide-necked bottles which are manufactured for the express purpose of bottling off bad spirits, and carries it off to a lonely place, and there after having exacted many promises of good behavior, audible only to the ears of the blind prophet, it is set at liberty.

In Corea are found all the various superstitious practices of Asia. As in Hindostan, so in Corea, the serpent is regarded as a divine being, and has extraordinary honors paid to it. Whenever it appears it is looked on as a harbinger of good; if any one is stung to death by a serpent it is regarded as a divine retribution for some grave fault or omission of duty, and instead of killing it they provide means of feeding it. As with the Fire-Worshipers, so in every Corean household there is preserved a sacred lamp called the ancestral fire, which is fed with oil and tended morning, noon and night; and every Corean mother of a family has the anxiety and responsibility of an ancient Roman Vestal Virgin in keeping alive her sacred fire.

Education, as in China, is valued for men, but deemed unnecessary for women. All public officials are obliged to pass a government examination at the capital, where four honorary degrees are conferred, that of the military requiring the least education. After the examination those who have passed with honors are invested with the robes of their new titles, and proceed on horseback, to the sound of music and drums, to visit the highest officers of state — the Admirable Councilors, who exhort each to excel in the office to which he has been appointed.

The young men then meet in a great hall, where in accordance with an old custom each scholar is subjected to a curious initiation to his new honors. As each young man enters, he is seized by a gang of his less-fortunate competitors, unrobed, his hands tied behind him, clothed in rags, his face stained with ink, his person

besprinkled with flour; then he is knocked, hooted and kicked about amid much laughter and jollity. When every conceivable insult has been heaped upon the poor Corean Bachelor of Arts, he is washed, once more clothed in his robes of office and permitted to depart in peace.

In addition to these Public Scholars, there is in Corea an hereditary body of sacred men; these from father to son devote their lives to one or other of the departments of Astronomy, Geoscopy, Medicine, Astrology, Auspication, Law, Religion, Painting and Music. The Court-painters take high rank and to these are entrusted the work of painting the portraits of each successive Corean King. The first prize is awarded to the best portrait of the reigning monarch, and after his death it is added to the Corean royal gallery preserved in the royal palace at Hainang Seyool, the capital.

This strange country possesses no less than four religions.

In Shamanism or spirit worship, the supreme being is called Siang Tèie, to whom there is a magnificent temple at Hainang Seyool, where public sacrifices are offered and daily prayers and petitions made by the Shaman priests, blind prophets, and other strange ministers of a stranger faith to implore rain, good crops, early spring and the removal of epidemics and other public or private calamities.

The second religion, which is professed by the aristocracy, is Ancestor Worship or Confucianism. There is in every district a temple to the great Chinese Moralist Confucius, and all the rites and ceremonies elaborated by him are carefully observed; government allowing large grants of land for the service of these temples.

The third religion is Buddhism, introduced into Corea from China about the fourth century A. D.

The fourth is Christianity. It is recorded with great minuteness in an ancient Corean book, that in the sixteenth century a learned man named T'siangtouwini, of great purity of life, when on a visit to China met a good man who talked with him and told him of the wonderful life and death of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ; and who gave him with other books one entitled *The True Principles of God*.

T'siangtouwini's heart was so moved by what he read and heard that he hastened to return to his native land where day after day he went about preaching the true faith, winning converts both from the people and the Buddhist priests. The new sect built a temple and instituted a simple worship of the "True God and His Son Jesus Christ," which attracted great numbers among all classes, without meeting any opposition from the government.

The news of the existence of this little Christian church spreading abroad, some Roman Catholic missionaries, in spite of the most jealous prohibition on the part of the government, entered Corea. Then followed persecution—not so much of the native as the European Christians. These pioneers were followed by others; and at last, in 1866, a cruel massacre took place and those of the European Christians who were not murdered were expelled. Though the French Admiral Rose undertook an expedition to avenge this massacre of the missionaries, he obtained no concessions whatever from the inflexible Corean government.

In the capture of the city of Khanghon, the Admiral came upon a magnificent library containing four thousand printed Corean books; some of these were very ancient and were carefully covered with green and crimson silk, arranged in perfect order, and seemingly preserved with the greatest care. One rare volume especially attracted his attention. Its leaves consisted of the most delicate and almost transparent marble tablets with letters in gold incrustated on them; they were united by gilt hinges, and each tablet was protected by a flat cushion of scarlet silk. The contents of this beautiful marble book has not yet been deciphered; but it is pleasant to think of the Hermit Land with its grave old books and libraries which have been hidden for years and generations from the outside world.

The language of the Coreans is monosyllabic and belongs to the Turanian family of tongues. Chinese is used at Court, and in most of the cities for all official purposes. It is only the Corean scholars who carefully preserve and write the annals of their country in the native language.

FROM DIOCLETIAN TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

181. At the death of Aurelian what friendly contention occurred between the Senate and the soldiers?

182. What emperor who won many victories in a war with Persia was noted for his frugal habits?

183. Name the three colleagues of Diocletian.

184. What pseudo-science did Diocletian forbid the study of in Egypt?

185. When was the last Roman triumph celebrated?

186. How long did the last persecution of the Christians continue?

187. How were the last nine years of Diocletian's life spent?

188. Name the six emperors who at one time ruled the Roman world.

189. When did Constantine become sole ruler?

190. What famous event occurred in 325?

191. How was Constantine regarded by the people of the Roman capital?

192. Upon what great work did he engage after leaving Rome?

193. Name the four prefectures into which the empire was divided.

194. What profession became in this reign the most important?

195. What system of faith was now established by the State?

196. How was agriculture partially destroyed in this reign?

197. What was the indiction?

198. When was the seat of empire removed from the city of Rome?

199. Why was the emperor's son Crispus put to death?

200. With what legend are the words *In hoc signo vinces* associated?

ANSWERS TO JULY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

141. From March 37 to January 41.

142. That of his friend Herod Agrippa, who infused into the mind of Caligula the spirit of Oriental despotism.

143. "Would that the Roman people had but one neck."

144. He was the brother of Germanicus.

145. The emperor Augustus.

146. Caractacus.

147. The burning of Rome. The city is supposed to have been set on fire by the emperor Nero.

148. Boadicea.

149. Saint Paul.

150. Vespasian.

151. The Arch of Titus.

152. The eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed the cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae.

153. Agricola.

154. Domitian.

155. Nerva.

156. The great victories of Trajan over the Dacians.

157. Dacia, Arabia Petraea, Armenia and part of Arabia Felix.

158. At Antioch, in the year 117.

159. That of Augustus in refusing to extend the limits of the empire.

160. By Julius Severus. The Jews being forbidden to live in or near Jerusalem became scattered over the world.



LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ "THE VALIANT."

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

SEVENTY years ago one of the most popular names in German literature was that of an author whose French name strikes one somewhat oddly in a list of German authors. Once the works of Friedrich Heinrich Karl Fouqué, Baron de la Motte, were among the treasures of every German household, and whenever a forthcoming volume of his was announced the libraries were besieged with applications for it. But long before his death the high tide of popularity had subsided and with it ebbed the taste for the romantic school of composition of which he was one of the great masters; still one work of his has become a classic and is likely to live on.

Nearly a century before his birth the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had driven his family from France. They sought refuge in Holland, and Fouqué's grandfather having entered the Prussian army, the family became citizens of Prussia at a later period. His grandfather, also named Friedrich, rose to distinction in the Prussian service and was honored with the precarious friendship of Frederick the Great. Being a person of rare prudence he succeeded in avoiding all the sunken rocks and dangerous shallows in the stream of courtly favor and his friendly relations with the choleric monarch continued unbroken throughout his life.

His son entered the Prussian service likewise, at one time being an officer of dragoons, and it was while he was living at Brandenburg on the Havel, not then being in active service, that his son Friedrich was born, on the twelfth of February, 1777. The family admiration for the monarch was so great that the child was named, not unnaturally, for the illustrious emperor who stood

sponsor for him at his baptism. His earliest years were spent on his father's estate at Sacro, near Potsdam, and later at Lentzke, not far distant. He was an only child and much pains was taken with his education which was conducted at home under various tutors, one of



LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

whom, the author August Hülse, encouraged in every way the dawning literary tastes of the boy.

It was not exactly a lonely life that he spent at Lentzke, but it seems to have been somewhat monotonous. Still there were certain events in it to look forward to, or to recall when they were once past; for his holidays were almost always spent with relatives who lived in a delightfully romantic old castle near Halle, a circumstance which no doubt strengthened his

inborn love of the romantic side of life and literature. Sometimes, too, there were visits to Potsdam from which the boy would return wild with enthusiasm for the great Frederick whom he had seen and who perhaps had given him a kind word or two or patted his godson's head.

The sound of military music and the sight of the soldiers had their due share in fostering the military spirit in this son and grandson of a soldier and the prospect of pursuing the study of law at the University of Halle grew less and less alluring. At last he gave up the design of doing so altogether, and in 1794 entered the army as *übercompleter Cornet* in the service of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and when only nineteen served in the fatal campaign of the Rhine. For several years after this he led a semi-military life with his regiment, but was not in active service.

He married early, but the marriage was not a fortunate one, and a divorce took place. In 1802, when but twenty-five, he married again, the lady being the Frau von Rochow, who as Caroline, Baroness de la Motte Fouqué, became an author of note whose books still find a place in libraries.

About this time he procured his discharge from the army and devoted himself to a literary career which was to last for forty years. His first work, *Dramatische Spiele*, was published by the famous brothers Schlegel in 1804. The friendship of the Schlegels, particularly that of August Wilhelm, was of great benefit to the young writer. By the latter he was induced to study Spanish poetry, a pursuit quite in harmony with Fouqué's romantic vein. This initial work was soon followed by *Romanzen aus dem Thal Ronceval*, the first fruits of the Schlegel influence, and by two plays, the *Falk* and the *Reh*. Much encouraged by the discriminating praise of the Schlegels Fouqué continued vigorously at work, producing in 1806 a metrical version of an old prose romance, the *Historie vom edlem Ritter Galmy*, and the poem *Schiller's Todtenfeir* which latter was written in conjunction with Bernhardin. In 1808 came the romance called *Alvin*, which brought him many literary admirers, among whom was his contemporary, Jean Paul Richter, who styled him "*Der Tapfere*" or "The Valiant." In the same year, too, was published his

Sigurd der Schlangentödter, the first of his books appearing with his name, the others having been published under the pseudonym "Pellegrin." He continued writing and publishing at frequent intervals up to the year 1814, when among other pieces of literary work he produced his famous *Jahreszeiten*, a series in four parts, the spring number consisting of his famous romance *Undine*, the summer number containing *Die Beiden*, *Hauptleute*, the autumn division *Aslauga's Ritter* and *Algin und Jucunda* and the winter division, *Sinttram und seine Gefährten*.

In the midst of this active literary career he had in 1813 returned to the army and at the battle of Lützen he twice narrowly escaped with his life. In the night after the battle he was entrusted with the carrying of an important dispatch and while in the discharge of this duty his horse stumbled in deep water and threw him. From this accident an illness resulted which disabled him from military service. He accordingly received an honorable discharge, was presented with the decoration of the "Johanniterorden" or cross of the Order of St. John, and was raised to the rank of major of cavalry. He now returned to his home at Neunhausen with his wife and daughter, and once more resumed his pen.

The list of his works published after this date is a long one, but they are quite forgotten now for the most part, and slumber quietly on library shelves. In 1831 his wife died and removing to Halle he married there for the third time. Here his last years were peacefully spent in writing and in lecturing at the university on the history of poetry, and having gone to Berlin in 1843 for the purpose of delivering his lectures in that city as well, he died there quite suddenly, January 23.

His was a well-filled life, but the highest measure of his achievement was reached when he was yet a comparatively young writer, when in 1814 the exquisite romance *Undine* was given to the world. The same year witnessed the appearance of a story of chivalry which Fouqué considered one of his most successful works, *Die Fahrten Thiodolf des Isländers*, but the judgment of posterity has not confirmed its author's estimate. Of all his many books only the chivalric romance *Der Zauberring* published in 1811

and *Jahreszeiten*, which contains the famous *Undine* survive. These, particularly the latter, have weathered the fluctuations of popular taste and have become so integral a part of the literature and the thought of the time that they cannot readily be displaced. And after all only the very greatest authors go down to posterity with more than a book or two under the arm. Sometimes the book is a very small one, sometimes it is reduced to a few pages, a single leaf even, but the literary immortality that depends upon but a single leaf is often as sure as that of a Homer or a Cicero.

That the greater part of Fouqué's work was so soon consigned to neglect was owing to the fact that he had so slight a hold upon the life of his time. He was not a deep thinker or a man of highly-wrought feelings. The problems of modern life except as viewed occasionally from a military standpoint had little attraction for him and he failed to grasp them in any adequate measure, and the coldness of his temperament effectually prevented him from putting any great amount of passion into his romances. The romantic school of literature of which, following the lead of the brothers Schlegel, he was so eminent a representative, appeals mainly to the fancy and the imagination and has almost no power over the emotions. The distinguishing characteristic of Fouqué's mind seems to have been the attempt to present an ideal of Christian knighthood. In some form or other this ideal appears uppermost in his fancy in nearly all his works reaching his apotheosis in *Undine* and *Aslauga's Ritter*. A very just estimate of his character in this respect is made by Carlyle who says:

"A pure, sensitive heart, deeply reverent of truth and beauty and heroic virtue, a quick perception of certain forms embodying these high qualities, and a delicate and dainty hand in picturing them forth are gifts which few readers of his works will contest him. At the same time, it must be granted, he has no preëminence, either of head or heart, and his circle of activity, though full of animation, is far from comprehensive. He is, as it were, possessed by one idea. A few notes, some of them in truth, of rich melody, yet still a very few, include the whole music of his being. The Chapel and the Tilt-yard stand in the background or the foreground, in all the scenes of his universe. He gives us knights, soft-hearted and strong-armed; full of Christian self-denial, patience,

meekness, and gay, easy daring; they stand before us in their mild frankness, with suitable equipment, and accompaniment of squire and dame, and frequently the whole has a true, though seldom a vigorous, poetic life. If this can content us, it is well; if not, there is no help; for change of scene and person brings little change of subject; even when no chivalry is mentioned, we feel too clearly the influence of its unseen presence. Nor can it be said that in this solitary department his success is of the very highest sort. To body forth the spirit of Christian knighthood in existing poetic forms, to wed that old *sentiment* to modern *thoughts* was a task which he could not attempt. He has turned rather to the fictions and machinery of former days, and transplanted his heroes into distant ages and scenes divided by their nature from our common world. Their manner of existence comes imaged back to us faint and ineffectual, like the crescent of the setting moon.

These things, however, are not faults, but the want of merits. Where something is effected, it were ungracious to reckon up too narrowly how much is left untried. In all his writings Fouqué shows himself as a man deeply imbued with feelings of religion, honor and brotherly love; he sings of faith and affection with a full heart; and a spirit of tenderness, and vestal purity, and meek heroism sheds salutary influences from his presence. He is no primate or bishop in the Church Poetical; but a simple chaplain, who merits the honors of a small but well-discharged function, and claims no other."

There are few things in the German language more beautiful than the sweet simplicity of Fouqué's style. "Exquisite" is the word which must be used to describe it and no reader of *Undine* or *Aslauga's Ritter* will care to apply to it any other term. Its airy grace is inimitable. Says one of his critics:

"Fouqué aimed at ethereal beauty, delighted in word-painting, and flitted continually between the glories of a crimson Spanish sunset and the cold steel-blue of a north German nightfall."

Very few of Fouqué's writings have been translated into English. *Undine* and *Sintram* have, it is true, and more than once; and the *Zauber-ring* and *Aslauga's Ritter* have appeared in an English dress; but these are all and for the reasons already named it is not likely that the list of translations will be increased.

Aslauga's Ritter has found fewer readers than *Undine*. Aslauga, it will be remembered by readers of the *Nibelungen Lied*, was the daughter of Siegfried and Brynhild, and in this romance, long after she had ended her days as the wife

of the Danish king Ragnar Lodbrog, she appears to the Knight Froda and becomes the inspiration of his life. A passage from Carlyle's translation of the tale will give some idea of the style of this charming romance:

"But Edwald continued dreaming, dreaming; and many other visions passed before him, all of a lovely cast, though he could not recollect them, when far in the morning he opened his smiling eyes. Froda and his mysterious song alone stood clear before his memory. He now

saw well that his friend was dead but he sorrowed not because of it in his mind, feeling as he did, that the pure heart of the hero and singer could nowhere find its proper joy, save in the Land of Light, in blissful communion with the high spirits of the ancient time. He glided softly from his sleeping Hildegardis into the chamber of the departed. He was lying on his bed of rest, almost as beautiful as he had looked in the vision; and the gold helmet on his head was entwisted in a wondrous, beaming lock of hair. Then Edwald made a fair shady grave on consecrated ground, summoned the castle chaplain, and with his help interred in it his heroic Froda."

SOME CHILDREN OF THE M. S. P. C. C.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

AUNTY, who represented the first "Home" of the M. S. P. C. C., was very black, and so fat that children thought she was made of pillows; for whether the babies were in her lap, or hung over her shoulder, there were nestling cubbyholes for little tired heads. She lived in a pretty yard whose one tree overshadowed her big square room, and she had put her stove right in the centre of her chamber, "so as to warm all round." Washtubs were scattered about the apartment as elsewhere are chairs. The double bed was high and shining with its bandana-colored quilt. Close to the stove was a tall and narrow structure, called a crib. Aunty's favorite position was on a three-legged stool, with a broken chair beside her on which always rested a bowl of cracker and milk, while she, herself, held on one half of her lap, in a see-saw fashion, a tin pan of delicious lamb stew. From these dishes she fed Freddy No-name, aged two, a girl of twelve, and herself.

These two children were the first that the M. S. P. C. C. "protected" from cruel blows and neglect. The Society was but a few days old when Freddy was dropped in as a bundle on the office floor. Then there was no "Home"; but some one knew Aunty, so the bundle was taken to her, and she called it Freddy No-name. It rolled about in a pillow-case that day; the next, it had enough shirts, dresses and socks to clothe six children.

The girl had been beaten, starved and frozen by an aunt in the endeavor to get more work out of her, until she was so afraid of any degree of relationship that she dreaded to be returned to the relatives from whom she had been so strangely stolen years before.

Aunty's room and yard soon became the shelter and playground for one child after another who needed refuge; so Freddy No-name was carried to another boarding-place, where he was very homesick for the crooning melodies and merry plays he had left behind him, at Aunty's. Here he led a sober and righteous life; for his new guardian considered it wrong to encourage the use of playthings, and somehow Freddy would not sit still and listen to Bible-stories and was afraid of the pit where Joseph staid. When Thanksgiving came the woman wanted to take him to her home "Down East" if he could be "smartened up"; but the "visitor" from the Society refused to buy the requisite gold tassel for his cap. Then she offered to adopt him for love's sake, if she could be handsomely paid for so doing. As this offer was not accepted, she became depressed and the child grew low-spirited, and gave the Society food for reflection. The girl at Aunty's, too, needed some special care, and three or four older children were to be rescued from their parents. The boarding-out plan was becoming too inconvenient, too expensive, and too risky

to be continued. So a house was hired as a "Temporary Home" by the Society and these two "first children" and several others were placed under the care of a loving, wise and faithful matron. From Freddy's face there soon disappeared that stolid look which little ones wear when belonging to the mysterious force of a Society rather than to an actual father and mother.

Just as Freddy had forgotten that he had ever lived elsewhere than in the present "Temporary Home" came Mrs. Fox, seeking for adoption some flaxen-haired, blue-eyed child who should resemble her husband. Freddy was carried to her house to spend the day, but was too awed to chatter, too confused with the comparisons drawn between himself and photographs of Mr. Fox taken from early youth upwards, to smile or eat as if he were an own son; so he was returned at nightfall with the significant words, "Not wanted." Soon after, however, he was claimed by a kind-hearted countryman who did not care about resemblances if Freddy were only manly; which the child soon proved by making the old man and his wife mind him, to the great happiness of all concerned.

The early Home seemed chiefly to consist of one large playroom, with high panelled wainscoting and low wooden seats, and full of the juvenile rejections of richer nurseries. The play-hours were curious revelations of the past life of the little rescued ones. Mechanical toys, or those that involved brain-work, were to them frauds. "Mother has gone out washing," or "Mother has gone to a funeral" were the favorite games; except with the Italians of whom in the first days of the Society there were many.

Two boys, one with a foot so badly frozen that it had to be amputated, the other with a permanently twisted leg and with ears whose lobes hung down his cheek (the results of punishment meted out to them for insufficient earnings on behalf of their padrones), were the heroes in all the mimic dramas of these little Italians. They seemed to prefer playing "theatre," and always in the form of an opera. Bed-quilts made the stage curtains which worked better than do roller ones in many parlor theatricals. The "scenery" was rendered effective by the imagination and by newspaper pictures

fastened to the walls and to transverse strings. The "acts" were short and striking, each ending in a climax of its own. The "parts" were always sung, and if any child degenerated into a spoken recital of his rôle, or alluded to poverty and hand-organs, he was severely reprimanded. Counts and countesses, brigands and mountaineers trod the three-cornered stage with wondrous mimicry of world-renowned tenors and sopranos, in gesture, speech and action. (The cruel servitude under padrones, from which so many Italian children suffered in those days, has now almost wholly ceased, owing to the efforts of the Italian consuls and of the M. S. P. C. C.)

The sympathy of the rescued children for one another's sufferings is curious. One little urchin, whose back was frightfully lacerated, only elicited from his bedfellow the remark, "S'pose you've been licked with pear-rods;" and the boy of the pear-rods said of the other, whose face and shoulders were raw, "Them's pokers! they hurt longer than pear-rods."

They all seem to feel a sense of degradation in speaking of their past life. They cherish a great contempt for themselves—that they were so low-spirited as to be compelled to endure maltreatment. "Mothers are like riches," said Willie; "most of we'uns don't have 'em. If we do have 'em, how they jump on our stomachs when the liquor gets 'em!"

"Your mother never jumped on you!" exclaimed Lucy, the sixteen-year-old girl, who had just been admitted.

"I didn't say nothin'," was the gruff answer; "jumping ain't worserer than setting babies on hot stoves 'cause they squeal, and that's what the old woman next door did. And she was a purty baby too, only she'd holler when they sat her down hard." And then the poor boy fell back exhausted and indignant.

"Has the pain come back?" asked Lucy softly, putting her hand on the counterpane.

"Don't, Lucy—it's like as if she was going to jump on me again and I can't get out of her way; but t'other one was a baby;" and the boy hid his face and moaned over the baby that was set on the hot stove.

Lucy was the belle of the Home. Weak, pretty and frizzled, she attracted so much atten-

tion that it was thought best to have her recite her Bible-lessons at home. In the shelter and employment which was found for her, she soon grew strong in wisdom and simplicity, and when four years later she was married there was a jubilee-day as little gifts and wedding gear clustered around her.

Her vacancy in the Home was filled by Mary, who had a magnificent head of hair and wretched teeth. She made the nights hideous with her toothache groans. Dentists were to her as murderers. But she needed ribbon to adorn her hair, and none ever came in the bundles of cast-off clothing which were sent to the Home. Vanity did what pain failed to accomplish, and on the promise of being allowed to buy three yards of three different kinds of new ribbon she consented to have two teeth extracted. As the dentist praised her quietness, she burst out with the words: "But now I am to have some new hair ribbon and nobody's leavings!"

"She is still under the effect of the laughing gas," observed the dentist. Not so; rather did her words show the poverty of her past life and the longings of her heart. She is now a trusted domestic in a farmhouse, and hair and teeth are in as perfect order and beauty as is her housekeeping.

To her, and to all others in the Home, there is a promise of future fabulous wealth to be brought back in high vessels from all over the world by the bold sailor boy, Tom — Tom, whose mother led him one morning to the corner of Winter and Tremont streets and kissing him with thin blue lips and with deep shadows under her eyes, bade him in trembling tones bide there a while. She crossed the street and faded away amid the elms of the Common, never to be seen again by her boy. He waited for her, first in joy at the unaccustomed sights, then in chills and hunger, and at last in weariness of body and heart as he wandered back and forth around the corner, rejecting all entreaties to "move on." "Mother'll come," he muttered, but when the sunset was deepening the glow on the State House dome he was carried to the Home, and from there sent into the country.

"Mother'll come," was his thought as he dug potatoes, till as she came not he longed to burst all boundaries of fence and hill and glide down

a river to the ocean. So he found a new abode near the waters of a saw-mill. Sent hither and thither, early and late, and told that he would never be worth his salt, he dreamt more than ever of being worth millions and of living with his mother. Through the ocean lay the path to home and happiness; so under Mr. Fay's kind guardianship he entered the Navy.

"Now, at last, I belong to some one! Uncle Sam owns me till I'm twenty-one!" were Tom's joyous words as he signed the agreement which bound him once more to place and work, as he had been bound four years ago by mother-love to his little attic, its poverty and its affection.

The Society, or the Navy, or Uncle Sam, is a kinder master than the father who, from pure fiendishness beats his son, and then exasperated by the little fellow's meekness, born of great physical weakness, takes him on a winter's night out on to a roof and ties him to a chimney. Poor fellow! there is not much left for him, but to slowly die. Such parents are afraid to make death an instant process; instead some of them hold a child by one ear and one arm dangling over a pond. At the deep waters the boy shudders and his frame is convulsed with agony, while his father enjoys the torments which he sees and feels he is inflicting, for the boy squirms and rests and squirms again! The use of broomstick and rattans seems like the excusable madness of impetuosity compared with the slow torture which burns and freezes and maims.

It is man's kinship to the beasts of prey coming uppermost which causes these outrages. Intemperance is the ally of all such kinship, and fathers and mothers beat and drag by the hair their children when they refuse to go to "the dump" to pick over coal which could be resold for liquor, or when they refuse to be used as messengers to procure it. Such boys and girls are used to loneliness, hunger and abuse, to scanty straw on the floor for a bed, and to rags instead of clothing, which has gone for rum. Many a little girl of ten knows what it is to care for many brothers and sisters. It is well for childhood when the Society, aided often by the Catholic Fathers, takes such ones from their homes of wickedness and want and places them in institutions of charity or state, or in

good families ; any well-organized refuge is better than familiarity with vice or intemperance.

It is well for all to know, both adults and children, that the cruelty or neglect of a parent makes the State the guardian of a child. It is provided

"that when a child, 'by the neglect, crime, drunkenness or other vice of his parents, is growing up without education or salutary control,' he may be committed, during minority, by a magistrate, to the custody of the city or town where he has a settlement, or to the State if he has no settlement."

Also by the non-support law of 1882 :

"Whoever unreasonably neglects to provide for the support of his minor child shall be punished by fine not exceeding twenty dollars, or by imprisonment in the house of correction not exceeding six months."

Many a man is thus compelled by fear to accept work for the sake of his children ; and in turn the child, who recognizes that the State acknowledges its rights with which even parents cannot interfere for the pleasure of malice or laziness, perceives also that there may be limitations for him as well, in tormenting his younger brothers and sisters.

Besides the State, the Probate Court will act as official, temporary father. Perhaps no child ever feels himself of more importance than when, if over fourteen, he himself nominates his guardian. It is like beginning life over again and making one's own father. If a child is under fourteen the Court decides for him, but even then he is often consulted as to his fancies and dislikes. Mr. Frank B. Fay, the General Agent of the M. S. P. C. C., is father of many more children than he calls sons or daughters, and never can be found a kinder or firmer guardian than is he.

So thought Wilhelmina, to whom the sight of Mr. Fay's pleasant face and gray clothes was like the vision of an angel, only that she had previously supposed that "angels were mostly women." She came from — she never knew where — except that it was from a home where there was enough to eat. But it soon became but a "house" to her ; for whether it were mother or aunt who cared for her the relative disappeared, and she was carried to a large in-

stitution and from there was sent out to service in a country town. Here she staid growing older and thinner, never going to school, but always to the yard pump for heavy pails of water. Behind the pump was a fence ; over it grew a vine ; and under its branches was a hole in the fence. One day she peeped through this opening and found a friend. Henceforward existence brightened ; for as water was constantly needed there were often chances for a few words with her friend, and now and then the boy would secrete a ginger nut or a bit of pie for her. As the vine grew leafless, he saw more plainly her ragged clothing and her pinched figure. At last she confided to him that she was always hungry, cold and sleepy, but that it hurt her most to wash the floor. The neighbors hardly knew she existed and would not believe the boy's recital of her wrongs. At last one of them consented to investigate the case and the child was rescued and placed in the M. S. P. C. C.'s Home.

One day the real mother suddenly appeared and wished to see her little girl without revealing the fact of any relationship between them. The request was granted and Wilhelmina was called into the reception room of the Home, bringing with her, by chance, a small autograph album that had just been given her.

"Ask the lady," said a directress, "to write her name in it, for she likes little girls."

The trembling woman made her mark and kissed her own child in silence, but as Wilhelmina ran up-stairs the mother's tears fell heavily on her hands which clasped each other as in a vice. The next day she left at the door a small shawl, almost sobbing out the words, "I like little girls," and vanished as strangely as she had come.

Wilhelmina herself is now as a daughter in a happy home, and longs to free others from the cruel servitude to which she was subjected and which is constantly occurring among housekeepers, who appear to think that because a child is a pauper it may be overworked.

The Home, now at 297 Broadway, Cambridgeport, seldom has more than ten or twelve children in it at any one time. It is under the management of Miss Macomber and her mother, who teach and mend and care for the children with that individual attention which has made

many weak and irritable boys and girls strong in principle and moral courage. Miss Macomber's discipline is firm and gentle, the touch of humor with which she seasons it producing a sense of shamefacedness in those who rebel at the teaching of a more lofty idealism. She has become most skillful in detecting excuses, and her patience and her expedients are inexhaustible. Even after one girl had hid a stolen ring in the toe of her stocking, Miss Macomber's hopeful refrain remained unchanged: "The children are as good as we can expect." With some boys, the continuous punishment of being sent to bed in the middle of the afternoon, for a week, is effective; but others rejoice in it and are only obedient when their spirit has been mortified by taking the place of the washerwoman in the laundry. Every child takes part in the family work, from splitting kindlings to washing dishes, and Grandma gathers the girls and often the boys, around her in the afternoon, for a juvenile sewing circle.

At meal-times they all adjust their bibs with soldier-like precision, fold their hands and sing, "We are Waiting, We are Waiting," until the last one is helped. They go to Sunday-school and church, and would repeat the services in their plays, especially the baptismal portions, if they were not forbidden to do so. All water had to be kept from one urchin who was convinced that another needed partial immersion in order not to kick or punch his fellows. Every night after tea the children sing in the nursery and repeat pieces which are more surprising in their variety than those found in a Standard Reader. One little fellow in singing the lines

. . . "When He cometh
To make up his jewels,"

always becomes excited and gives it, "When He cometh to make up his Jews." They are nearly all very bright with the keenness caught from contact with life.

Only those are sent to the Home about whom it is at first doubtful what course to pursue. They may be placed there while awaiting the trial of those who have injured them; or until a good private home can be found for them, or until their parents are released from the House of Correction, if sentenced for a short term.

Hundreds of other children are sent to City and State Homes, or are placed under supervision in their own dwellings, which, whenever practicable, is the wisest and cheapest method of maintaining the strength of family relationship and mutual duties. Occasionally it is found that even after much care has been exercised a child has not been suitably placed. It is overworked and unloved, and therefore it is reclaimed, while on Miss Macomber devolves the extra labor of readjusting and smoothing out the child's temper and wardrobe. Many such returns, like perpetual snubbing, vex dispositions and weaken feeble resolutions. On the other hand, the bravery with which some boys and girls endure a hard place and constant drudgery is actually heroic. But on every holiday a welcome from Aunt and Grandma Macomber awaits all who have been in the Home.

It is at the office, 1 Pemberton Square, Boston, that one learns fully of the extent and variety of the work, which was begun first under another name in 1877. In 1880 Mr. Frank B. Fay of wide renown in philanthropic matters, was appointed General Agent and Secretary. Under him the Society has had a rapid growth, more than six thousand cases—six thousand cases of cruelty to children!—yearly being investigated and acted upon by him.

In almost every town and city in Massachusetts there is a volunteer agent, who co-operates with the sub-agents of the office. They visit the parents on probation, and under one or another law rescue children and place them in safety. The Records, contained in sixteen volumes of five hundred pages each, offer family histories in successive growths. In the Office are also kept the instruments of torture which look too keen or too heavy to be used even as ox-goads. Any additions to these are slowly diminishing, as the power of the Society becomes more widely recognized.

The body of Directors is divided into Committees, which render most efficient and often heart-rending service, as when a child was taken from a dark, damp cellar basement, where it had been confined for two months, sleeping on an old overcoat, with bagging for a covering. The father was apparently trying to starve him to death and threatened to shoot his wife if she

betrayed him. Now, coerced by fear, he behaves.

The work of the Society is constant. It always seems to begin in the middle and to work towards both ends, for it has to learn the past history and to shape the future of each child. Such was the case with Maud, who was brought to the office, a girl of rare beauty and lofty bearing, but who could neither read nor write. She confessed to having run away from a lonely farm in Maine, where she not only was house-drudge but field-drudge. She had memories of an earlier home of ease and of a wild and free out-door life at the South. These memories served as guide in the search, which proved her to be the daughter of one of martial renown. She had been adopted by a Northern

woman and from her had been spirited away. Now in a good home, Maud's future is moulding itself into conditions of peace and knowledge.

From such a history to that of the unlicensed child pedler, who is forced out of doors to sell small wares, there is a wide range of variety and pathos. The lives of children become the lives of martyrs, sometimes of little sinners, often of little saints. Their curious indifference and their mutual tenderness, their intelligence and humility—their drollery and obtuseness, the cruelty inflicted upon them by torture of all kinds, the self-sacrifice with which they often labor for one another—all this finds ample illustration in the annals of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

DIRECT FROM ST. IVES.

(Ways To Do Things.)

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

DEAR INQUIRING FRIENDS:

So many people have written to my mother asking about the "St. Ives" table at our fair, that I am going to have an account of it printed, because mother really has not time to tell everybody all about it.

My name is Polly Andersen, and my father is a minister in a country village. Our church is named St. Elizabeth. Of course we are not very rich in our parish, but two years ago we did manage to have the church papered and painted and to get a real stained glass window. The old window had had colored paper pasted on it, and we used to think it very pretty, but after we got the real glass we saw the difference. It was so pretty. In the middle was St. Elizabeth meeting the Virgin Mary, and when the sun shone on it, and lighted the halo around Mary's head, and the colors of their beautiful dresses, it was simply lovely. And if the sermon was long, or about things no one but the minister cared about, the window was a great help.

And I broke it! I! I smashed right through St. Elizabeth's head, and broke in the door of the house. (She was ever so much too big to have come out of that door.)

And the way of it was this: It was Easter and we had our Sunday-school processional, and I carried the banner. Our class was the "banner class" because our mite box contribution through Lent was the largest in the school. The worst of it was that I really ought not to have carried the banner, but Miss Bridges, our teacher, thought that I was the strongest girl in the class, and I suppose my being the minister's daughter had something to do with it; but anyhow she chose me.

But if I was put on the rack, or had hot lead poured in my ears, or if I was burned at Smithfield like some of the martyrs, I could never tell how I broke the window. My brother Jack says if I was drowning I could, because everything you ever did comes back to you then; but I don't mean to try that way of finding out.

Anyhow, the first thing I knew, over went the

banner, crash went the glass and everybody in the church screamed out! They say the glass ought not to have broken, and neither it ought, but it did all the same. I really did wish at that moment that I either had lived when the Assyrians or Philistines did, or that I hadn't been born yet.

So there it was! The people who made the window said it could be mended for one hundred and thirty dollars, but we hadn't anything like that much money to spend. So the broken pane had a board put over it, and I had to sit Sunday after Sunday and look at it. Father would have willingly paid for it himself, had the congregation consented, but they positively said he should not, and that the accident might have happened to any child because the banner was so top-heavy. And indeed I don't know how father could have afforded the money, because the salary is pretty small. As I felt so badly about it, mother told me I could have the money which my new summer clothes would have cost to give toward the repairs, and then Jack said he wouldn't have any new ones either, and I could add his money. As the summer went on I was glad Jack didn't grow in the legs as I did, and that his clothes had no tucks to be let down and make bright lines all around. The money was not very much, but it bought the tins, and a good deal of the towelling. (I shall tell you what I mean after awhile.)

There was a good deal of talking about raising the money, and finally it was decided to have a fair at Thanksgiving, and Miss Bridges arranged that our class — (there were thirteen girls in it, from ten to twelve years old) — should have a table all to itself. And mother said we must have something different from everybody else, because the grown people could make prettier things than we could, and outsell us, and that would not do because we must be the "banner" table.

So we thought and thought, mother, Miss Bridges and I, and finally mother got the idea. And it was a lovely one, because everybody needs just what we had, and we made everything just as pretty and good as we could, and asked fair prices. And you wouldn't believe how much material was sent to us, and how much money that saved.

We had the "Housekeeper's Table." All sorts of useful things made by the needle, and we girls made them. Our tables were real kitchen tables from our homes, and they had oil-cloth, and red table-covers on them. Then because our corner was rather dark, and we wanted to catch everybody's attention, we bought a great lot of cheap tins and hung them against the wall. Our mothers lent us some real good ones, and would you believe Mr. Agnew sold them all at the auction the last night! Everybody had to buy their own if they wanted them back, but the funny part was that the people bought one anothers!

"Who owns this colander?" he would ask, and when mother said she did, there was the greatest bidding for the "minister's colander," and as for Miss Bridges' cake-cutter that was sold four times to four different young gentlemen.

But about the tables:

We all dressed in print frocks, and white aprons tied around our waists, and wore colored caps, and four of us were always on duty, and with the tins and the bright dusters and things festooned around it was the prettiest booth in the room, and everybody, men and all, bought of us.

We had all sorts of things needed by housekeepers, but the thing that sold right off, and for which we took ever so many orders, was "The After-Dinner Set." It wasn't dishes, but towels! Six tea-towels, two of them for glass, two dishcloths, a mop, and an iron-chain concern to clean out pots and pans. "The Kitchen Set" sold almost as well, but it was larger, for it contained all the things I have mentioned, and also two scrub cloths; one for the paint and one for floors; and a duster and an iron-holder, and two roller towels, as well as a holder for the stove. Five of these sets were bought for wedding presents. The dusters sold like magic. They were made of pretty cheese cloth, and it was fashionable at the fair for young men to tie them around their necks, and the girls wore them on their heads like Mary, Queen of Scots' caps.

But we had lovely sweeping caps too, and kitchen aprons, and sewing aprons, and shoe-bags, and bags for clothes-pins, and ironing-

cloths, and waste paper, and for soiled clothes, and rag bags, and net ones for cauliflower and squashes and pudding bags, but these weren't net, of course, and bags, and bags, and bags. You never saw so many! Mother said that every one would make fun of us, so we had best get ahead and have some of our own — some jokes, I mean — and that was the reason we put over the table:

"DIRECT FROM ST. IVES."

And under that:

"EVERY WIFE HAD SEVEN BAGS."

And so it happened that the gentlemen would say, "Martha," or whatever was his wife's name, "have you bought seven bags?" and if she hadn't, he'd buy them for her. Why, after awhile we had to make up button bags so as to have some cheap ones. And then we put up a "money bag" for contributions of pennies for the window, and it was pretty heavy before the fair was over.

We had lots of other things, roller towels and pillow slips, and one pair of lovely shams sent to us by Mrs. Kate Pritchard, the wife of Dr. Pritchard's son who lives in Chicago. We had

pockets to fasten on closet doors, for shoes, and odds and ends, and string bags with a ball of twine in them, and a dear little pair of scissors tied on, and bags for loose string too. And ever so many things were marked with red cotton in outline stitch. All the bread-cloths were, I know, and some of the ice-cloths.

Did I say that through the summer we had gathered lavender, and rose-leaves, and French clover, and hops, and even life everlasting (which is horrid and smells like a drug store), and we made them up into bags and pillows? They were awfully pretty, too. The lavender was in lavender-colored cheese cloth, and the rose-leaves in red, and life everlasting in yellow, and some of them were little and some big enough to fit a bureau drawer.

I think I have mentioned almost everything we had, and I hope I have made it plain. But what do you think our table made — sales, penny bag and auction? Why, one hundred and forty-nine dollars; and *we* mended the window, and the ladies bought a new carpet with what they all made!

Yours truly,

POLLY ANDERSEN.

SIET-EISH-IEU, THE DRAGON-FLY LAND.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

ENTWINED in the limpid arms of the great Pacific Ocean lies a clustering chain of over three thousand islands, called by its ancient inhabitants — from its fancied resemblance to a dragon-fly — Siet-Eish-Ieu, the Dragon-Fly Land. Also, owing to its position in the extreme East, it has been named, Dai Nippon, Birthplace of the Sun.

To judge from their mental and physical characteristics, the Japanese seem allied to several distinct races. The Mongolian type is everywhere prevalent; the oblique eyes are common among the aristocracy, who indeed are of pure Mongolian descent; this form of eye is held as a distinguishing mark of beauty. Never-

theless there are faces among them strictly Semitic; and there are others of the Aryan type.

In view of these peculiarities and in the absence of fuller scientific research, we conclude that the Japanese, though chiefly of Turanian stock, are not without some large mixture of Aryan blood; that in their formation as a people they have assimilated some of the finer qualities of both the Turanian and Aryan branches of the human family; and also that they are undoubtedly allied to a very curious and ancient people called Ainōs, a race of prehistoric times, which is rapidly disappearing before Japanese civilization.

When the Japanese took possession of the

beautiful dragon-fly shaped land is a matter of uncertainty. Search their annals, consider their legends and traditions, question their archives and historical books — all we can discover is that from time immemorial there were some strange spectres, the Khon Bal Yai, or Feathered Men — which name was given them by the Mongolian invaders, because of the long soft hair with which their bodies are covered — and that these were the ancient people called Ainōs. But how and when the Ainōs themselves obtained a footing on the Dragon-Fly Land, is a subject of deep mystery to the ethnologist.

All we know is that the Ainōs, or hairy Kuriles as they are sometimes called (now mostly to be found in the island of Yesso), once occupied the greater part of the country; and that they were driven north by adventurous races coming from the southwest. They are small, well-proportioned, strongly-built, of an Aryan type of countenance, and of a singularly kind and gentle disposition. Their women however render themselves hideous by tattooing their hairy bodies with grotesque figures, and letting the hair of their heads fall over their shoulders to their knees. The winter dress of both sexes consists of robes of wild beast skin; in summer of cotton tunics reaching to the knee, with a leathern girdle.

They now live in communities of fifteen to twenty families, under a patriarchal chief. Their huts are of mud, thatched with dried leaves, straw, or branches of trees plaited together. Their manners are bright and cheerful at home, and extremely courteous when abroad; they salute one another by bowing to the ground. Their judicial cases are presided over by the chiefs of adjoining villages; and law is administered with something of the quiet dignity of a religious ceremony.

Although they obtain from the Japanese rice, tea, sugar, and many other necessities, by bartering fur and skins, still the sounds of some few industries may be heard in their villages: the thumping of the cloth-maker, the song of the cord-twister and the net-maker; the elder women turn the soft tree-wool into thread wherewith to spin their garments, the younger women rock their children to sleep to the wildest and most plaintive airs ever tuned by a savage tribe. The young men are hunters, trappers and fishermen.

When evening draws on the Ainō villages resound to the drum, bagpipe and flute, a bon-fire crackles and flames on the village common, an itinerant trader, or Shinto priest with his wondrous tales of the sun goddess or demons, and heroes, or perchance a more civilized Buddhist missionary, is hospitably regaled with the best the village affords; the Ainōs boys and girls, shy as wild deer, will by degrees cluster around the one or the other, examine the pedler's wares, listen to the stories of Isē the sun goddess, or sit drinking in the tale of the good Buddha which never fails to move to love the most savage of human hearts.

About 290 B. C. settlements were founded on the main islands of Japan by Mongols. They drove north large numbers of the Ainōs, and absorbed the more peaceable into their own population. This invasion was succeeded by formidable ingressions of the "black savages" of Japanese history; probably Malay tribes from Papua, New Guinea, or Dyacks from Borneo and the adjoining lands. It would seem that these various tribes established colonies and, intermarrying with the Ainōs and Mongul invaders, became the progenitors of the present Japanese.

The language of the Japanese has been a source of equal perplexity to the philologist. He is at a loss to understand certain marks of originality and isolation exhibited by this form of speech. It shows traces of an early Aryan influence, but such as rather to deepen than to clear up the mystery. One thing is clear — that if the structure of the Japanese language was fundamentally Aryan, the separation from the parent tongue must have taken place at an early period, when the Aryan branch of the human speech was still in its infancy.

The language is extremely melodious in sound, and vigorous in expression. It is agglutinative — that is, it preserves its roots in their simple form. In fact the peculiarities of the ancient Japanese tongue are so many that it is difficult to establish its true relationship to the other languages of the world. It has been enriched since A. D. 255 by the adoption of Chinese words, symbols, and written characters, much in the same way as the English is constantly being added to by the borrowing of Latin and Greek words for literary and scientific purposes.

Though the written language of the Japanese is exceedingly pure and classical, it is difficult to read, owing to a complex style of writing and printing. There are in use two styles of writing; the one called the square character — borrowed from the Chinese — is employed in literary manuscripts, official documents, and state papers; the other — the running or short hand — is used for all ordinary purposes; its lines run perpendicularly and are read downwards, beginning with the column to the right of the reader. Thus a Japanese book begins where our books end.

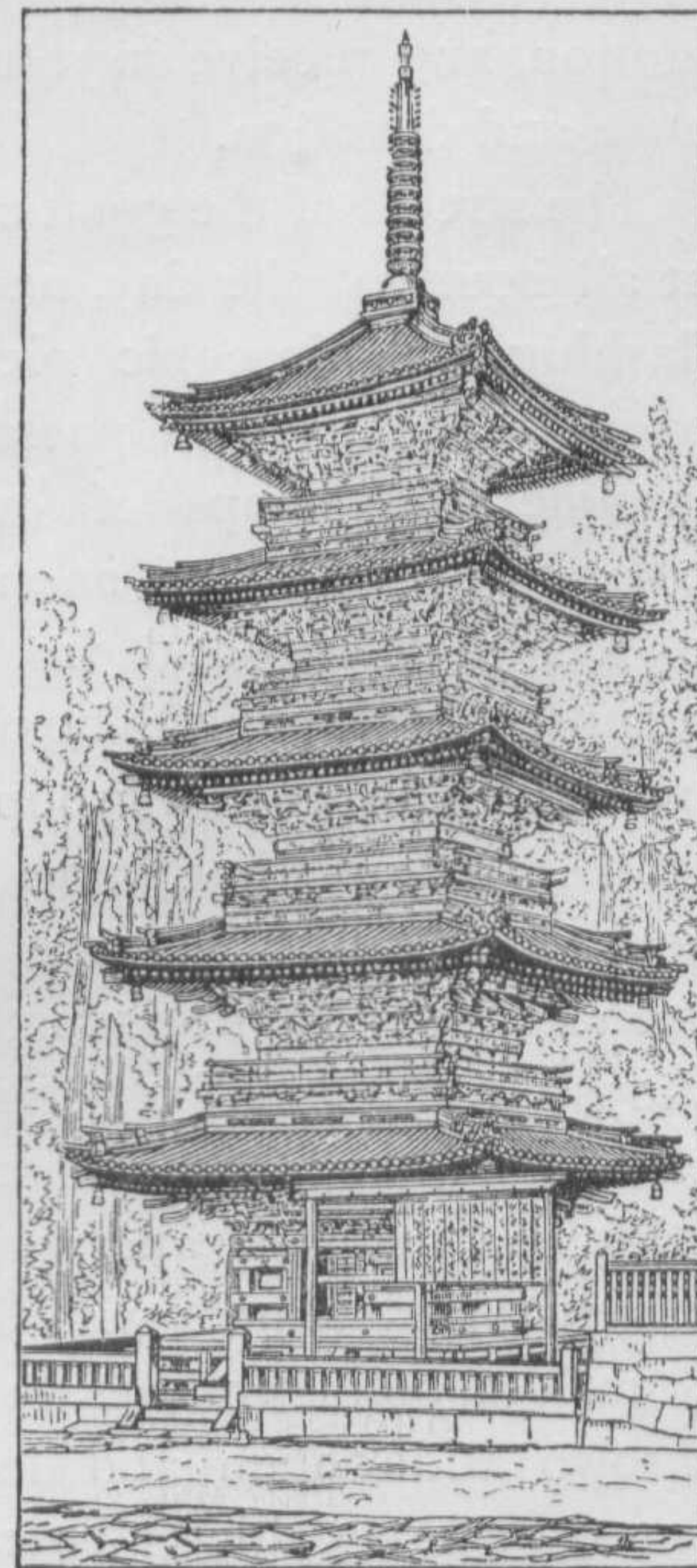
The language shows one striking affinity with that of the Turanian family — it possesses a complete dictionary of fine-sounding and extravagantly laudatory terms, appropriate only to royal and noble persons, and held too sacred for the use of ordinary people. The language is spoken with greater purity by the Japanese women than by the men. All that we know as yet, with regard to the language of the Ainōs, or aboriginals, is, that this ancient tongue is not now understood by the Japanese.

The more we study the varied annals of India, Persia, Phœnicia, Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, China, Thibet, Corea, Japan, the more are we struck with the truth of that old saying: "History repeats itself." The same causes produced the same results in Japan as in other parts of Asia and Europe.

The Japanese do not, like the Chinese, trace their origin to a Darwinian idea of evolution. Like the Hindoos, Persians and Jews, they claim to have been created by a Supreme Being; to be the offspring of two celestial persons, Izânâgi and Izanâmi. The emperors pretend to a direct descent from the beautiful sun-goddesses Amâterâsu and Isë. The sacred histories of Japan, ignoring the fact that the Ainōs were the aboriginal population of Japan, relate with much detail that just two thousand five hundred and forty-six years ago (660 B. C.) Jummi Tenno, the Son of Heaven, or first Mikado, began his reign. His immediate ancestors were created somehow or other in that refulgent orb, the sun, floated down to the earth, were deposited on a high mountain in the Dragon-Fly Land and furnished with the three insignia of their solar origin — the sacred metallic mirror which reflects their celestial birth (now pre-

served in one of the temples of Isë), the sword of retribution to enable them to punish evil doers (now treasured in the magnificent temples of Askasa), and the ball of crystal, emblem of eternity (in the possession of the present emperor). Thus from time long past the Mikado was held too sacred for ordinary mortals to approach. Only a few trusted individuals were allowed to see and converse with him. As for the government of his kingdom he was far too holy to attend to such sublunary affairs. Hence he gradually came to be regarded as a divine being, fit only to be enshrined and worshiped, while the princes aided by the empresses of Japan administered the affairs of the country.

Naturally the empresses became energetic and powerful rulers; the divinity of their lords and masters seems to have stimulated rather than to have blunted their zeal in promoting the material prosperity of their country. These royal women superintended the building of cities, bridges, temples, ships, and harbors; they reformed the ancient laws, started agricultural industries, patronized the manufacture of silk, cotton, and fine crêpe stuffs, and even caused good roads to be laid out where the foot of man had never trodden.



A JAPANESE TEMPLE.

Let us now glance at the modern Japanese. Their domestic life is as simple as their outdoor sports and amusements are rational and wholesome. The Japanese home is a model of neatness, convenience and economy. Even among the peasant class there is shown a love for beauty. The house is a wooden structure, low but spacious, abounding in rooms, corridors, and airy hall-ways, with floors of hard wood cov-

ered with fine mats. The walls are a series of sliding panels, on which are seen spirited paintings of Fuji San, and other symbolic or natural objects; these panels slide in and out, to and fro, and contract the interior into smaller, or widen it into larger apartments, according to the necessities of the family; the chief ornaments of the house are gold-lacquered cabinets which serve as toilette tables for the ladies, porcelain jars, bronze incense-burners, brasiers for heating the room, and beautiful paintings on silk, known as kakemonos. In the chief apartment is a small Shinto image where Isë the sun-goddess, and Maya, Buddha's mother, and the Indian saint himself, are placed to receive daily invocations, prayers, and offerings of flowers, wine and oil. Japanese parents treat their children with the utmost love and consideration, and receive in return unbounded reverence and devotion.

The streets of the great cities of Japan present at all hours of the day, and especially at night, flashing kaleidoscopic pictures. The houses, open to the gaze of passers-by, are hung with innumerable lamps of every size, form and color; and ever and anon the daintily-painted panels slide to and fro, revealing charming glimpses of Japanese home life: a father telling fairy stories to a group of boys and girls, a mother rocking her babe, Japanese ladies and gentlemen intent on some game or puzzle, children studying their lessons for the morrow. The shops are full of every variety of goods; the streets filled with musicians, dancers, jugglers, athletes, beggars and priests; while yonder many-storied temple with its myriad lamps and countless bells tinkling in the night breeze, is thrown wide open and invites the passer to enter and worship. There in the dusk and silence of its inmost shrine are seated immense images of the Buddha, while below, yellow-robed priests are chanting the unbroken service of the Buddhist liturgy. The people stop a moment to pray and to bestow an offering, and then return to the light and air of the street. Now there come rolling by jin-riki-shas or man-power carriages, with happy families seated within; the children, armed with long whips, amuse themselves by touching up the men as if they were veritable horses, and they

trot away with their fellow-men for burdens. Magnificently-dressed princes and high-born ladies are borne past in Japanese sedans on men's shoulders amid crowds as free, joyous, and orderly as are no other crowds in the world, save in the great free cities of the United States.

Hot and cold baths are held indispensable in the poorest household. The tub often stands outside near the front door; it is a huge wooden vessel having a small earthen furnace connected with it, and a lid covering the whole excepting a hole just large enough for the head of the bather to emerge through. When his work is over, a Japanese will fill his tub, light his furnace, step in and shut down the lid; his wife then stirs up the fire until it is red-hot. The bather sits calmly for an hour or more, his head peering out, his merry black eyes twinkling, his face growing redder while the water steams and bubbles almost at boiling temperature around him; and then he emerges, looking as much like a boiled lobster as a human being can, but gay and merry. Though devoted to the bath the poorer classes do not often change their outer apparel. Their padded winter garments are worn for successive seasons, and are often handed down from generation to generation without being cleansed or renovated, and must prove sources of disease to the wearer.

No Asiatic people give themselves up with the same degree of enthusiasm to out-door winter sports as the Japanese. As soon as the snow comes, men, women and children flock the streets, busily piling snow mountains, shaping quaint figures of gods and goddesses, Buddhas seated crossed-legged on huge lotus-flowers, actors, saints, pilgrims, or of some swaggering roystering "yaconin," those grotesque two-sworded, and voluminous-sleeved officers in the service of the Daimiyos; they build forts too, throw snow-balls, and fight mimic battles.

In the month of August is held the ideal festival of the flower of their faith. When the lotus-buds expand amid their parasol-like leaves the nation's heart is stirred. The lotus flower is to them the symbol of that nobler life to which they are hastening. The lakes and ponds attract thousands of worshipers, and every flower is as a sacred text written with

the finger of the Buddha. The emperor and empress with a gorgeous retinue visit the waters that encircle their palace grounds, while Buddhist priests, clothed in pure white, holding each a lily in his folded hand, march round the flower-starred lakes, and chant the mystic words: "*Om Manni Padmih Hom!*" Oh, Virtue, dew-drop-like-jewel in the heart of the Lotus Flower!" The chant at first is soft and low, but gradually it rises and swells, and the waves of melody float up over the flowers and waters and fill the air with tremulous music, while its whole spirit speaks of a longing toward purity.

On their "All Souls Day" is held the great Feast of Lanterns. Then the Dragon-Fly Land gleams with myriad lamps, its cities glow with many-colored illuminations, processions of flaming dragons and tortuous seven headed paper-serpents, lighted by means of lanterns concealed within, parade the streets; the harbors blaze with lights gleaming from ships of all sizes and every form; countless tiny boats with lanterns strung to their masts skim the surface of the waters in memory of all the souls lost at sea; the cemeteries are visited, illuminated, and furnished with costly foods for the enjoyment of the ancestral spirits who are expected to visit their last resting places on this day; and from every house in the land a red light gleams in memory of all the brave souls whose lives have ebbed away in the red tide of unnumbered battles.

Ever since the introduction of Buddhism into Japan education has been free to all, but prejudice and custom seem to have hitherto prevented the women of Japan from taking advantage of it. Nevertheless many of them have for long centuries distinguished themselves, not only in administering the state, but in the higher branches of art and literature. It was a court lady who dictated from memory, word for word, the "*Kojiki*, the sacred history of Japan," now preserved as one of the purest classics of Japanese literature. The poetess Yishiyama was so called from the poems she composed on the mountains of that

name. The tenth century, so justly celebrated as the great age of Japanese literature, is distinguished by the work of female authors and poets, whose names are preserved and quoted to-day with admiration; the grand college and normal school for girls at Tokio is filled at present with hard-working female students of all ranks and grades of society. The empress Haruka, with her court ladies, frequently visits these institutions during the hours of recitations, delighting in the rare advantages they afford to her sex, awarding prizes, and encouraging the pupils.

Colleges abound for Japanese young men; the most notable are the Scientific and Imperial Universities at Tokio; the Imperial College for Engineering, and several medical colleges; all have both native and European professors, and the latter with one voice extol the devotion to study shown by the Japanese students. To every college is attached an extensive library of native and foreign works; showing the thoroughness with which the Japanese have begun the work of culture.

We find these Asiatic Cousins of ours a most original people; isolated from the rest of the world and carrying out their own national life for centuries. But no people in the world are now greater travelers; young Japanese men visit and study, in all the great cities of Europe and America. At home they have telegraphs, railways, and even Pullman cars; their postal service is modelled on that of Europe, even to a Japanese farthing postal card; telephones connect their mercantile houses; iron-clads defend their coasts, magnificent lighthouses illuminate their rock-bound seas. Old superstitions are melting away; belief in witchcraft, sorcery, magic and enchantment is fading. The old Shinto or nature-worship is dead; only its ghost may be said to flit, spectre-like, among the shadows of the ancient shrines and temples. Buddhism and Christianity have a fair field of conquest before them. It is not difficult to forecast which must in the end triumph.

THE LAST YEARS OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

201. What name is sometimes applied to the emperor Julian, and why?

202. What emperor made Milan his seat of government?

203. What emperor reunited the Eastern and Western empires?

204. What emperor of the Western empire made Ravenna the seat of government?

205. Who was the chief enemy of both empires at this time?

206. What event happened to Rome in 410?

207. In whose reign did the Romans finally abandon Britain?

208. When was Rome pillaged by Genseric?

209. Who was the last emperor of Rome?

210. Who was the first King of Italy and when did his reign begin?

211. Who was the wife of Arcadius and what great preacher did she send into exile?

212. What emperor was entirely controlled by his wife who ruled for forty years, during part of which time her aunt practically governed the Western empire?

213. For what is Justinian I. noted? Name a famous general of his time.

214. What noted emperor defeated the Russians in Bulgaria about 970?

215. What empress poisoned her first husband, dethroned her third and had his eyes put out and reigned jointly with her fourth husband?

216. Who was emperor of the West at the time of the first crusade?

217. What event happened to Constantinople in 1204?

218. Where did the Western emperors in the rightful line have their seat of government?

219. When did the Genoese defeat the combined forces of Venice and the Western empire?

220. When was Constantinople taken by the Turks?

ANSWERS TO AUGUST SEARCH-QUESTIONS.*

161. To Numa.

162. To the Christians, to the persecution of whom he was always opposed.

163. Because his peaceful reign was succeeded by the turbulence and disaster which followed as the placid waters of Lake Erie are succeeded by the cataract of Niagara.

164. Galen.

165. Avidius Cassius, the prefect of Syria, declared himself emperor, but was slain by his own soldiers shortly after.

166. His persecution of the Christians.

167. Alfred the Great. See Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire*.

168. The Sarmatian war.

169. Commodus.

170. Eighty-six days.

171. The Pretorian guards offered the throne to the highest bidder, and Didius Julianus thus secured the rulership.

172. He regarded the Senate as a powerless assemblage and paid very little attention to its decrees.

173. At York, England.

174. Caracalla.

175. Heliogabalus.

176. Alexander Severus.

177. During the reign of Gallienus.

178. He built a wall about Rome twenty-one miles in extent.

179. Zenobia.

180. In the year 270.

* In connection with this division of the subject it is suggested that Watson's *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* should be read and also Walter Pater's *Marius*; the *Epicurean* and William Ware's *Zenobia*.



THE AUTHOR OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

WHEN by chance we hear the name of Elsinore what other name comes at once to our thoughts like an echo of the first? What name but Hamlet! With Verona are linked forever in our memories the names of Juliet and Romeo. Grand Pré and Acadie summon recollections of Evangeline and Gabriel. Westward of Chili, far out in the Pacific, lies an island visited by few but familiarly known the world over because along its sands and through its woods once roamed Robinson Crusoe. In the Indian Ocean lies another island, once owning allegiance to Holland, then to France, and now to England — the island of Mauritius or Isle de France, which is dear to hundreds of thousands of hearts simply because it was once the home of Paul and Virginia.

Yet none of these people had ever an actual existence. They never breathed our air, never lived and never died, but yet they are more real to us than nine tenths of the people we meet upon our daily walks, more real than those whose names crowd the pages of history. And they will be just as real, just as actual personalities far down the centuries to come as they are to us of the present one. They are part of our individual life and they are part of the world's life also.

Do you ask why this is so? Simply because these men and women stand for vital, enduring facts which the world recognizes as such. Every one perceives in the person of Hamlet the struggle that is eternally going on in souls that acknowledge a duty before them and who lack decision of character to perform it without hesitation. Robinson Crusoe and his adven-

tures represent the age-long struggle of man with circumstances. Disappointed and unhappy but ever-faithful love sees itself reflected in the story of the Veronese lovers, or those of Acadie, or of far-distant Mauritius. It is because these people of the imagination in one sense are in another sense not creatures of the imagination at all, but people of the past and of the future as well as of the present, in that they represent



JAQUES-HENRI-BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

some of the springs of action in human character, that they are so real to us. They do exist as truly as ever Queen Elizabeth or Cromwell did, and Elsinore, Grand Pré, Verona, Juan Fernandez and Mauritius are not more real than they.

In the *salon* of Madame Necker in Paris

there was gathered upon one occasion, one hundred years ago, a brilliant company of literary people to listen to the reading of a romance entitled *Paul and Virginia* by the author, one Jacques-Henri-Bernardin de St. Pierre. As the reading proceeded the attention of the listeners flagged, some of them whispered to each other and looked at their watches, those near the door stole out, and one or two either went to sleep or pretended to do so. Some of the ladies wept over the sorrowful conclusion, but as no word of praise was heard at the end of the reading they did not dare to confess that they had been interested. Who can blame the author if he left the *salon* in the deepest depression believing that his literary sentence-of-death had been pronounced?

He had up to this time published no book, but had for many years devoted himself to the preparation of a work called *Arcadia*, and it is from the materials gathered for this that *The Studies of Nature*, *Paul and Virginia* and *The Indian Cottage* were written. But the result of the reading at Madame Necker's was a blow to his literary ambition, and but for a fortunate accident *Paul and Virginia*, incomparably the best of his works, might never have seen the public eye.

Among the friends of St. Pierre was Horace Vernet, the celebrated artist. Visiting his friend one day in the humble quarters which St. Pierre then occupied, he found him sunk in despair, for the disastrous scene at Madame Necker's was never out of his mind. Vernet inquired the cause of his friend's grief, and when told asked to have the narrative read to him. That St. Pierre was loth to undertake a second reading of the unlucky manuscript can well be believed, but his reluctance yielded to the other's persistence, and he began. Vernet's mood of critical attention soon gave way to one of unrestrained delight, and when the reading was finished he rose and embraced his friend, exclaiming enthusiastically, "Happy genius! you have produced a *chef-d'œuvre*! My friend, you are a great painter and I dare promise you a splendid reputation."

The effect of this warm praise upon St. Pierre's drooping spirits was to give him confidence in his own powers. By and by he took

courage and printed his *Paul and Virginia* and became at once one of the foremost literary men of his time. He had been long in winning distinction, but it was substantial fame when it came at last. He was of respectable but not noble origin, and was born at Havre on January 19, 1737, so that when he became famous he was more than forty years old.

As a boy St. Pierre was noted for his affectionate, loving disposition and his fondness for animals. On one occasion his father pointed out to him the lofty towers of the cathedral of Rouen. The boy gazed earnestly upwards and his father, wishing to see how the sight would impress a child, asked what he thought of them. But Henri had eyes only for the swallows circling round the spires, and exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu! qu'elles volent haut!*" "How high they fly!" — a reply which seems greatly to have disappointed his father who looked for a very different response.

A prominent trait in his character was his impulse always to side with the oppressed, and any form of suffering roused his sympathies instantly. When he was very young he read with eager interest the *Lives of the Saints* and once concluded he would be a hermit like some of the saintly heroes of whom he had read. Accordingly he took a lunch with him into the woods, expecting as soon as his earthly sustenance was exhausted that angels would appear with further supplies. Evening came, but not the angels, and the arrival of his nurse who found him asleep at the foot of a tree cut short an experiment that might have sorely tested his faith.

Something of this same simplicity of faith that led him to make the attempt just narrated remained with him all his life. In a century dominated by scepticism, and amongst a people who held their religious beliefs very lightly, he was conspicuous for the depth and sincerity of his faith. But his faith was of the heart and not of the head; it was founded upon sentiment and not upon reflection. This simplicity and singleness of intent, however admirable in itself, led him into a maze of contradictions and absurdities when he attempted to explain the purposes of natural phenomena. He asks in one place in his *Etudes de la Nature*:

"Why do some trees shed their leaves and others do not? It is difficult to explain the cause but easy to recognize the purpose. If the birch and the larch of the north cast their leaves at the approach of winter, it is to furnish a bedding for the beasts of the forests; and if the cone-like fir-tree preserves its foliage all the year, it is to furnish the same beasts with shelter amid the snows."

Regarding this extraordinary statement, a critic says :

"Shelter and bedding at once, it is evident, would have been too good for these poor animals; so it is arranged that their bedding shall be under bare trees, and shall all be covered up by snow, when the time comes for them to fly to the hospitable shelter of the evergreens. Again he tells us that the reason why cocoanuts grow on high trees is that by the noise of their fall they may attract the animals whom they furnish with food. It apparently did not occur to him that the coconut on the ground was quite as visible an object as the acorn, which also serves various animals for food, and yet falls without noise. . . It makes no difference to M. de St. Pierre how many different constructions any established order of things may be capable of bearing, so long as there is one out of them all that suits his purpose is quite enough to prove that it alone is the true interpretation of the phenomena. Thus, on the same page, he tells with admiration how some trees are so fenced round with thorns that the birds who lodge in them are protected from all attacks from below, and how other trees, that are fenced round in the same way, have long rope-like growths depending from their branches, so that monkeys and other animals that devour birds' eggs can climb up and take the citadel by surprise. So whether the birds escape their adversaries, or whether they fall a prey to them, there is equal reason to admire the wonderful designs of the Creator, who is now on the side of the birds and now on that of the monkeys."

The unscientific temper of his mind and the inability to see more than one aspect of the case at a time of course renders his conclusions of little value in many instances; but his disposition to see good in everything, though carried by him to illogical extremes, had its root in the best principles of human nature, and was as conspicuous in his childhood as in his later years.

At the age of twelve he read *Robinson Crusoe* and was immediately filled with a wild desire to have an island of his own and establish a society. As years went on this desire deepened. At the Jesuit college in Caen, at Martinique, where he went with his uncle, as a lieutenant in Germany, and at Malta, the notion was still in his mind and at the age of twenty-six he set out

for Russia to ask Catherine II. for a grant of land near the Caspian Sea where he might carry out his theories. But as might have been expected he received no encouragement at the Russian Court and the project which had been so long cherished was at length reluctantly abandoned.

At the age of thirty he returned to France, and after the lapse of a year was offered the position of engineer to an expedition to the Isle of France, and Madagascar, which he accepted. Always ready to believe the best of those with whom he came in contact St. Pierre gave a ready ear to those who told him that now he would have the chance to carry out his benevolent theories in founding a community in Madagascar. Hardly had the expedition sailed when he ascertained that it was practically a slave-hunting affair and the people concerned in it very far from being those upon whose assistance he could count. The disappointment was a severe one, but the effects were lasting; he indulged in no more dreams of founding Utopias. He left his uncongenial companions when he reached the Isle of France and remained there a resident of the island for more than two years. During this time he devoted himself to the study of natural history, and possibly the outlines of the story of *Paul and Virginia* were shaping themselves in his mind during that time. Some of the results of his life here were made public on his return to his native country in his book called *Voyage to the Isle of France*. It met with some attention, and the *Etudes de la Nature* was even better received; but as before stated it was the publication of *Paul and Virginia* which made him famous. The world at once reversed the contemptuous judgment which the frequenters of the Necker *salon* had passed upon the tale, and at the end of a century its verdict remains practically unchanged.

A striking instance of St. Pierre's independence of character was shown in 1798 when at a meeting of the Moral Science department of the *Institut* he appended to a report which he read before it a strong avowal of his own belief in God. Hardly had the assembly become aware of his line of argument when the members burst forth with exclamations of rage and

derision. Nearly all his hearers were atheists, and his words at once aroused the most vehement opposition. They scoffed at his age, ridiculed what they called his superstition, and some even challenged him to a duel. Vainly St. Pierre endeavored to make himself heard, and at last when one of the members cried out "I swear there is no God and I demand that his name never again be pronounced within these walls!" he retired from the disorderly assembly. As to the fitness of time and place for making his avowal, there is room for difference of opinion; but in regard to his courage and independence in so doing there can be no question.

If St. Pierre's earlier years were full of vicissitudes and anxieties, the latter half of his life was peaceful and happy. Rather late in life he married M^{lle} Didot and became the father of two children whom he named Paul and Virginia. To them he thus tenderly refers in his *Harmories of Nature*:

"When I was unmarried and when I published the first volume of my *Studies of Nature*, I said in that work, without suspecting that there would be any truth in my prophecy, that 'the next generation would in some respect belong to me.' This was meant to apply only to those improvements in education with which I was then occupied; but I have had my wishes fulfilled in other respects, for I can hardly go into a public walk without hearing mothers or nurses, brothers or sisters, call children by the name of Paul and Virginia. I often turn unconsciously around and imagine for the moment that these

are my children, for I also have a Virginia and a Paul, who form a crown of roses for my gray hairs. I embrace accordingly the opportunity of using their names with the greater pleasure, as it will enable me to exhibit a sketch of their opening dispositions. My Virginia is now five years old, and will soon become capable of understanding such lessons; my Paul is an infant scarcely twelve months old, but he discovers the mildest disposition, and the warmest affection for his little sister."

Some time after the death of the mother of his children, St. Pierre married again and this second marriage appears to have been as fortunate as the first. The last years of his life seem indeed to have been exceptionally happy. His young wife was devoted to him, in his children he took constant delight, and the income from his works, to which a Government pension was now added, enabled him to live at ease and minister to the wants of others. The vexations and trials of his youth were now far in the past and his old age was a calm and peaceful one. He had just passed his seventy-eighth birthday when on the twenty-first of January, 1814, his serene old age was merged into another life.

We may smile at his early follies, his absurdities, his simplicities, but it is a kindly smile, a smile where no trace of a sneer can linger. All his long life he retained a childlike singleness of temper and gentleness and when the final summons came, "Lo! he whose heart was even as a little child's, answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master."

Y^E KNIGHTLY GAME OF CHESS.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

THE trouble with chess, that most ancient, beautiful, thoughtful and fascinating of games, is, according to the uninformed, that it takes forever to finish a game, and that it requires unusual intelligence to learn to play.

Neither is true.

A game of chess may be protracted as long as desired, but so may whist, for instance. On

the other hand, a game of chess may be completed in two moves, occupying less than ten seconds, and I know of no other game that can be ended in so short a time.

An average game requires perhaps half an hour, or about one quarter as much as a game of base-ball. It is not the best players who grow gray between moves. Captain Mackenzie,

except when engaged in an important match, usually moves within thirty seconds after his adversary relinquishes his piece.

As to the difficulty of learning the game, you may judge for yourselves after reading the remainder of this article.

You know the board — an ordinary checker board. The “men” stand on each side of the board, at the beginning of a game, as in *Fig. 1*.

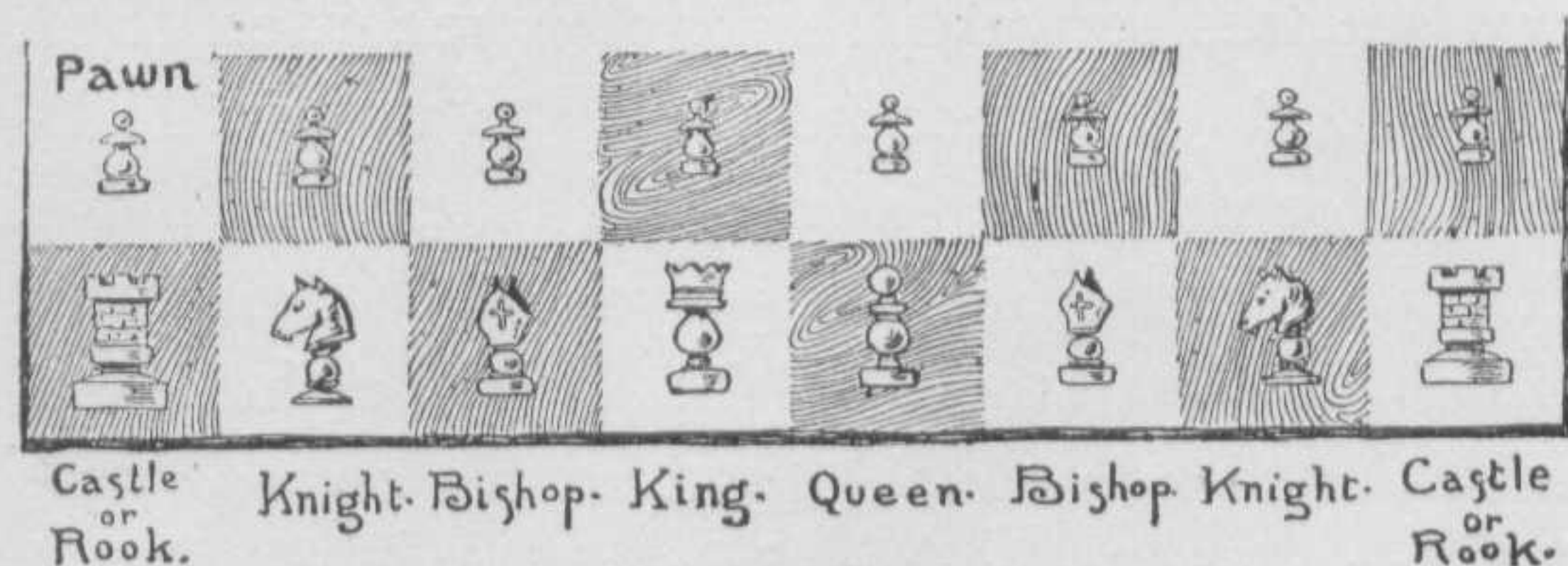


Fig. 1.

These names are self-explanatory, and suggestive of days of chivalry, with two exceptions: “pawn” is a corruption of a French word meaning “foot-soldier,” and “rook” is derived from an oriental word meaning “war-chariot,” and dates from a period when European chivalry was unknown.

The board is set with a white square at the right-hand corner. The positions of the pieces may easily be remembered, by considering that the castles, as towers of defense, naturally occupy the four corners of the field. Then the knights, as in days of old, come prancing up to the castles, attended by the bishops, and together with them flanking their royal majesties, the king and queen. Of the two central squares, the queen stands on the one nearest her own color.

Whether by original intention or not, the shapes of the various figures indicate their peculiar movements.

You will observe that the castles have square openings in their parapets, and are generally of a rectangular construction. This will remind you that their movements are in straight lines, parallel to the sides of the board. They can move forward or backward, to right or left, and, if the line is unoccupied by other pieces, they may be moved as far as you choose.

The bishops have oblique cuts in their tops, and, accordingly, their movement is oblique, forward or backward, and unlimited in extent. A bishop, therefore, never passes from a white to a black square.

The queen has a round head (in the standard ivory or wooden chess-men, as shown in the cut) and this suggests the universal character of her movements. She may move, in straight lines, in any direction, and as far as she has any unimpeded course.

The round head of the king shows that, like the queen, he, too, may move in any direction; but his head is surrounded by small notches, like the cogs on a wheel, and this reminds us that his majesty can go only one square at a single move.

The knights have a bent outline, in conformity to which their move is a bent move; i. e. one square straight in any direction, and then, in the same move, one square obliquely. In other words, wherever you can form six of the squares on the board into a parallelogram, like *Figs. 2* or *3*, the movement of the knight is from one corner square, as *A*, to the diagonally opposite corner square, *B*, or *vice versa*. Of course it could equally well move from *C* to *D*, or from *D* to *C*. The fact of the knight being figured by a horse, also indicates that, as horses are excellent jumpers, so the knight has the unique power of leaping to his proper square over whatever pieces, either friendly or hostile, may intervene. Thus if both *E* and *F* in the accompanying diagrams were occupied by other pieces, it would be no bar to the progress of the knight from *A* to *B*.

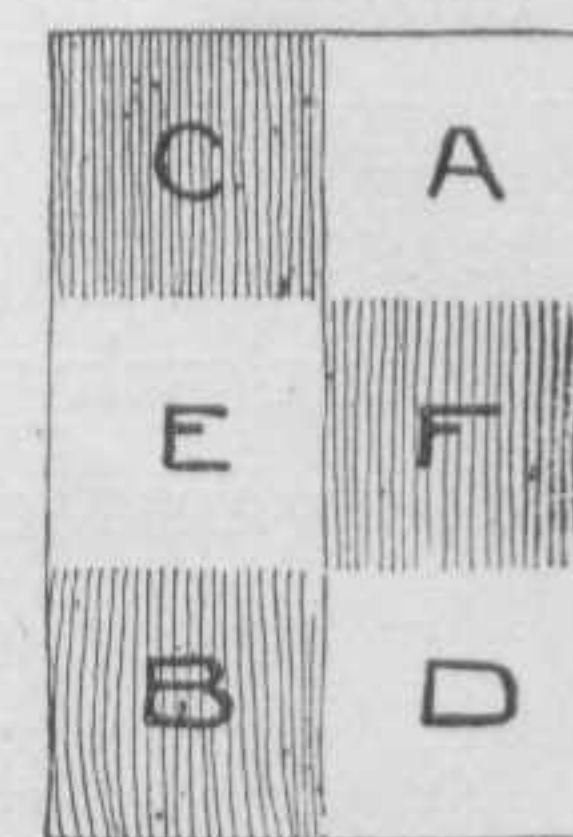


Fig. 2.

The pawns, at their first move, may move either one or two squares directly forward. After their first move, their march is limited to one square directly forward. There is, however, this important exception: In order to capture an adverse piece, a pawn may, and must, move one square diagonally forward instead of straight.

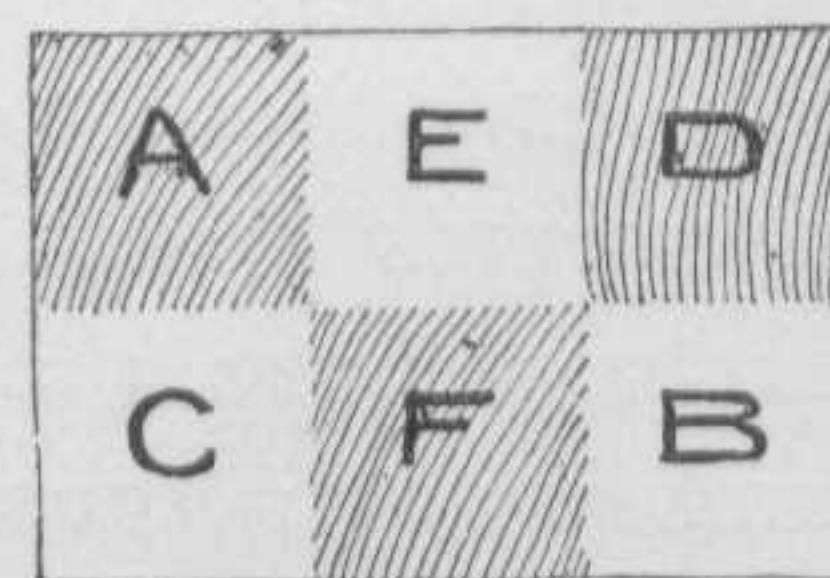


Fig. 3.

The names, positions, and principal movements of the pieces are thus easily learned.

If a hostile piece is within range of any of your men, you may capture it, if you choose, by removing it from the board, and placing your own piece on the square on which the captive

stood. You do not jump over to the square beyond, as in checkers, nor can you take more than one piece at a single move. One piece, however, is always free from the possibility of capture :

The king can never be taken.

It is said that, in a certain battle, an English soldier dashed through the guard, and seizing the bridle of the French monarch, called to his comrades, "Come on, boys, I've captured the king!" Upon this the king, rising in his stirrups, smote off the soldier's head with his sword, exclaiming—"Dost thou not know that in chess the king can never be taken?"

Whenever you find your opponent's king in such a position, that, but for this special rule, he could be taken, you are obliged to give warning of the danger by crying, "check," which is a corruption of an Eastern word, meaning, as, indeed, the word "chess" means, "king." It then becomes the duty of your antagonist to remove his king from the line of your attack. Whenever you can succeed in so hemming in the adverse king, that, being in check, there is no means of escape, you say "check-mate!" (anciently in Persia, "*shah mât*") which is being interpreted, "The king is dead!" This ends the game in your favor. From this it becomes evident why the game is called "chess," or "the game of the king."

In order that our readers may be able to follow on their own boards the games frequently reported by the papers, I offer an explanation of the simple method of notation used in this country. Referring to the first diagram, the squares on which the pieces stand at the opening of the game are named from the pieces, king's square, queen's square, etc. To distinguish the castles, knights and bishops, those to the right of the king are called king's knight, king's bishop, and king's rook; and those to the left of the queen, are the queen's knight, etc. The squares in the next row have the same names, but each is number two; thus king's rook's second square, king's knight's second square, etc. Succeeding rows are named and numbered on the same plan. Each player counts forward from his own king-row. Thus the square which is white's king's fourth, is black's king's fifth; and if black's move is

recorded as "queen to queen's sixth square," it means the sixth counting from the black side forward. The pawns are named from the pieces in front of which they severally stand. Thus the pawn in front of the queen's rook, is the queen's rook's pawn.

The figures on the first row are called pieces in distinction from the pawns. If now the first player moves the pawn in front of his king two squares forward, this fact is recorded thus: "P-K 4." It is not necessary to write "K P-K 4," for no other pawn could make that move. If later in the game one player takes the knight which at first stood at the king's right hand, with the bishop which stood at his own queen's left, and at the same time threatened with it the adverse king—this is all comprehended in the terse expression: "Q B×K Kt ch.," which is read "queen's bishop takes king's knight, 'check.'"

Before giving one or two illustrative games, there are two exceptional moves that require explanation. The first is called "castling." It may be made once by each player in each game, under proper conditions. The move is a double move, and consists in moving the king two squares either to right or left, and placing the castle toward which it is moved on the square passed over by the king. *Fig. 4* represents the white king and castle in position after "castling" on the king's side.

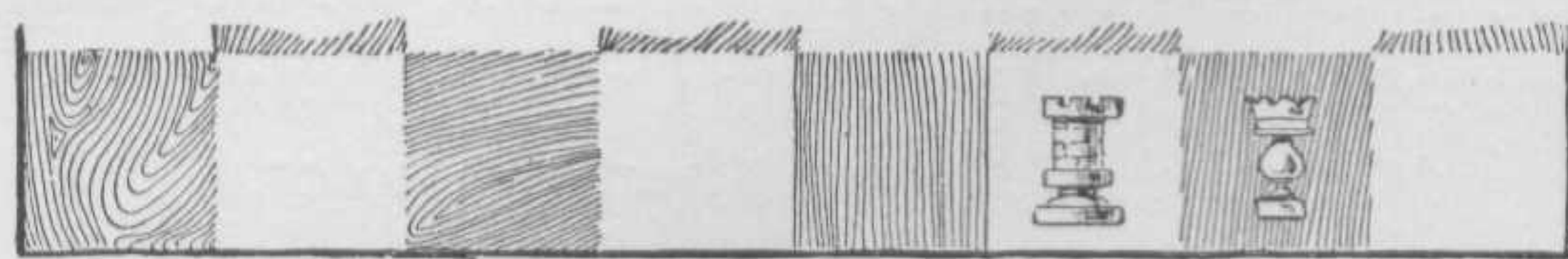


Fig. 4.

Castling is prohibited: *First*, if either the king or the castle has been previously moved; *second*, if the king is in check; *third*, if a hostile piece attacks either the square to which the king wishes to move, or the square he must pass over in order to reach it; *fourth*, if any of the squares between the king and rook are occupied.

The second exceptional move is the capture of a pawn *en passant*, or in passing. You remember that each pawn for its first move is allowed the option of one or two squares. Suppose, now, that by moving only one square your pawn would be placed in such a position that an adverse

pawn could capture it. You are not allowed to escape such capture by moving it two squares; but even if you do move it two squares, your adversary has the option at his next move (not later) of taking it with his pawn (no other piece) as if you had moved it only one square. This is perhaps the most difficult move for the beginner to remember in actual play.

A highly important privilege of the pawns remains to be noted: whenever a pawn reaches the opposite "king-row" it may be exchanged for a queen or any other piece its player chooses. Thus if you get eight pawns in, you may have, if you wish, a queen for each of them. This is called "queening a pawn."

I will now present one or two short games by way of illustration; and first the game finished in two moves on each side, to which reference has already been made. It results in what is known as

THE FOOL'S MATE.

(White.)	(Black.)
(1.) P-K B 3	(1.) P-K 4
(2.) P-K Kt 4	(2.) Q-R 5, <i>Mate.</i>

Almost as sudden is

THE SCHOLAR'S MATE.

(White.)	(Black.)
(1.) P-K 4	(1.) P-K 4
(2.) B-Q B 4	(2.) B-K B 4
(3.) Q-K R 5	(3.) Kt-K B 3
(4.) Q×B P, <i>Mate.</i>	

Here the king cannot take the queen because she is "guarded" by the bishop. Here is a very pretty mate in seven moves:

(White.)	(Black.)
(1.) P-K 4	(1.) P-K 4
(2.) P-B 4	(2.) P-Q 3
(3.) Kt-Q B 3	(3.) Kt-K B 3
(4.) Kt-K B 3	(4.) B-K Kt 5
(5.) Kt×P	(5.) B×Q
(6.) B×P, <i>check.</i>	(6.) K-K 2
(7.) Q Kt-Q 5, <i>Mate!</i>	

The giving up of the queen by white's fifth move is called a "sacrifice." Of course black should not have taken it, but should rather have captured the knight with his queen's pawn.

The last shall be a lively encounter between Captain Mackenzie and an amateur.

(White. Amateur.)	(Black. Capt. Mackenzie.)
(1.) P-K 4	(1.) P-K 4
(2.) K Kt-B 3	(2.) Q Kt-B 3
(3.) K B-B 4	(3.) K Kt-B 3
(4.) K Kt-K Kt 5	(4.) P-Q 4
(5.) K P×P	(5.) Q Kt-R 4
(6.) K B-Kt 5, <i>ch.</i>	(6.) P-Q B 3
(7.) Q 2d P×P	(7.) Kt P×P
(8.) K B-R 4	(8.) P-K R 3
(9.) K Kt-B 3	(9.) P-K 5
(10.) Q K 2	(10.) K B-B 4
(11.) Castles	(11.) Castles
(12.) K Kt-K 5	(12.) Q-Q 4
(13.) Kt×Q B P	(13.) Q Kt×Kt
(14.) Q Kt-B 3	(14.) Q-K 4
(15.) K B×Kt 3	(15.) Q B-Kt 5
(16.) Q-K sq.	(16.) B-K B 6
(17.) K B×R	(17.) K B-Q 3
(18.) P-K Kt 3	(18.) Q-K R 4
(19.) P-K R 4	

and Black announces "mate" in three moves. To do this will be an instructive problem for the amateur.

From an attentive consideration of these simple games it becomes evident that the game centres in the king. To strip him of defenders, gradually hem him in, and finally effect "check mate," is the purpose to be kept constantly in mind. The better to accomplish this the learner should observe the following maxims:

I. Play with the best possible players, accepting all the odds they will give.

II. Play always the "strict" game: i. e. always move a piece if you touch it, and never take back a move, or allow your adversary to.

III. Play very few games at a sitting.

IV. Look at each piece before you move to see whether it is attacked.

V. Picture to yourself the way the board will look after you shall have made the move in mind.

VI. Play on the supposition that your adversary will make the best possible move in reply. Do not reckon on his "not seeing what you are up to."

VII. Try to forecast the result of at least three moves ahead on each side; more if possible.

Such suggestions might easily be multiplied indefinitely; but these must suffice. There are

certain well-defined methods of beginning the game, called "openings," and "gambits"; and there are many instances of established forms of finishing a game when the number of pieces has been reduced to very few, called "Game Endings." These you will do well to study carefully from *Staunton's Handbook*, or some other standard manual, in which you will also find a large selection of illustrative games. One of the most fascinating books on chess is the little

volume by Hazeltine, called *Brevity and Brilliancy at Chess*.

The language of Cicero concerning literary pursuits may without great impropriety be applied also to the knightly game of Chess — "the food of youth, the delight of age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and solace of adversity; a delight at home, and no hinderance abroad; a companion by night, and in travel, and in the country."

SUNGEI PAGU MALAYU: THE GOLD-BEARING LANDS.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

WE come now to an interesting group of our Asiatic Cousins, the Malays, Cochinese, Burmese, Cambodians and Siamese.

A glance at the map is sufficient to show us how these nations came to possess the countries where we now find them.

In that almost ceaseless onward march of the Aryan invaders, company after company must have sailed down the Ganges and the Brahmapootra, entered the Bay of Bengal, crossed and reached coasts where nature lays on all her colors with rich tones, where the palm comes down to meet the sea, and the air is full of melody, and where among its mineral treasures the finest tin, silver, gold, and no end of precious stones abound — the Aurea Chersonesus, or Golden Peninsula, of the ancients; among its forests are found the gutta percha, the camphor-tree, ebony and the exquisite Nipa palm; with those delicious fruits the durion and mangosteen, and no less than two hundred different kinds of rice; sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco, the tall slender areca palm, the wild climbing indigo, magnificent branching ferns, and glowing orchids, and where the nutmeg, clove, cinnamon and cardamon grow. In the depths of its forest wanders the white elephant, overhead among its branches the white monkey, also an albino like

the white elephant, chatters and screams the livelong day; in its dense jungle grass stalks the beautiful penciled pheasant, the gorgeous bird-of-paradise, ruby-throated humming-birds, the dial bird, the rainbow-hued kingfisher, and huge butterflies of exquisite forms and colors; in its surrounding waters the famous mermaid is found whose Malay name, Dieyong or Deceiver, is corrupted in Natural Histories to Dugong.

These early Aryan invaders were soon followed by ever-restless hordes of Turanian nomads. Then again, about the third century B. C., large numbers of Buddhists, fleeing from their Brahman persecutors, took refuge in the northern and middle portions of the Golden Peninsula, and by their higher life and nobler religion so influenced all ranks and classes, that Buddhism became the religion of the land, and remained for fifteen centuries the dominant faith.

About the twelfth century of our era, the all-conquering Arab, with the flashing scimitar in hand and the cry, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!" on his fiery lips, appeared on the scene. Taking possession of several outlying islands and the best portions of the mainland, he called it Sungei Pagu Malayu, the Golden Lands of the Malays.

The most remarkable fact connected with this Semitic conquest is that the Arab — with his great physical prowess, his fiery imagination, his fanatical energy, his utter disregard for his own and his neighbor's life and his unshaken faith in a divine Providence — filled the minds of the savages, the semi-civilized Buddhists, and the Hindoos, with such awe that the teachings of the Moslem prophet triumphed not only over Buddhism and Brahmanism, but were accepted among the most savage islanders, where no other form of religion had ever before found favor.

This beautiful land, although known to the ancients as the Aurea Chersonesus, and described by the ancient Romans as the Regio Latrionum or Land of Pirates, possesses little historical record.

According to native writers the first permanent Arabian settlement was made at Singapoer or the Lion's City, about A. D. 1250 by a conquering people calling themselves Malayu. The city of Malacca was next founded on the southwest coast of the main land, whence they spread over different parts of the country, establishing everywhere purely piratical states, robbing, plundering, and converting at the point of the sword to Mohammedanism all the seafaring people of the adjacent isles.

This supremacy received a check in the advent of the great Albuquerque, the "Portuguese Mars," who reduced these piratical Malays to subjection, and held the city of Malacca until he had established the Portuguese power in the east.

From this time, 1511, these piratical states, opposed by the greatest naval power on one side and the Siamese on the other, remained much in the same condition, carrying on to the best of their ability plunder and rapine by land and sea, until in A. D. 1641 they were forced to yield to the Dutch, who, in their turn, gave way in A. D. 1795 to the English; and ever since the beautiful islands of Singapoer and Penang have been the great entrepôt of all the commerce of the east and the west.

The Malays are divided into three classes: Orang Benna, Men of the Soil; Orang Laut, Men of the Sea; Orang Malayu, The True Malay.

The Orang Benna are really the converted savages of the islands. The Orang Laut are the reckless daring sea-gypsies of the archipelago, who still live by plundering the junks and small craft that trade between these inland seas. The Orang Malayu, or Men of Habita-



SOME MALAY NATIVES.

tions, are of purer Semitic stock than the two others, and far surpass them in civilization.

The Malay race has long been looked upon by ethnologists as an entirely independent division of the human family. But later research proves them a mixed race, related on the one hand to the Turanian, and on the other to the Semitic and Aryan races.

The pure Malay is of medium height, of a clear olive complexion, with a short round head, high cheek bones, slightly oblique eyes, small but not flat nose, dilated nostrils, large, well-shaped mouth, fine teeth, and handsome hands and feet. There are, however, some few tribes of the pure Malay stock, such as the Baltas, and Orang Kabu of Sumatra and Java, who are tall, robust, with fine regular features, symmetrical figures, clear light brown complexions, and fine wavy hair, thus showing a larger mixture of Aryan blood and they are therefore called the Indonesian races.

The pure Malay is by nature taciturn, little given to demonstrations of pleasure or pain, extremely courteous, exhibiting almost a romantic sense of chivalry and devotion towards their women and children, and great tenderness to their servants and domestic animals.

Slow to speak, and deliberate in action, a Malay is never too much elated by good fortune or too much depressed by bad luck; but when once roused he is capable of tremendous heights and depths of passion. Love, hatred, revenge, or pity, will stir him to such a degree that he seems suddenly as if possessed by some evil spirit, and so peculiar is its manifestation, that they call it *amök*, delirium. Under its influence a Malay acts like an infuriated monster; he rushes through the streets armed with his dangerous kris, to cut down and kill with incredible fury and without the least discrimination, whoever happens to cross his path. Strange to say, this fearful condition of mind is regarded with superstitious reverence as a divine madness inspired by Allah himself.

The Malay language, like the race, shows distinct traces of Mongolian, Aryan, and Semitic influence. In ancient times, it was written in the old Cambodian characters, and all the words used for trade, agriculture, social and religious rites, were borrowed from the Sanskrit. But after the Malay conquest, the Cambodian characters, introduced into the country by the early Buddhist missionaries, fell into disuse, while the Perso-Arabic alphabet and the Koran were adopted; and the introduction of vast numbers of Persian and Arabic words, with the literature of Arabia, have so enriched the Malay language, that it is now called the Italian of the East.

The manners and customs of the Malay races are curious. The educated among them conform more and more to the teachings of the great Bedouin prophet Mohammed; the husband enters the wife's family, and is called not by his father's name, but after that of his first-born child; and there is none other of our Asiatic Cousins who guard the family honor and good name with such jealous care.

The strangest of all the Indo-Chinese races, the ancient Gioa-Chi or Big-Toed Race is called in our geographies "The Anamese." This extraordinary people are about the ugliest and worst-built of all our semi-civilized Asiatic Cousins. They are much shorter than the Malays, darker skinned, with lower foreheads, less developed skull, a flatter nose, larger mouth, thicker lips, blackened teeth, gums often destroyed by the use of betel-nut, very prominent cheek and jaw bones, so that the face is lozenge shaped, short neck, shoulders sloping abruptly, and a see-sawing sort of gait when walking. But the most curious development of all is the big toe. It is very large, broad and flat; moreover the distance between that member of the foot and the other toes is so great that the Chinese so long ago as 2357 B. C. gave them the name of Giao-Chi or the Big-Toed Race.

This curious physical formation is such that it quite marks them from all other Asiatic peoples who walk barefooted; and strange to say, that though more than forty centuries have passed since this peculiarity was first noticed by Chinese travelers, and in spite of frequent intermarriages with other races, the Anamese have transmitted, without the least perceptible modification, this formation of the foot to their descendants to-day; which fact, according to some ethnologists, serves to prove that the Anamese are not descended from the mingling of indigenous races, but rather that they have existed for an immense period of time as a distinct and peculiar race.

However this may be, in a funny old Siamese legend, the origin of the Anamese race is attributed to the prayer of a pious Buddhist missionary, the sole survivor of a shipwrecked crew, who, finding himself cast on the beautiful coast of Anam, with no living creature in sight save

multitudinous flocks of wild geese, prayed the Addhi Karmâ, or First Cause, to change these wild geese into human beings, so that he might instruct them in the doctrines of the Buddha. Then and there the flocks swooped down at the feet of the suppliant, and were, in the twinkling of an eye, transformed into crowds of men, women and children, without a vestige of their former condition as web-footed creatures save the broad flat distended big-toe.

The Anamese are by nature an extremely indolent people, fond of ease, almost incapable of any deep emotions, and prone to all kinds of deceit and theft. They have great powers of mimicry and their chief delight is to mock, banter, and play off on one another the most startling practical jokes. Owing to their remarkable mimetic powers, they learn with wonderful facility, but are apt to forget as easily. They pay great respect to their parents, ancestors and superiors, and are devotedly attached to their native soil. It is the one deep feeling manifested by all alike, king, peasant and slave, and an Anamese has been known to pine and die from pure homesickness.

The Malays call them Orang Haram, or Unlawful Men, owing to their strange habits of feeding. They will eat fish, pork, frogs, snakes, cats, dogs, rats, tree worms, crocodiles and all kinds of roots and herbs. Their domestic life is of the simplest kind. There is little taste displayed in their houses, buildings or manufactures. But nature is very bountiful in Anam,

and plants, grains and vegetables require very little help from the hand of man.

Buddhism and Roman Catholicism are the two great religions of Anam; but they are engrafted on the lowest forms of paganism. The worship of the python is everywhere practiced among the people, while the princes, nobles and more educated of the Anamese profess the higher and more moral doctrines of the great Chinese sage Confucius; and like the Chinese they bury their dead, and worship the manes of their ancestors.

The language of Anam appears to be a very ancient dialect of the Turanian family. It is composed of purely monosyllabic words, slightly varied by what may be called "tone"; thus the same word with a rising, falling, middle, acute or grave tone or accent, may be made to express entirely different objects or ideas.

It is nearly a century since the first treaty of alliance was signed between France and Anam. But instead of securing good will between these two nations, the alliance seems to have given birth to no end of strife, until finding that they could no longer withstand the higher discipline and military skill of the French soldiers, the Anamese signed, in 1874, a new treaty of peace, which has opened to the commerce of the world, two of the most important ports in Cochin-China, the freedom of travel throughout the length and breadth of the land, and perfect religious toleration to Hindoo, Buddhist, Fire-worshiper, Jew, Mohammedan and Christian alike.

CONCERNING CATS.

BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

WHY does not some one write a "Vindication of Cats"? Essays and arguments going to prove the sagacity and intelligence of dogs are abundant enough; and stories illustrating these traits in our canine friends are almost daily subjects for conversation. But nobody seems to think it worth while to attempt to disprove the maligned character of the cat.

Even people who think they love pussies join in the general opinion that cats are not sagacious or in any degree intelligent, and, worse still, that they are capable of no affection.

To be sure, there have been several books written about cats. Gordon Staples, an Englishman, wrote one some years ago about *The Domestic Cat*; and Jules Champfleury and Theophile

Gautier, two eminent French writers, have furnished such able defenses of the cat that nobody in France ought to be guilty of believing that cats are selfish, cold-blooded or cruel. But translations of their works do not abound in the juvenile literature of America, and probably few of our young people are familiar with M. Champfleury's ideal cat-character, or yet with Gautier's amusing accounts of the successive reigns of his cats, which he compares to the old Egyptian dynasties, telling us about the "white dynasty" and the "black dynasty," referring, of course, to the color of his quondam favorites.

In ancient Egypt the cat was considered almost sacred. According to Horapollo the cat was actually worshiped in the temple of Heliopolis as sacred to the sun, and he gives as a reason for such reverence the belief that the cat's eyes were regulated in their dilation by the height of the sun-god above the earth.

In ancient Egyptian pictures we find cats represented, too, as being fond of hunting not only for what we consider their legitimate prey, but going into the water and catching fish for sportsmen. Surely pussy was not quite so particular in those days about wetting her feet as she is now! As the cat is mentioned in records dating back sixteen hundred years before the Christian era, she has certainly had time to develop a good many traits of character since Egyptian hieroglyphics were first invented.

Plutarch, in his treatise on Isis and Osiris, says the female cat is an emblem of the moon, adding that her eyes "do enlarge and grow full at full moon, and diminish at the decline of the same." Some naturalists have said that cats have greater strength and more desire to wage war upon mice at the moon's full than at any other time.

The old reverence for cats seems to have lived a good while, and A. D. 1260 the Sultan of Egypt established "orchards" near his mosque at Cairo, the rental of which went for the support of homeless cats. These orchards he bequeathed to the cats of succeeding ages, and it is said to be an actual fact that, although they have been sold and resold, and become degenerated enough during the intervening ages, these orchards yield an income now of fifteen dollars a

year, which sum is appropriated for the comfort of vagrant cats. One traveler who has a name for veracity tells us that in Cairo the hours between noon and sunset are given to prayer—and to the feeding of stray cats! Refuse meat is obtained from the slaughter houses, chopped fine, and distributed in the outer court of the Meh kémeh, when crowds of cats of all colors, sizes and degrees, come sliding, jumping, leaping, gliding and running into the court for their dinner.

Cairo is not, however, the only city which keeps up this custom, as the same thing is done in certain portions of Switzerland, and at a cloister in Florence, which is a sort of Home for neglected cats.

It was during the Middle Ages that cats fell into disrepute, and for several centuries we find no mention made of them in old documents, except in a slighting or superstitious tone. They were looked upon in the Dark Ages as diabolic creatures, fit only for the company of witches. They were burned with sorcerers, and sometimes with savants. Just why they were considered especial adjuncts of witches, when the Bible particularly classifies "dogs and sorcerers" together, is not easily understood. Neither can we reconcile the old belief that the devil borrowed the coat and form of the black cat when he especially wanted to torment his victims—a superstition that is held even now by some ignorant people—with the common saying that "A black cat brings good luck."

Humanity did not come to the rescue of the cat and bring her out from the shadow of ignominy that hung over her in mediæval times until A. D. 1618. At that time an interdict was issued in Flanders, prohibiting the ceremony of throwing cats from the high tower of Ypres, a festive act peculiar to Wednesday in the second week of Lent for many years.

After that, civilized people began to realize the virtues of domestic cats; and as kind treatment of animals is ever a mark of civilization and a refined nature, cats began to have a better time in the world.

It is said that only refined and delicate natures understand the cat; and look where you will, you will seldom find a really coarse, vulgar nature that is fond of cats.

Dogs and horses are our slaves; cats are not. This does not prove, however, that they are without affection as much as it does that they possess a dignity peculiar to themselves. Women, poets, and especially artists, recognize the delicacy of their nervous system and are most often the great friends of cats.

Some very noted writers have been devoted to cats. Lord Chesterfield was so fond of his that he left life-pensions to them and their descendants. Petrarch had a cat which he loved nearly as much as he did his Laura. Tasso left a charming sonnet to a cat. Cardinal Wolsey had his cat on a seat by his side while acting judicially as Lord-Chancellor. It is related that while Mohammed was concocting his system he kept his cat curled up in the loose flowing sleeve to his robe, claiming that the soft purring of the animal soothed him to meditation. And one day when the cat had fallen asleep, and Mohammed felt that he must go to work, rather than disturb Muezza, he took the scissors and cut off his sleeve. The nurses of Cairo tell the story to this day to their young charges.

Chateaubriand did very much to restore the cat to public favor, as he was a most enthusiastic lover of cats and wrote about them a great deal. Pope Leo XII., discovering his great fondness for them, presented him with a fine one, which he named Micetto, and which was afterward immortalized in his writings.

At the Quincy House in Boston, may be seen in the office an oil painting of an immense yellow cat. The first time I noticed the picture, I was proceeding into the dining-room, and while waiting for dinner, was amused at seeing the original of the picture walk sedately in, all alone, and going to an empty table, seat himself with majestic grace in a chair. The waiter, seeing him, came forward and pushed up the chair as he would do for any other guest. The cat then waited patiently without putting his paws on the table or violating any other law of table etiquette, until a plate of meat came, cut up to suit his taste (I did not hear him give his order!), and then placing his front paws on the edge of the table he ate from his plate. When he had finished, he descended from his table and stalked out of the room with much dignity.

I have a cat who always comes to the table

with us, sits in her particular chair, and is too polite to ever think of putting her paws on the table. She has her saucer on the chair, however, and does not eat directly from the table like the Quincy House cat. The latter is regular to his meals, and although he picks out a good seat, does not always sit at the same table. He is, in appearance, something like the famous orange cats of Venice, and attracts much attention, as might be expected.

Theophile Gautier, among his numerous cats, had one who ate at table with him, and who talked and entertained his callers until her master made his appearance. I can readily believe him, as I had a cat who talked incessantly. One of her tricks was to get on the window-seat, outside, and demand to be let in. She was not always waited upon immediately, and when the door was finally opened to her, she would stop when half-way in, and scold vigorously. The tones of her voice and expression of her face were so exactly like those of a scolding woman that she caused many a hearty laugh by her vixenish tirades.

Gautier says that cats are philosophical; what else but philosophic speculation can they be indulging in when they sit curled up with eyes half shut for half an hour at a time? He says they are methodical; do we not all know how tenacious they are of their habits? He says they are the most orderly of animals; have we not all noticed how careful of their fur and how neat they are? One of my cats, like Gautier's "Seraphina," licks every atom of her fur until it shines, and regards herself with the utmost complacency. If any one touches or strokes her she immediately removes all trace of contact, and cannot bear, evidently, to be mussed. Like "Seraphina," too, this cat gives the idea of being an aristocrat, is fond of perfumes, and is really a duchess among cats.

Gautier says cats do not lightly bestow affection. Perhaps not, but they certainly entertain affection for human beings. My "Duchess" always comes to me when sick to be held and cared for, although unwilling to be fondled at any other time. She has moved from place to place with me, never evincing any homesickness or showing the least desire to go back to her former home. My friends say she would travel

all over the continent with me, and I really believe she would, as she is always perfectly contented where I am.

The "Duchess" is fond of the rest of the family too; and when we boarded in Boston could always tell when any of our family came in at the outside door, although she was kept in a front room upstairs. I could not tell when the front door opened whether any of my family or some other boarder had opened it—except as the "Duchess," then only six months old, used to rouse up from her nap in a big chair, jump down, and go to the hall-door to greet the in-comer. She never made a mistake and got down for the wrong person, or neglected to meet her own people. That may have been "instinct" and the "sense of smell," but I called it "sagacity."

When the "Duchess" was a year old she had some kittens. An accident happened to them, however, and they all died. The cat grieved herself sick, and dragged herself about after me with such an appealing look that in despair I went to the neighbors and begged a new-born kitten. This I carried back to her, and she received it with rapture, and for three days would not leave it day or night, even for her food. This may not seem so remarkable, but what followed proved her capable of both affection and gratitude.

Two weeks later I was ill one morning. The "Duchess" waited until past my usual hour for rising, and then came up to my room. Getting up close to my face she made some dignified demonstration of affection. "Now, Pussy," I said to her, "I am sick. When you were sick, I got you a kitten. Why don't you go and get me one?" The "Duchess" turned and walked away, disappearing down-stairs. But in less time than it takes to write it, she came back bearing her adopted kitten in her mouth, and deposited it in my neck, purring meanwhile, as if to say, "There! see what I've done for you."

I staid in bed two days, and she kept the kitten there during the time, putting it under the bedclothes when the sun shone in too strong for its eyes, but keeping it at the foot of the bed, outside most of the time, except when she wanted to go out of doors, when she brought it

up and tucked it away close to my neck. When I recovered from my two days illness the "Duchess" took the kitten away from the bed to an empty bureau drawer and kept it there. Does not the incident show that she appreciated what I had done for her and desired to repay me?

The adopted kitten of the "Duchess" grew up and had some pretty kittens of her own just at the same time the "Duchess" herself was rejoicing in some new pets. Not feeling an urgent necessity for so many cats, I left the "Duchess" but one, and "Bobbie's" kittens all died. The "Duchess" evinced the deepest affection for and sympathy with Bobbie, and evidently offered to share her one baby with the unfortunate mother. For at the present writing they are both tending and nursing the one kitten, who flourishes and waxes fat, not realizing any difference between his two mothers. It is truly a comical sight to see the two cats curled up in the bureau drawer where the "Duchess" always insists on keeping her kittens, with their one baby between them. They seem to be perfectly agreed as to the best methods of bringing up feline children, and show the greatest affection for each other as well as for the kitten.

One of my neighbors has a very intelligent cat who always eats with the family, never accepting food in the kitchen, but who goes there after she has finished her meal in the dining-room, and picks her teeth on the broom!

I am told of a cat who heard her master announce one evening that her six kittens must be drowned the next day. In the morning she came in behaving as if she had never seen or heard of such things as kittens, and the gentleman searched everywhere for them in vain. During the day, however, he heard from them at various of his friend's houses. The old cat had bestowed them on six different people who had expressed admiration for them!

"You must have that cat killed to-morrow," said my grandmother to my grandfather one day. "I can't have her around any longer."

The cat was sitting contentedly beside the hearth when she spoke, and immediately walked to the door to be let out. When the door opened she disappeared and never entered the house again, although she was heard from as having

taken refuge with some people who lived on a farm two miles away.

Have I said enough to prove that cats are more intelligent than we give them credit for,

and more fond of us than we realize? Knowing them as well as I do, I wonder that any one with any refinement and susceptibility can be cruel to cats.



THE OUTLINE.

THE PRESERVE JAR.

THE BLUE PLUM.

THE GRANDMA.

ONE OF THE ROGUES.

THE OTHER ROGUE.

INSIDE AN OUTLINE.

BY CLARA L. KNAPP.

DID you ever realize how many different pictures can be made within *one outline*? Did you ever realize that mere outline without light and shade seldom represents anything in particular?

Let us take this simple outline, and see what we can make of it. It is of itself as like an egg as anything. We must be careful and not go beyond the outline with our pencils. Here is a *Jar*. I wonder what it contains! Oh!

Plums. I suppose then that they are the blue plum preserves which Grandma put up with great care last fall; but here are her two grandchildren, Willy and Kitty, who have come to make Grandma a visit. *They* like plum preserves, and I am afraid from Grandma's sorry look that they have been meddling with Grandma's preserve jars.

Now can any one carry this story on still farther and illustrate it by this same outline?

POST AUGUSTAN LITERATURE.

(Search-Questions in Roman History.)

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

221. Mention a noted epic poet of Spanish birth.

222. Name a satirist exiled by Domitian.

223. Name the most famous writer of epigrams.

224. What historian was made consul by Nerva?

225. What historian was exiled in the reign of Hadrian?

226. Who was the author of *Libri duodecim Institutionis Orationæ*?

227. What philosopher was the preceptor of Nero?

228. What philosopher lost his life during an eruption of Vesuvius?

229. Of what was Marcus Aurelius the author?

230. Name a noted grammarian of the fifth century.

EARLY CHRISTIAN HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE.

231. Mention a noted bishop of Alexandria who died in 373.

232. Name his famous theological opponent.

233. Who was the most noted Bishop of Hippo?

234. What Bishop of Milan introduced the practice of chanting the psalms, a custom adopted from pagan ceremonies?

235. What public teacher was murdered at the instigation of Cyril of Alexandria?

236. What noted theologian was banished to Ethiopia at the instance of Cyril?

237. Who was Pelagius?

238. Where and when were the first six General Councils of the Church held?

239. What form of Christianity which sprang up in Constantinople about the middle of the fifth century is now the faith of the Coptic and Armenian churches?

240. When did the final separation between the Greek and Latin churches occur?

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

181. The Senate having been requested by the soldiers to name an emperor, they decreed that the army should do this. Eight months elapsed before the Senate concluded to choose an emperor.

182. Carus.

183. Maximian, Constantius and Galerius.

184. Alchemy.

185. In November, 303.

186. Ten years.

187. He abdicated the throne in 305 and spent the rest of his life in raising cabbages and other vegetables.

188. Maximian and his son Maxentius, Galerius, Licinius, Maximin and Constantine.

189. In 324.

190. The Council of Nice.

191. With aversion and horror as the destroyer of their faith.

192. The building of Constantinople on the site of Byzantium.

193. The prefectures of the East, of Illyricum, of Italy and of Gaul.

194. The legal profession.

195. Christianity.

196. By reason of the exorbitant taxes upon land, cattle and slaves.

197. The tax levy of each province.

198. In 328.

199. Crispus having excited the jealousy of his step-mother Fausta she persuaded Constantine that his son had conspired against his life and the emperor put him to death.

200. In one of Constantine's campaigns he is said to have had a vision of a cross in the sky and beneath it the words *In hoc signo vinces*.